

THE QUIVER



AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1865.

CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE
MAGDALA AND THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES. By W. F. Ainsworth, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., &c. With an Illustration 441, 468	THE USES OF THE WORLD 481
CIVILISATION: ITS NATURE AND ORIGIN. Chapter II.—Its Development, Decay, and Revival 443	EVER. A Poem 483
A HARVEST HYMN. A Poem 446	ECHOES FROM THE THRESHOLD 486
MY BEES AND BEEHIVES—IV. By the Times' Bee-Master 447	COMMUNION WITH CHRIST 489
THE HEAVENLY HOME 448	FORSAKEN. A Poem. With an Illustration 489
THE MATTERBORN 449	THE PNEUMATIC PASSENGER RAILWAY ... 490
"JUDGMENT-BOUND" 455	AUGUST. A Poem. With an Illustration ... 494
CHEERFULNESS AT HOME 456	WORD UPON SOWING. By the Rev. W. M. Statham 501
OUR TIMES 457	THE TWO GRAVES. A Poem 505
AUTUMN. A Poem 457	THE LAMP AND THE WILLOW 506
"CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE!" 461	"CUTTING THE NECK." With an Illustration 510
SHEM, HAM, AND JAPHETH. By John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E. 463	"HE BELIEVED IN THE LORD." By the Author of "John Sullivan" 510
NIGHT. A Poem 464	BRITISH NATIONALITY 514
LEAVES FROM MY INDIAN NOTE-BOOK. By Captain Meadows Taylor. Author of "Tara," "Confessions of a Thug," &c. Nos. V., VI., and VII. 464, 483, 508	"I AM THE TRUE VINE." A Poem 516
LABOUR 466	DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:—
"YE SHALL REAP IF YE FAINT NOT" 469	Mr. Hatton's Prize. Chaps. I. and II. With an Illustration 433
THE SOLDIER'S RING 470	The Sabbaths of the Year 455, 477, 497, 509
HARVEST TIME. The Farmer to his Wife. A Poem. With an Illustration 473	Lost in a Bog. Parts I. and II. 473, 495
"YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON" ... 478	Willie Potter. With an Illustration 475
	Selfishness. With an Illustration 495
	The Traitors. With an Illustration 507
	NORTON FURNELL. Chapters LI. to LX. 458, 478, 496, 517
	THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR 520

TITLE AND CONTENTS TO VOL. II

LONDON:

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN

LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD

LUDGATE HILL, &c.

CLOTH CASES for Binding Vol. II. of "THE QUIVER," price 2s., are now ready.

NEW MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN.

Now Ready, Crown 8vo, Beautifully Illustrated,

THE FIRST NUMBER OF

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Magazine for the Young of the Fold.

PRICE THREEPENCE MONTHLY.

EDITED BY M. H.,

AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF THE GREAT KING," "THE RED VELVET BIBLE," ETC. ETC.

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as 'The Children's Hour.'"—LONGFELLOW.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" has been projected in compliance with an opinion expressed in many quarters, that there is need of a Magazine exclusively designed for Children, conducted on Evangelical principles, and yet sufficiently light and cheerful in the tone of its contents to prove attractive to Young Readers.

The Publishers, in submitting "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" for the approval of their Young Friends, would respectfully invite their assistance and co-operation in securing for it a wide circulation.

Edinburgh: JOHNSTONE, HUNTER, AND CO. | London: GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES WILL BE RECEIVED BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

ELEGANTLY BOUND IN CLOTH,

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.

Upwards of 40,000 Volumes of this Elegant Little Series have been already sold.

TALES FOR "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

FRANK FIELDING; or, Debts and Difficulties. A Story for Boys. By AUGUS VERRIL.

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN; A Tale of the Sea. By A. J. C.

GOTTFRIED OF THE IRON HAND; A Tale of German Chivalry. By the Author of "Little Harry's Troubles."

ALICE LOWTHER; or, Grandmamma's Story about her Little Red Bible. By J. W. C.

ALFRED AND THE LITTLE DOVE. By the Rev. F. A. KRUENHAGEN, D.D.; and THE YOUNG SAVOYARD. By ERNEST HOLD.

THE STORY OF A RED VELVET BIBLE. By M. H., Author of "Labourers in the Vineyard," &c.

NOTHING TO DO; or, The Influence of a Life. By M. H.

MARY McNEILL; or, the Word Remembered. A Tale of Humble Life. By J. W. C.

HENRY MORGAN; or, The Sower and the Seed. By M. H.

WITLESS WILLIE: The Idiot Boy. By the Author of "Mary Mathieson," &c.

MARY MANSFIELD; or, No Time to be a Christian. By M. H., Author of "The Story of a Red Velvet Bible," &c.

OTHER VOLUMES IN PREPARATION.

PRICE HALF A CROWN EACH.

LITTLE HARRY'S TROUBLES; A Story of Gipsy Life. By the Author of "Gottfried of the Iron Hand." On October 15th.

THE CHILDREN OF THE GREAT KING. A Tale of the Crimean War. By M. H., Author of "Labourers in the Vineyard," &c. &c. In extra foolscap 8vo. With Illustrations.

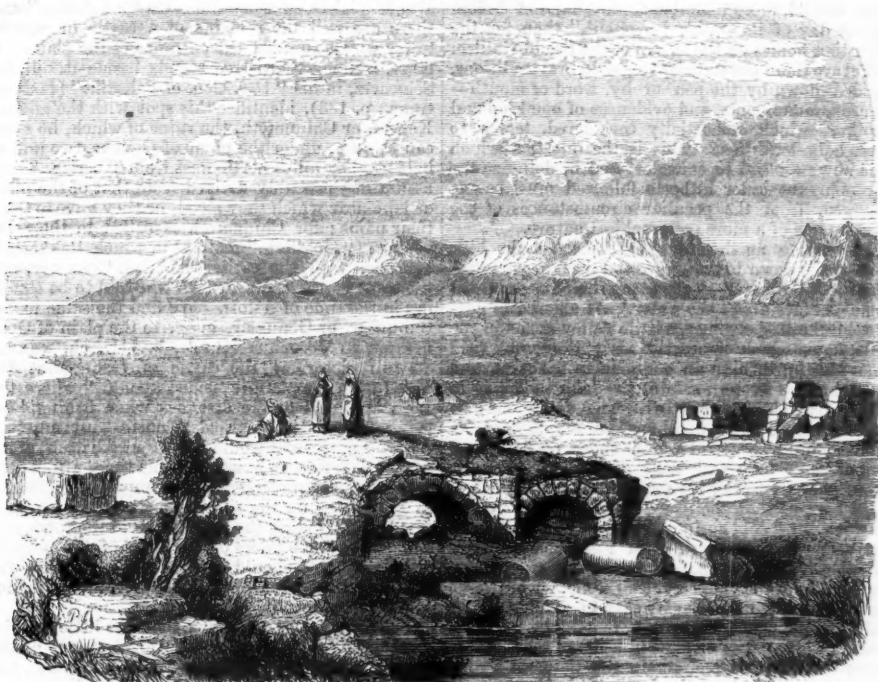
BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD: Dioramic Scenes in the Lives of Eminent Christians. With a Preface by the Rev. A. K. H. BOYD, D.D., Edinburgh. In extra foolscap 8vo. With Illustrations.

"The tales are told with a simplicity which will not fail to please those for whom they are written."—*Athenaeum*.

Edinburgh: JOHNSTONE, HUNTER, AND CO. | London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.



THE SEA OF GALILEE.

MAGDALA AND THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.

BY W. F. AINSWORTH, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., ETC.



THE Sea of Galilee constituted, unquestionably, in olden times, one of the most picturesque and animated centres of the Holy Land. Jerusalem may have carried the palm by its importance and splendour—just as the architectural sumptuousness of the Herods raised Tiberias and Julias, on the shores of the lake itself, above the humble fishing villages most favoured by our Saviour—but still the deeply-depressed, lacustrine expanse of Galilee, framed in alternately by wooded and rocky hills, with a varying sandy and stony beach, with its own sweet, secluded, and fertile little plains, as in the case of Gennesaret and Batiyah, or Bethsaida; its innumerable congregation of towns and villages—villages and sites where most of our Lord's mighty works were done—its own blue depths enlivened by light ships—alas! but one is said to remain—and flocks of birds gracefully wading, swimming, hovering, and diving, or darting (as in the instance of the characteristic piebald kingfisher) after the finny tribes that have abounded in its waters from time immemorial, must have presented, in the days of an early Christianity, a little centre of beauty and animation almost without a rival or a parallel. “If the southern lake,” says a modern writer, “is the

Sea of Death, the northern is emphatically the Sea of Life.”

Thesame learned writer, dwelling upon the general features of what he justly designates as “the most sacred sheet of water that this earth contains,” was impressed with the same feeling that takes possession of even the most casual visitor, of infinite surprise and regret that of all the spots endeared to us by the loving presence of the Lord—an affection so profoundly grafted in his nature, as to have led him to revisit the same scenes after his resurrection—spots which were sanctified too in the early Christian times by appropriate, even if humble, ecclesiastical edifices—naught should remain in the present day! How it is that the native Christians should so utterly have neglected this most holy ground, is most difficult to understand. The Moslems were neither more rapacious nor vindictive there than elsewhere; the persecuted Jews held to the last by their Chinnereth; but the Christians abandoned their Capernaum, their Magdala, their Bethsaida, and their Chorazin. The woe, here as elsewhere, was doubtless spoken, not against the walls and houses of these villages, but against those who dwelt within them; yet it would almost seem as if the bane had been literally fulfilled in both senses, and as if the doom of the cities of the southern sea had been visited upon those of the north; as “if it had not



been, indeed, more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of its earthly judgment," than for the Christian homes on the shores of the Sea of Galilee.

Yet are there not sufficient legends, oral traditions, handed down by the pen or by word of mouth—records, monuments, and evidences of one kind and another—which, impartially considered, testify to these holy localities? This is the question which it is now proposed to consider; and in doing so the chronological order hitherto followed must be exchanged, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, to one of a more geographical nature.

Proceeding northwards from Tiberias, the hills come quite down to the shore, and the horse-track—for it is little better—leads along their steep sides at some distance above the water. At about two geographical miles' distance, a little valley opens in the hills, down which comes the main Damascus road from Hattin, turning on one side to Tiberias, and following the western side of the lake as far as to Khan Mingeh on the other. This valley has also its own brook, and a small space of arable land extends from its mouth along the shore, on which are two or three huts with their gardens, and on the lower part are five or six fountains, one of which is more copious than the rest. These are the 'Ain el Barideh, or "cold springs," in contradistinction to the celebrated hot springs of Emmaus, south of Tiberias. Each fountain has, at one time, been enclosed by a round reservoir of stone, ten or twelve feet deep, and fifteen or twenty in diameter, but only two of which enclosures remain in tolerable preservation. The obvious purpose of these structures was to raise and retain the water at a considerable height above the fountain; as is observed likewise at 'Ain Mudawarah, or the "Round Fountain," and at the celebrated Bas el 'Ain or "Spring-head," near Tyre. Irby and Mangles (p. 299) first described these structures as ancient Roman baths, and Dr. Robinson (iii. 277) entertained a similar view. They were probably once thermal, for it has been found that springs produced in western Asia, by different earthquakes, have diminished in temperature with their antiquity ("Res. in Assyria," pp. 295-6). The volcanic agency which has, from time to time, overthrown cities in this neighbourhood, as Tiberias and Safed, with a destruction for the time almost as terrible, though not as permanent, as that which visited the older cities of the south, is well known. The same agency is still active at Emmaus. According to Mr. Thomson (*Miss. Herald*, Nov., 1837), the quantity of water flowing from the hot spring above mentioned, was immensely increased at the time of the earthquake of January 1st, 1837; and it was also thought to have been hotter than at ordinary times. Pliny's hot baths, which were "ab occidente Tiberiade aquis calidis salubri" (H. N. v. 15), appear to have been the baths at 'Ain el Barideh, not at Hammam, which are east of Tiberias, unless, as one might gather from the Rabbis, there was a Tiberias first at Rakkah, and a second at Chinnereth, in which case the hot springs would have been west of old Tiberias.

Beyond this the horse-track is again carried up the side of the hill—the mountain coming down to the shore—until at a distance of little more than a mile, another green plain opens before the traveller, with a collection of a few hovels at its southern corner. The ancient name of the place—Migdal-el,

also Migdal Oetzibaya—indicates "a fortress;" and there are still the remains of a castle or watch-tower which guarded the entrance of the plain. A large, solitary thorn-tree stands beside it. Rabbi Schwartz, in his "Des. Geo. of Palestine" (Leeser's trans., p. 183), identifies this spot with the ancient Kenret, or Chinnereth, the ruins of which, he says, can be seen, under the name of Gansur, two and a-half English miles north-west from Tiberias. These names are probably derived from that of the plain or lake near which they stood, or they gave to them their name; for Chinnereth is called in the same passage ("Megillah," fol. 6 a) in which Rakkath is identified with the earlier Tiberias, Genuassar, and the same castle of Chinnereth was said to be standing in the time of Astori. We find the same name, Genuassar, or Genussar, given to the plain of Gennesaret, in Josephus (B. J., b. III., ch. xxxv.). Sæwulf describes the castle of Gennesaret (so called from the plain it opened upon), "where the Lord appeared to the disciples when fishing," as being four miles north-east (north-west must be read, for north-east would be on the lake itself) of the city of Tiberias, as existing in his time, A.D. 1143.

It is easy to understand how, supposing Tiberias to have risen on the site of ancient Chinnereth, a castle commanding the approaches to the town, and situated on the borders of the plain of Chinnereth, or Gennesaret, should also have been called the castle of Chinnereth, or Gennesaret, although not at the actual locality of the town.

De Sauley does not think that the little hamlet of Mejdal can represent the Migdal-el, one of the strong places of the Naphtali (Josh. xix. 38), nor did he notice the remains of the castle. Brocardus, however, notices the same fort, under the name of "Magdalum Castrum," and Pococke also describes "considerable remains" of a "very indifferent castle" as existing there in his time.

Migdal derives its chief interest from being the Magdala of the New Testament, the home of Mary Magdalene, the faithful follower of Christ, even unto his death, and whose faith, in everlasting remembrance, was rewarded by her being the first witness of the great event—the resurrection. This identification of places has not been questioned, except by De Sauley; as it is likewise now pretty generally admitted that the character of Mary Magdalene has been unjustly aspersed, by supposing her to be the same as the sinner spoken of by Luke (vii. 37-39).

The situation of Migdal is dignified by a high limestone rock, which overhangs it on the south-west, and which is perforated with caves on its face, recalling to Dean Stanley's mind, by a curious, though doubtless unintentional coincidence, the scene of Correggio's celebrated picture. Rabbi Schwartz says that Teliman, which occurs in "Yerushalmi Demai" as "the cave of Teliman," was also called Talmanuta, and was the same as Migdal, or rather, the caves or sepulchral grottoes above it (p. 189).

We read in the Gospel according to Mark (vii. 31) that Jesus Christ, "departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, came unto the Sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis," or, as Matthew has it, "nigh unto the sea of Galilee" (xv. 29), and, after miraculously providing for the wants of 4,000 men, besides women and children, with seven loaves and a few fishes, he

took ship and came into the coasts of Magdala, or, according to Mark, "into the parts of Dalmanutha." It is evident that Dalmanutha and Talmanutha are the same places, and as it has been shown that the latter is the same as Magdala, so the two evangelists spoke of the same place under different names. The identity of the two places has been commonly received; but it has not, as far as we know, been previously explained how they came to receive different names in Matthew and in Mark. Dr. Robinson said, indeed, "Of Dalmanutha we have no further trace."

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in still more recent times, speaks in his "Holy Land" (vol. ii., p. 104), of Magdala and Dalmanutha as distinct places; and the Rev. H. B. Tristram identifies Dalmanutha with 'Ain-el-Barideh. "The Land of Israel" (p. 245).

De Sauley, however, argues that there is no mention of our Saviour having crossed either the Jordan, or the Sea of Galilee, and hence he deduces that the miracle above alluded to took place at Scythopolis, ancient Beit San, the only cis-Jordanic portion of the Decapolis.

The history of the event as given by Matthew (xv.) might, indeed, as quoted in that sense by

De Sauley, leave it an open question if it did not take place at Scythopolis, or, at all events, on the western coast of the Sea of Galilee. Jesus, the Gospel narrative says, after departing into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon (21), came nigh unto the Sea of Galilee, and went up into a mountain (29), and was followed by multitudes, whom he fed. After which he took ship, and came into the coasts of Magdala (39). This he might have done from another point on the same coast, for, as De Sauley remarks, as he went afterwards to Cæsarea Philippi, wherefore did he cross the sea twice? But this is satisfactorily explained by Mark, who, after saying (vii.) that Jesus departed "from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, came unto the Sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis" (a statement which is decisive of the eastern coast, for though there were cities of the Decapolis westward of the Sea of Galilee, there were no coasts of Decapolis westward), and fed the multitude in the wilderness (viii.), and then entered a ship and came to the parts of Dalmanutha (10), and "entering the ship, again departed to the other side" (13), showing that he had come from the other side.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CIVILISATION; ITS NATURE AND ORIGIN.

CHAPTER II.

ITS DEVELOPMENT, DECAY, AND REVIVAL.



WE are in the habit of speaking a great deal of the progress of this nineteenth century. No doubt, availing ourselves of the labour and research, the hints, and guesses, and successes, and failures of men fully our equals, and who were our pioneers in every science, we have in these

days seen a wonderful progress in many of the arts and sciences of civilisation. But we do not think that all our progress can bear comparison with the quick and wonderful development of the first generations of men, deriving their civilisation from that first man Adam, who was the son of God. We must remember that they were inventors, not improvers; originators each of his art or science, not adroit or lucky followers, riding the horse which another had broken in. "Never," says one of the so-called inventors of our present electric telegraph, as on the night of the 25th of June, 1837, the experiment was tried which proved it to have succeeded—"never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before as, when all alone in the still room, I heard the needles click; and, as I spelled the words, I felt all the magnitude of the invention, now proved to be practicable beyond cavil or dispute."

But, some 260 years before, a man whose name is seldom mentioned in connection with this science, Dr. Gilbert, court physician to our great Queen

Elizabeth, published a book on, and laid the groundwork of, electrical science. And, after him, others painfully toiled, amid ridicule, distress, and disappointment, each age making some advance, till at length come the fortunate men who find out the sole missing link, and they are styled the inventors of the electric telegraph. We would be sorry to detract from their merits, but it is certainly true of them, to use the expressive language of the Bible, that "other men laboured, and they entered into their labours." But the inventors of the first ages were indeed *inventors*. They first struck out the brilliant thought of genius and carried it to perfection. They were their own pioneers in art and science.

The 4th chapter of Genesis is the brief account of the progress of the primitive world in the arts and sciences of civilisation; and a very marvellous account do its first notices give us of this progress. The eldest son of Adam pursues that business, or science, as it may well be called, on which the prosperity of a community ultimately rests—namely, agriculture. His brother Abel was a keeper of sheep. For what purpose? Not solely for the few animals which in those early days he offered up in sacrifice. Not at all for the sake of their flesh, for animal food was not used until after the Flood. It must have been mainly for their wool, and so we find the woollen manufacture in the family of Adam. We should scarcely have expected, when men were so few, to see the city rise. But the social spirit of civilisation was powerful then. They loved the busy, bustling street more than the solitary life of the savage; and so we read of Cain building a city, and calling it after the name of his son. How many arts and trades combine to raise the city! We have, then, agriculture, manufacture, and architecture, in the immediate family of the first man. Here is a civi-

lised community, social, enlightened, and eminently progressive. Nor did their development soon cease. Among the immediate descendants of Cain we find the inventors of every species of work in brass and iron; and among them we find the inventors of the noblest instruments of music—the harp and the organ. For the wild shriek of the savage, which Hume fancies to have been the sole sound of our primal times, we have the melting tones of music.

In material civilisation, probably, the world did not retrograde before the Flood. The unity of language and the longevity of life would prevent this. The aspect of the world at the Flood was that of fearful moral iniquity, combined with a high degree of what is called material civilisation. No doubt, in the sin of men was laid the foundation of ultimate decay; but time was not allowed for this. The flood came, and the world which it swept away was a world of civilised men, not of savages.

As we have thus seen in the antediluvian world no trace of a gradual, unassisted progress from a state of barbarism to one of civilisation, so we shall not see it in the postdiluvian earth. There is nothing here in its beginning like a primitive race of fruit-eating, wood-inhabiting savages. Noah brought on to the new world the civilisation of the old. The only God-fearing, just man was chosen to hand down civilisation to his children. His building of the ark—a work towards which he received no supernatural aid from God—shows his great skill in mechanical art.

The condition of the world for a great portion of this time was still favourable to the transmission and progress of civilisation. There was still but one language, and man's life, though shorter than before, was still of considerable length. The only work of which we read at this time is a proof of high civilisation. It was the famous attempt to build, in the rich plains of Shinar, a great city and a tower which should reach to heaven, a bond of union, a mighty centre of civilisation. Here was primitive man in the first ages after the Flood! We find no trace of the savage here. We have the busy community, one man leaning on another, one mind working on another, each individual impulse thrilling through all, a mighty corporation linked together, all bent on progress and development, all animated with the desire of raising a work which should defy a second deluge.

From whence we date the savage life. The confusion of tongues, and the consequent dispersion of men, was the grand physical—as the sin which caused them was the grand moral—cause of barbarism. Civilised men, confounded at, dispersed from Babel, degenerated—in some instances sooner, in some later. The original impulse in some places, and for peculiar reasons, still had force enough to urge on the human mind to progress. But it was a power which was daily losing its force. Cut off from the original propelling power—namely, the great uncreated Spirit working on the spirit of man—the principle of civilisation was, on the whole, a decaying and a dying fire, which, here and there, burnt out with something of its ancient force, but which was really hastening to utter extinction.

The history of the world corroborates the theory here advanced—viz., that civilisation was the normal condition of man in the cradle-land of nations, and that barbarism is the degeneracy from

this first condition. The Bible, we have seen, places the civilised sons of Noah in the great plains of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Now, all history, sacred and profane, agrees in clustering the more civilised empires of the ancient world in and around this cradle-land of nations, or in deriving their civilisation more or less directly from this source and centre. And history also tells us that, as a general rule, the farther we travel from this source the weaker do we find civilisation. The power which still beat languidly at the heart had not sufficient force to send the warm life-blood to the extremities of the frame.

Where do we find the most ancient seat of civilisation, according to all history? We find it in that rich plain watered by the Tigris and Euphrates. Here arose the famous Chaldean nation, the most ancient astronomers in the world, among whom the arts and sciences flourished to a very high degree. Here arose the two greatest cities of the ancient world, Nineveh and Babylon, in many respects capable of vying with the greatest cities of our own times. This was the very spot to which the sons of Noah first travelled, after the Flood; here the first men of the postdiluvian earth fixed their abode. And thus history confirms our theory that a very high degree of civilisation was the primitive condition of mankind.

As in the 10th chapter of Genesis we read of Nineveh and Babylon, so, a little farther on, in the 12th chapter, we read of the kingdom of Egypt. Its civilisation is of almost equal antiquity with that of Chaldea; and the marvellous monuments which remain to this day—its pyramids, and temples, and tombs, and ruined cities—attest how high was the material civilisation of the old land of the Pharaohs. But the valley of the Nile lay near at hand to the Chaldean plain, inasmuch that Pliny and the ancient geographers reckoned it to belong to Asia, not to Africa; and the grandson of Noah, the Mizraim of the Bible, the god Osiris of Egyptian mythology, was the civilised founder of the kingdom of Egypt. Here, too, history traces back civilisation as the earliest condition of humanity.

The strip of land which borders on the Mediterranean from Egypt to Asia Minor, and which contains the ancient cities of the Philistines and Canaanites, Damascus and Tyre and Sidon, claims some of the oldest and greatest civilisation of the world. Scripture gives to one of its cities—that Hebron where Abraham dwelt—an antiquity greater than that of the most ancient cities of Egypt. But this strip of land also lay contiguous to the cradle of civilisation, and was the natural outlet of its commerce, by sea and land, in the direction of Europe and Africa; and in its case, too, as in that of Egypt, it was the grandsons of Noah who laid the foundations of its greatest cities. Let us take one of the most ancient of these—Sidon. Long before the call of Abraham, Sidon was a mart for commerce. When Joshua was leading the tribes of Israel in the wars of Canaan, the renown of Sidon's greatness was spread abroad. In the days of the early judges, the careless attitude of a nation confident in its own power, and indifferent to the hostility of the world, is described as "the manner of the Sidonians." Sidon gave birth to her greater daughter, Tyre—the crowning city of ancient commerce, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth, whose

sails whitened the waters of the Mediterranean, and ventured westward beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and eastward to the golden land of Ophir, with some reason supposed to be our own distant possession of Ceylon. And Tyre gave birth to that other great trading city, Carthage—pushing everywhere her commerce and her arms, which met Rome on equal terms in three great wars, and all but snatched from her the coveted empire of the world. And to what period and to whom do we trace back all this civilisation? To within a few years after the Deluge; to Sidon the son of Canaan, the grandson of Noah.

Of the more recent civilised kingdoms, Greece is the most celebrated: and in Greece, Athens stands pre-eminent, and nearly monopolises what we mean by Grecian civilisation. But Greece was not originally a savage land, gradually emerging by its native power into the civilisation of the days of Themistocles and Pericles. The first men who founded the states of Greece were colonists from the most civilised parts of the world, and in after times derived their wisest laws from an earlier civilisation elsewhere. Egypt, Assyria, and Phœnicia are each asserted to have given to Greece its letters; and from one or other of these sources she certainly received them; while from Phœnicia and Egypt she derived that false yet beautiful mythology which peopled each hill, and wood, and river with its guardian deity. And we must remember that Athens, the most civilised of Grecian states, was also its great maritime state, still maintaining, by its ships, that intercourse with foreign lands by which it increased, as it first derived, its civilisation.

Westward from Greece, and divided from it only by a narrow sea, lay the shores of Italy. Some, at least, of its first colonists were not rude barbarians, but brought with them across the sea the civilisation of their mother country, Greece. Before Romulus and Remus laid the foundation of Roman greatness on the summit of Mount Palatine, there were Grecian cities on the coast of Italy, displaying a civilisation which gave the impulse to that great empire which afterwards advanced with iron march to universal dominion.

With Rome we think the expansive power derived from the original civilisation of the time of Noah seems to have nearly ceased. Nineveh and Babylon were become mounds where the lion and its young lay down; the temples of Egypt were covered by the sands of the desert; Tyre was a petty seaport town; Greece, after its astonishing flight, became suddenly exhausted; and Roman civilisation hastened to a decline. Beyond these lands—in, around, and deriving their civilisation from that of the primitive times—that civilisation had not been able to spread. The central force had spent its strength. As we depart from the centre, civilisation visibly diminishes. The heart-beat of the world, enfeebled by idolatry and sin, could not send a strong pulsation to the extremities. The wanderers from that centre and cradle of our race, expelled by war, flying from tyranny, driven forth by famine, or borne by the winds and currents of the ocean to new and uninhabited lands, brought not with them the requisite power to keep alive civilisation; and, degenerating more or less, became, the wild, roving savage of the sea-shore or the forest, whom some would fain make the parents of a civilisation

which they were unable to retain, and much less able to recover.

What have we in Europe beyond the confines of Greece and Italy? The barbarous German whom Tacitus depicts, or the northern Scythian roaming over his wild plains, or the savage Gaul over whom Cæsar triumphed, or the poor Briton vainly endeavouring to expel the Roman invader from his shores!

What have we in Africa beyond the valley of the Nile? The barbarous tribes of its northern coast, reaching to the poor woolly negro, dark in mind as in skin, who bordered again on the wild Caffre and the Hottentot of its southern cape!

What have we in America, with the one remarkable exception of the semi-civilised Aztecs and Peruvians, whom the Spaniards found there in the sixteenth century? We have, in the north, the red Indian and the melancholy Esquimaux; in the south, the Patagonian!

There was not in the world, it is plain, between the Flood and the time of Christ, a power to spread or even to keep alive its civilisation. It lingered in some of its old seats, or gave out from time to time some offset more feeble than the parent, or shot out a brighter flame, which flickered brightly for a time, and then died out. But civilisation was, on the whole, a decaying and dying tree. The civilisation of mankind in the year of Christ was far lower than it was when Noah descended from the ark, and Noah's sons began to spread themselves abroad upon the earth.

The Roman empire affords us an example how, under the most favourable circumstances, the vital power of ancient civilisation was unable to prevail against the inevitable tendency to decay. For the perpetual wars of nations, it had imposed upon them, by its conquest of them, mutual peace. For the rude laws of each nation it substituted the matured laws of a great empire. Among the rude nations whom it conquered it presented the settled government of its colonies and municipal towns. Yet even within itself it presented the certain signs of fearful decline at the very time which some regard as the period of its highest civilisation. When we are told by the Spanish conquerors of Mexico of the offering up of the prisoners taken in war upon the altars of their idols, we reckon this a certain indication of barbarism. What are we, then, to think of the offering up of 400 of the first men of Rome? Yet this was done by the civilised Augustus, who ordered this great number of men to be sacrificed at one time upon the altar of Julius Cæsar! Or what is to be thought of a people where a scene such as follows is a usual occurrence? The great circus of Rome is densely crowded; not a seat of its 250,000 seats is vacant. What have they come to see? Not now to see the chariot or the horse race, the mimic show of battle, or even the fights of savage beasts; these are not able to satisfy the eager thirst of a Roman audience. They have come to see men like themselves contend before them for dear life. See those two brave gladiators advance into the arena. They fight as trained men fight when the stake is life. Each stroke, and fence, and feint is eagerly watched by the anxious multitude, till at length one of them falls wounded to the ground. The victor pauses with upraised sword, the vanquished lowers his arms, and both look up to the assembled majesty of

Rome to know whether life or death be the pleasure of the great Roman people. Can they hesitate? Can they refuse the boon of life to him who has played so bravely for it? They can; for the tiger thirst of blood is strong; and the uplifted sword is plunged into the body of the wounded man; for so Roman civilisation has willed that it should be.

Such acts as these prove a degenerate people verging on decay. Their own crimes and vices would have brought about their ruin if there had been no outer barbarians to hasten it. But now we see these on every side, encroaching on the hollow, hypocritical civilisation of the worn-out empire. The German and the Dacian, the Parthian, the Hun, and the Goth press in on every side, till at length the tides of utter barbarism overthrow and swallow up the last human hope of civilisation.

In the fall of Rome, the civilisation derived from Noah would have perished, had not a superhuman power been working a great work upon the human mind, destined to stay, revive, yea, and produce a higher civilisation than the world had ever seen. It came not from the almost extinct schools of Grecian philosophy at Athens, or their shadows at Alexandria; it came not from the Brahmin priest, or the disciple of Confucius. The only land which had repelled the all-devouring tide of polytheism, was to produce the Teacher and the school, and the powers which were to roll back barbarism. Jesus Christ, and the spirit he kindled upon earth, have done this.

There are some who affect to think little of what Christianity has done for human civilisation, and who imagine that we could have got on just as well without it. They remind one of an African tribe whom Livingstone met with in his travels, the Batlaji. They were, he tells us, an insignificant and filthy people when first discovered; but living nearest to the colony, and being brought on this account more than others under the influence of religious teaching, they became superior in posses-

sions and manners to their more untaught countrymen. The young, he goes on to say, who were ignorant of their former degradation, attributed their present superiority to their own greater wisdom and intellectual development, instead of to that Christian teaching which had really raised them. So it is with those who now affect to make little of Christianity. But for it the civilisation they glory in could never have been. But for it they would now be the rude savages whom infidels feign the first men to have been. Christianity has been the reviver of a dying civilisation. In its essence it is mutual love, and therefore mutual progress. That little society of which we read in the 3rd and 4th chapters of the Acts of the Apostles was the pledge of the world's civilisation. Look at its mutual love, its world-wide sympathies. It could not but progress in intellectual as in moral development. Here was the mighty power, rising up, growing, expanding, which met the advancing tides of Eastern and Northern barbarism, overcame their force, and converted them into modern civilisation. Here is what gave rise to our great cities and our mighty works. Here is what, if adhered to, will keep those cities from the fate of Tyre and Carthage, of Nineveh and Babylon. Here is what, if held fast to, will prevent the fulfilment of Macaulay's famous prediction of the fate of London. If she preserves her Christianity, and honours her Lord and her God, the New Zealander of a future day will never gaze with mournful interest from the broken archway of the Thames upon the ruins of great London. He will never see the willows waving, or the rushes growing, where now rise her storehouses and her palaces; or the wild water-bird floating in undisturbed security upon that mighty stream which now carries the navies and the commerce of the world. For Christianity with its expansive growth possesses also the attribute of unfading youth. A thousand years in its history are but as a day. There is no wrinkle on its brow, no stain in its crown of glory.

A HARVEST HYMN.

GOD of the joys that touch on earth,
That stream their lights across the
 sea,
And lead from our dark shores to thee
In whom all spirit joys have birth!

We would look up and see the throng
Who joy with thee for evermore,
And bending low we would adore,
And raise with them our feeble song.

God of the bounteous harvest days,
Whose smiling glory crowns our land,
Whose fields to us, at thy command,
Pour out their wealth, accept our praise.

God of the dark and awful Flood;
Seedtime and harvest cheer our lot,
Summer and winter—not forgot,
Thy promise made to man has stood.

God of our bodies' wondrous frame;
From thy rich stores thou givest food;
We praise and thank thee, thou art good;
Accept our thanks in Jesus' name.

God of our spirits' stranger fire—
Rays from thy mystic self divine;
Our souls while ripening here be thine,
Thy love be every heart's desire.

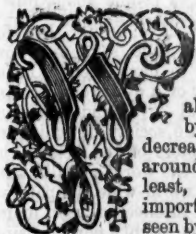
Fill all our want and emptiness;
Give sun or shower, as thou seest meet,
To make us fruitful; at thy feet
We fall resigned, and thou wilt bless.

God of yon bright abode of love
On our weak vision dimly cast;
Oh, when life's harvest here is past,
Take us to that blest home above.

J. H.

MY BEES AND BEEHIVES.—IV.

BY THE "TIMES" BEE-MASTER.

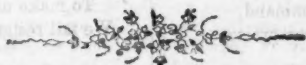


WHILE bees feed over an area of from two to three miles, it is always prudent, in case of agricultural changes altering the surface of the soil, by increasing human food and decreasing bee-flowers, to have around one's hives a half-acre, at least, of favourite flowers. The importance of this may be easily seen by noticing the effect of the hay-harvest. The scythe cuts down the honey-flowers of the field, on which the bees have been feeding, and forthwith we find hundreds of bees in the garden, where a week before you could barely discover a dozen. For such contingency it is highly expedient to make some provision. Hence the importance of flowers which blossom in the end of May, during June and July. Lemon thyme, salvia, borage, lythrum, white clover, and mignonette are of primary value—beautiful as ornaments and useful as bee-pasture. Double flowers are useless: a bee never touches the loveliest rose or the most fragrant double pink; but on the flowers I have named they alight in succession all the day, and augment their beauty while adding to their own stores. The cost of such flowers is a mere trifle, and the payment in return is a hundred per cent.

It is a libel on bees to charge them with mixing flowers and producing hybrids. The bee selects in the morning the flowers from which it means to gather its daily bread, and to these flowers it confines its labours all the day. It never flies from borage to mignonette, or from salvia to thyme. All its instincts are in the direction of order and law. As the officiating priest of Nature, it unites male and female flowers of the same species only; and while supplying its wants and gathering for its master, it introduces floral gentlemen to floral young ladies by acts of exquisite courtesy. The cultivated fields and gardens begin to fail in supplying pasture to the bees about the end or middle of July; but if your bee-garden stands on the edge of a common, or about a mile distant from one, the heathbell supplies a very favourite food. The crocus, willow, and blue hepatica are welcome spring flowers. Gooseberry, raspberry, and cherry blossoms are early pasture. Borage lasts latest in the garden, and is crowded with bees in a sunny Sep-

tember. But it must be remembered that the best stocked bee-garden is only auxiliary to the richer and better laden pastures which the hand of Nature sows with unbounded liberality. Furze and broom, which blossom in spring; and heather, which puts on its beautiful bells in autumn; wild thyme, and the various tiny field flowers, are the great sources from which the bee draws its golden stores. It may be added, as a rather unexpected fact, that turnip and mustard blossoms are great sources of honey. It would thus appear that blossoms of which man can make no use, and which so far are wasted, are not only fed on by the bees, but actually benefited by their visits. Orchards crowded with bees in spring are sure to be laden with fruit in autumn.

Sometimes bees require artificial food during the four or five months of winter. It is then very difficult to supply it. There are various feeders, to be had from Pettitt, of Dover, or Messrs. Neighbour, of London, which, placed on the tops of the lighter hives, enable the bees to ascend and feed without smearing their wings and feet. But feeding can be accomplished at less expense. It is of primary importance to finish feeding artificially by October, in England. Whether the hives be full or empty, it is no loss to allow them a little supplementary diet. For this purpose fill four or five deep soup-plates with a syrup of sugar and ale, well boiled; place over the liquid, floating on it, circular thick paper, perforated all over with holes rather larger than an ordinary pin head, and place them opposite your bee-house. The bees will settle in thousands, and as they sip the liquid food, the perforated paper will sink. Many apiarians object to this, on the ground that bee-battles and slaughter will follow. All I can say is, I have practised it for years, and no conflicts have ever occurred. Of course the patent feeder is far preferable; and if expense be no object, it should be adopted. But this work should be finished in autumn. The only nutriment that can be risked later in autumn, or very early in spring, is bee barley-sugar, as prepared by Kilner, of Hanway Street, London. You can push a stick, nine or ten inches long, into the hive from the opening, and on warm and genial days they will thankfully enjoy it. Liberality in this matter is rewarded by ample returns. The bees feel strong and vigorous, and go earlier out in fine weather, and work harder while the sun shines.



THE HEAVENLY HOME.



HERE are many homes in this world that are large, and costly, and beautiful, yet there is no happiness in them. But the heavenly home which Jesus is preparing for us will be the happiest place in the universe. Jesus tells us that in it there will be "fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore." But it is not the place that will make the people happy in this home. Many persons think it will. They think if they can only get to heaven, they are sure to be happy. Heaven is a prepared place, and unless we are prepared to go there, we could not be happy even in heaven.

For instance, suppose you and I are admitted to a beautiful garden. It is full of the choicest fruits and flowers. Fountains are playing, and rills are running by. There are shady walks, and cool grottoes, and everything to make it delightful. The law of the place is that everybody there must keep walking about. There are multitudes of people all walking up and down and enjoying themselves. Well, you and I are introduced to that beautiful garden. But we each have our ankle out of joint. Every time we put our foot to the ground it makes us cry out with pain. Now could we be happy in walking about that beautiful garden in this state? Of course not. We are not prepared for it. We must get our ankle-joint set and made strong, and then we shall be ready to enjoy the pleasures of that beautiful garden.

Again: suppose you and I are introduced to the splendid dining-hall of a king's palace. The table is covered with gold and silver dishes. These dishes are full of the choicest delicacies. A great company of hungry people are seated round the table. They have been helped to the good things before them, and are eating them with great pleasure. Well, you and I are seated at the table, and invited to eat whatever we please. But we are both sick. A burning fever is preying upon us. We have no appetite. The sight of food is painful to us. Now would it be any pleasure to us to be present at that feast? No. We are not prepared for it. Only persons who are well and with good appetites would be happy there. And just so it will be in heaven. It is not the place that will make the happiness of heaven, but preparation for it. And there are two things in heaven that we must be prepared for. These are its employments and its company.

The chief employment of heaven is loving and serving God. Those who go there sing his praise, and do his will, and find their chief happiness in doing this. But, unless we really love God more than anything else, it won't make us happy to be praising and serving him; and if this is the case, we are not prepared to go to heaven. Suppose that you and I were going to see a gallery of beautiful paintings. At the door of the place we meet a blind man waiting to get in. We ask him what he wants to go in for? He says he has heard people say they had had so much enjoyment there, that he thought he would like to go in and share the enjoyment.

Well, the poor fellow goes in and takes a seat. The walls of the building are hung all round with the most beautiful paintings. The people about him are looking at them with the greatest delight. But there sits the poor blind man in total darkness. He cannot see the least trace of all the beauty that is about him. Will he find any enjoyment in going to that gallery of paintings? Not the slightest. And what is the reason? He is not prepared for the employment of that place. That employment consists in looking at the paintings which are there. But the blind man cannot see them. Therefore he cannot share the happiness of that place.

Or suppose that we are going to hear some beautiful music. On sitting down in the hall we are surprised to see, next to us, a person that we know to be entirely deaf. He cannot hear a sound when the loudest thunder is bursting over head. How strange that a deaf man should think of going to hear music! But he has read about the pleasure of sound, and he has come to try it for himself. Well, the music begins. It is sweet; it is heavenly. We listen to it with raptures of delight. But there is our poor deaf friend! His ear never takes in a single note! Will it afford him any enjoyment? No. And the reason is that he is not prepared for it. The employment there is listening to music. And those who cannot join in the employment cannot share in the pleasure of the place. And just so it is with heaven. Unless our hearts are changed so that we can find delight in loving and serving God, we are not prepared for heaven; and if we went there in this state we should find no more happiness in heaven than the blind man would find in the gallery of paintings, or the deaf man in the concert of music. We must be prepared for the employment of heaven if we hope to be happy there.

And then we must be prepared for the company of heaven, as well as for its employments, if we would be happy there.

It is not the walls of the building in which you live that make your earthly home, but the company of those you love.

A little boy, about four or five years old, was returning from school one day. He bounded into the house, exclaiming, as he hung his hat up in the entry—

"This is my home! this is my home!"

A lady, on a visit to his mother, was sitting in the parlour. She said to him—

"Willie, the house next door is just the same as this. Suppose you go in there and hang your cap up in the entry, wouldn't that be your home as much as this?"

"No, ma'am," said Willie, very earnestly; "it would not."

"Why not?" asked the lady. "What makes this house your home more than that?"

Willie had never thought of this before. But, after a moment's pause, he ran up to his mother, and throwing his arms around her neck, he said—

"Because my dear mother lives here."

It is the presence and company of those we love

which makes our earthly home; and it is just so with our heavenly home.

A little Sunday-school boy lay upon his dying bed. His teacher sat at the bed-side holding the hand of his scholar.

"I am going home to heaven," said the little fellow.

"Why do you call heaven your home?" asked the teacher.

"Because Jesus is there."

"But suppose," said the teacher, "that Jesus should go out of heaven?"

"Then I would go out with him," said the dying child.

This dear child loved Jesus. He felt that it was the presence and company of Jesus that would make heaven feel like home to him. This would make him happy there. And if we love Jesus as we ought, we shall feel so too. When we think of him we shall be ready to say—

"Tis where thou art is heaven to me,
And heaven, without thee, cannot be."

And then the holy angels will be our companions in heaven. And so will all the good people we read about in the Bible. Yes, and all the good people who have lived since then. And all our own dear friends and relatives who have loved Jesus here and died. We shall meet them there; we shall all be holy and good; we shall have no more pain, or sickness, or sorrow; we shall never have to part any more. That glorious place which Jesus is preparing for us will be our home for ever. In our earthly homes we cannot stay very long. Either the house grows old and decays, and we have to find another; or else those we love die, or move away, and then it doesn't seem like home any more. But this heavenly home never grows old or decays. The Bible calls it "a continuing city," "an eternal house," "an unfading inherit-

ance." And the loved companions who share this home with us will never die, and never change. Oh, what a blessed, happy home that will be!

A little boy was walking in the fields with his mother one day. He looked up to the sky and said: "Oh, mother, heaven is so far off, I'm afraid I shall never get there."

"My dear," said his mother, "heaven must come to us before we can go to it."

He didn't understand what she meant. Then she told him what Jesus said when he was on earth. These were his words: "If any man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Jesus is willing to come into your hearts. He is standing and knocking for you to let him in. And when he comes in he brings heaven with him. He will make a heaven in your heart if you will let him come and dwell there. But if we don't let him come and dwell in our hearts here, he won't let us go and dwell with him in heaven hereafter. "Heaven must come to us before we can go to it."

Oh, let us open our hearts, and ask Jesus to come and dwell in them. This will make us happy in a way that all the gold and silver in the world can never do. And then, let us remember that the Bible contains the letters which Jesus has written to us about our heavenly home. Let us love to read these letters. Let us think more about that blessed home. And then, when we have any sorrow or trouble here, we shall find great comfort in the thought of that bright and beautiful home.

"Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven."

"Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death will be conquered, his sceptre be gone;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home."

THE MATTERHORN.



HIS mountain, which has lately been invested with such melancholy interest for all travellers, and especially for our own countrymen, is one of the Wallis Alps, separated from the Bernese Alps by the valley of the Rhone, on the east side of the Lake of Geneva.

Travellers from Piedmont, which lies to the south, reach it either by the Monte Moro pass, which leads into the valley of St. Nicolas, or else by the more difficult pass of St. Theodule, which leads up to it direct from the Italian city of Aosta; while those from Switzerland approach it along the whole length of the Zermatt valley, from the wretched village of Visp, which stands at the mouth of this valley where it joins the valley of the Rhone.

It was by this route that I reached it. We spent the evening in one of the hotels at Visp, where we were consoled for the wretched fare we had by the

prospect which a clear moon and a northerly wind held out to us of fine weather for our expedition to Zermatt on the following day; and the early morn kept the promise of the previous eve, and broke bright and clear, so we started on our journey by cock-crow. Our path lay through vineyards along a narrow valley bounded on either side by a continuous range of lofty mountains, while at the bottom tumbled along in wild revelry a mountain stream, raised to a considerable volume by the recent rains and melting snow.

By a steep path we reached the romantic village of Stalden, perched high up on the side of the mountain where the path to Saas joins ours, and we enjoyed not only the cooling view of the snowy Breithorn, but also a bottle of the white muscatel wine of the country, while we were glad to halt at St. Nicholas at midday for both dinner and shelter from the heat. Our mountain path was bordered by the bright-berried barberry and hazel bushes, beneath the shade of which often stood the hollowed trunk of a tree as a water-trough for the refreshment of weary travellers.

and beasts. A great variety of butterflies of exquisite colours flew about us, and bright lizards and snakes, disturbed in their sunshine-basking by our approach, ran swiftly across the road. All was beautiful or grand; verdant patches amid barren rocks, chattering birds flitting about wherever a few trees or bushes afforded them a shelter; the noisy brook, chafing among the boulders which had rolled down from the sides and hollows of the mountains that hemmed us in on either side. There was one drawback to the intense pleasure of a walk amid such scenery, and that was from the specimens of the human race which we saw, who were the most wretched, degraded, ugly-looking creatures I have ever seen: almost every woman—and we scarcely saw a man at all—was disfigured by a huge goitre, which, with their shrivelled-up, poverty-stricken faces, made them look much more like weird sisters than members of the softer sex. Their appearance was absolutely hideous, and I should have been at a loss to conceive how any of them could have awakened the feeling of love in the male sex, had I not seen troops of little girls whose bright eyes and fair forms showed that in youth the women of this valley are not such as the adults I beheld and recoiled from.

The religion of the canton was but too plainly visible, for crosses, crucifixes, and Calvaries of the rudest description were frequently seen at the side of the path, and most revolting were the charnel-houses. These stood beside the little village churches, and were filled with human skulls and bones, which appeared through the open iron gate piled up in heaps, each class of bone by itself. These, which had formed parts of the living bodies of former generations, had evidently been disinterred from the small churchyards to make room for fresh comers, and instead of being rudely and irreverently left lying about, had been piously collected in the way I saw. Still, however commendable the motive of the act, it was unpleasant to see so many death's heads grinning ghastly upon us as we passed by; and it was a relief to turn one's eyes to the rich meadows carpeted with Alpine flowers, or to raise them to the mountain's dark sides down which ran, like so many lace scarves, numerous cascades of water, which came tumbling across our path in tumultuous uproar. After a delightful walk of ten hours, our long halts here and there not included, we reached the wide basin-shaped part of the upper valley of the Visp in which Zermatt stands, but too late to discern anything save the dim outline of the giants of the Alps at whose base we were.

The next day, however, proved equally propitious as regards the weather; and looking out from our bedroom windows, we saw standing high up into a cloudless blue sky the immense granite peak of the Matterhorn, raising his head, clear and sharp and well-defined, into the azure vault, looking the very impersonation of politeness, as his massive form bends over the village of Zermatt, and appears with a graceful bow to be wishing good morning to the adventurous and hopeful strangers, who had come to worship Nature in this one of her wildest and most majestic temples.

Until a few days ago this mountain rejoiced in the epithet of inaccessible; and certainly, for one who has looked upon its steep rocky sides, smooth as a wall, it is hard to conceive how any one could have entertained the idea of attempting to scale it. For my own part, I regard these all but impracticable ascents of mountains, which have lately become so fashion-

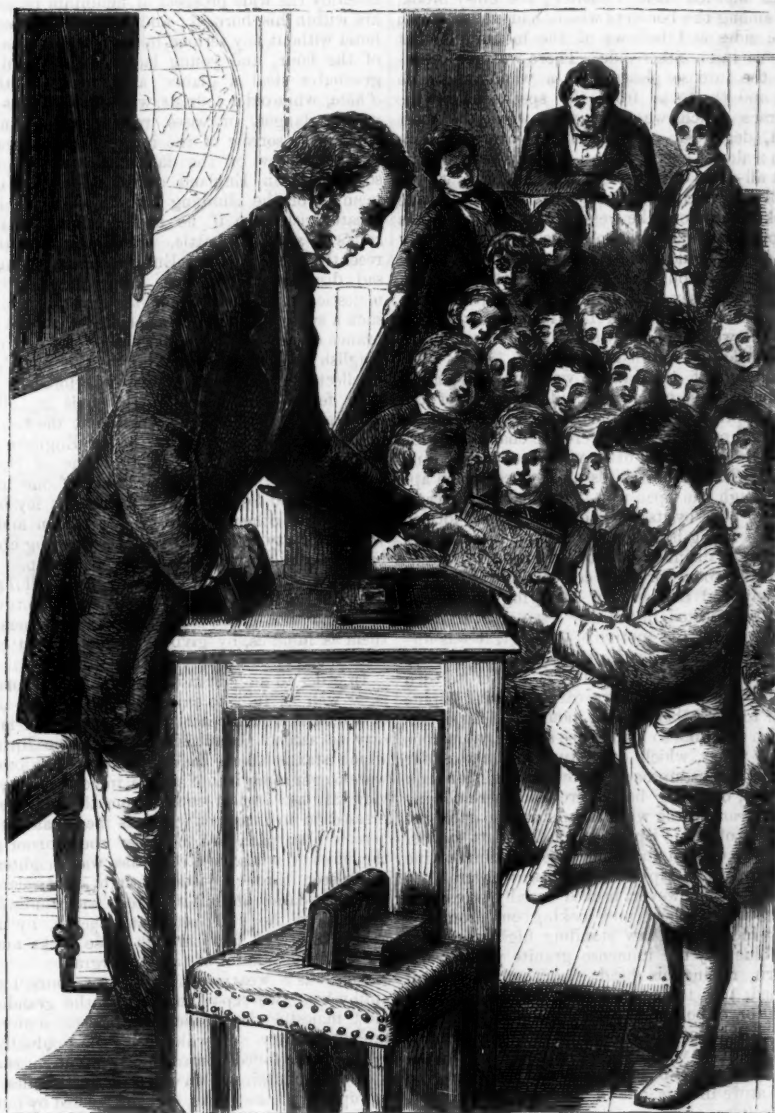
able, as useless and foolish. I never heard of any scientific end which they promoted, and I cannot conceive any great pleasure gained beyond the empty one of saying, "I have done it." As soon almost as one of these virgin summits is reached, the adventurous traveller has to descend without sufficient time to enjoy the wide prospect of mountain ranges which are within his horizon; and when he arrives at his hotel without any serious mishap, true, he is the lion of the hour, and young ladies and bashful undergraduates steal a glance at him across the *table d'hôte*; while older tourists, who know that as danger, useless danger, increases, real pleasure diminishes, think with sorrow of the imprudence of youth, and of the shadow of the dark cloud which overhung some home in England during the hours that the member of the climbing club exposed his life to a greater risk than if he had stood in the foremost ranks of a bloody battle. From this spot there has recently sped, to three English homes, tidings of a sad disaster. Who that lately gazed upon that majestic scene, could have thought it possible that such a spot could ever be associated with the remembrance of an almost suicidal act on the part of three English gentlemen, men who, by the force of their intellect, stood out prominently before the eyes of their fellow-countrymen? Yet so it is. But last month there might have been seen at the *table d'hôte* at Zermatt the manly form of an Englishman, and the intellectual-looking scion of one of Scotland's noble houses; and now the body of one has been shattered and lost in the Matterhorn's icy bed, and that of the other, and of his companion and guide, with difficulty collected from the yawning crevasses, have been laid in a Christian grave at Visp.

We trust that such a catastrophe will have the effect of putting a stop to such mad adventures, and that Englishmen will cease to make foreigners regard them as lunatics, by giving up the wild attempt to rival the very eagles in their airy flight.

In order to understand what the Matterhorn really is, as well as fully to enjoy all the scenery, the view of which is within reach from Zermatt, it is necessary to ascend about 5,000 feet to the Gornergrat, which stands above the Riffelberg. Anxious as we were to get more into Nature's inmost shrine, and to view all her inmost courts from the best point, we pressed on to this spot which is the great attraction here. Our path led us near the Gorner glacier, the effect of whose white needles was heightened by being seen through vistas of light green larch and Alpine cedars; and after a steep and winding climb we got to the Riffelberg, and thence, by another ascent of 1,700 feet through loose rocks and deep snow, to the summit of the Gornergrat.

This was a wearying task of two hours, but most amply were we repaid by one of the grandest and most majestic views which can be seen in any mountainous country, and which had been gradually developing as we toiled upwards. It took in an *entourage* of lofty mountains to an extent of forty miles, shooting up sharp snow peaks, and intersected by numerous snow fields and those masses of ice called glaciers.

Before us stood Monte Rosa with its gigantic spurs, an entire mass of the purest snow, which the setting sun tinted with a rosy hue. On either side of these ran broad belts of creviced ice, as if to keep off the foot of the intruder from that mountain of massive repose. From this, peak rose after peak as connecting links between it and the fatal Matterhorn, which



"Seymour came bashfully forward to receive the handsomely-bound book Mr. Hatton held out."—p. 455.

here exhibits a more broken side, the hollows of which are filled up with ice and snow. It stands up a giant among giants, and as the glaciers and snow ridges on either side are more depressed, it appears much more lofty than Monte Rosa, though in reality only 1,000 feet higher. Its shape, too, which is that of a sharp pyramid, while Monte Rosa is round-headed, and its dark granite sides, relieved by ice and snow, help to give it increased height, and render it the most remarkable and majestic object in this panorama which stretches from east to west.

Turning our back upon this conglomeration of glaciers and snow mountains, and looking northwards, the eye ran along two long parallel walls of mountains, between which lay the valley of the Visp that we had walked up, a succession of bergs, horns, and glaciers. In the far distance these appeared to converge, and above their point of apparent junction rose high up the snowy heads of the distant Oberland Alps. As we stood silently gazing upon this circle of

Nature's wildest and grandest majesty, and drinking in some of the great lessons respecting the Creator who upholdeth the mountains, there was not a single drawback to the enjoyment of the scene, for no lives had been lost either upon the Matterhorn or the curious looking Riffelhorn, which has also had its victim this summer. There was not a cloud above us, but the sun poured down his scorching rays untempered by a single mist, while the keen cold air of these icy regions gave a delicious feeling of health and vigour to one's frame. Here and there, in the icy hollows of the more distant mountains, a few fleecy clouds hung like cobwebs upon a white wall, but the day was such as few meet with. At length, the declining sun warned us that it was time to descend from our giddy height; and, as we did so, heavy banks of white clouds came rolling up from sunny Italy. The Matterhorn put on his cloud-cap, and there were other indications of the storm which burst over Zermatt shortly after we reached it.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MR. HATTON'S PRIZE.

CHAPTER I.

NOW, Maria, haven't I said that repetition well?"

"Very well indeed, Henry."

"Yes; I'm quite sure of the prize at last—that's a comfort," he went on, taking the book from his sister with a consequential air, and strapping it up with the others, ready for the morning. "Now, the sooner to-morrow comes the better."

"I wouldn't be too sure, Henry; you may be mistaken, yet."

"No chance whatever of that, Ria. There's no boy at all likely, except Seymour and myself. He, poor fellow! he has been plodding at it all the half-year, never giving himself a bit of holiday—that is, I mean, never taking any time for fun, except just the regular play hours. He said his mother would be so disappointed if he didn't get on well; and she could hardly afford to send him to school: only think of that, Ria. I had no such reason, of course; but I thought you might all like it better if I got the prize; so I said to myself, 'Well, just you go on as you like; by and by I'll take it up, too, and we'll soon see who'll win.' Why, Maria, I took very little pains, and didn't hamper myself with anything, till just this last month: and there he has worked hard all the time; and yet I'm more than up to him in everything."

"I know who *deserves* to win the prize," said Mrs. Bateman, who, unknown to her son, was sitting in the next room, the door of which was open. "What is the prize to be given for, Henry?"

"I can't tell you, mamma: that's so strange; Mr. Hatton would not tell us. However, I've made sure of everything—geography, history, Latin grammar, arithmetic—all in short. I've got them all up well—far better, I know, than Seymour has; and he allows it, too."

"I wish Mr. Hatton would give a prize for humility," said Maria, demurely.

"Ria, how dare you?" Henry said, turning fiercely upon her. "However, there's no fear of such nonsense as that."

"Henry," said his mother, quietly, "do you remember that verse you repeated to me this morning? just let me hear it again."

Henry unwillingly slurred over the verse: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

"That is good counsel, Henry: with Maria, I advise you not to make yourself too sure, and not to boast about it to others."

Henry took his books, and hastened up-stairs to his own room, not at all relishing the practical advice of his mother and sister.

I will now ask you to accompany me to another room, very poorly furnished, as compared with that we have just left; yet it has an air of comfort, for everything is clean and neat; so is the young widow, who is very busy with her needle. Her countenance is mild, and even cheerful, yet thoughtful. A few school books are on the table here also; and a boy, very like the widow, is sitting at it, leaning his head on his hands, and diligently poring over one of these books. Then, he lifts up his head; a somewhat weary and discouraged look is on his face; but he soon bends over his work again.

"My dear Willie, it is really high time you should leave off work for to-night; you look so tired. I am sure it is not good for you."

"But, mother, please let me finish what I am about; I haven't quite mastered this yet."

Another half hour passes, and then the wearied boy requests his mother to hear him the lesson once more.

"This time it is pretty well, Willie. If you go to bed now, you will be able to get up early and do a little before school-time in the morning."

"It's all of no use, I'm afraid, mother; I haven't so much as a chance of the prize."

"I'm not at all sure of that, Willie."

"Oh, but then you don't know, mother. There's Henry Bateman, I had no idea he meant even to try for it; he has always laughed at me for working so hard, and never really worked himself; and now, the last month, he has begun to learn ever so diligently."

"I hope you are not sorry for that, Willie."

Well, to look at Willie's countenance, if he had asserted his pleasure on this occasion, one must have strongly suspected him of hypocrisy. However, he did not assert it, but waived the subject.

"But, mother, I wanted to tell you, in that one month, he has got it all up—all that I have been about during the whole half-year—better than I have, and taken all the good of my work away."

"Oh, Willie! stay. You know better than that, my boy."

"Well, I don't mean *all* the good; but it does, oh! it *does* seem so hard, mother; I can't help feeling unhappy about it."

And here the poor boy fairly broke down, hid his head between his hands, and sobbed.

Mrs. Seymour put down her work, and said—

"Willie, my boy, you are sadly tired, and I am sorry for you; but I want to talk to you a little bit before you go to bed. Sit here on the stool, and put your head on my knee. You say it is 'very hard,' Willie. *Do you know what it is that you think very hard?*"

"That Henry should get all the advantage from me, when I have taken so much more trouble and pains than he has; and then, mamma, I wanted it chiefly to please you."

"Thank you, my boy, and I *am* pleased with your *work*, whether you gain the prize or not, but not quite with your present state of mind. Willie, *why* has Henry done all this so much more easily than you?"

"Because he is so clever—so much cleverer than I am. And you know I cannot help that; it is not my fault, and it is not *his* either."

"No, my boy, that is not the work of either of you; your several abilities were given you by God; and yet you say it is 'hard.' Is that right, Willie?"

"I suppose not, mamma; but still I can't help feeling it very much: and then, you see, it seems of no consequence to them, because they are rich and you are poor."

"And you think that hard, too, my boy? We are all apt to feel in that way. But, Willie, that is not right. Instead of being glad that Henry has been trying to please his mother, you have been sorry for it—sorry for what was good; is that like, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself?'"

"But, mamma, I don't believe—"

"Stop, Willie; don't attribute wrong motives to other people; let us seek to check these feelings. You have many blessings which others have not. Would you think it kind if Edmund Saunders tried to take away the advantage you have over him?"

"No, mamma," and Willie sighed as he thought of motherless Edmund, compelled to seek a home with strangers.

"Willie, if you would feel happier, you must ask God to teach you to think rightly of these things. Remember, whatever we have, or have not, it is God who gives or withholds it. If God loved us well enough to give us his own Son, don't you think he will give us all else we need?"

"I should think so; and yet he doesn't give us near all that we should like."

"No, my boy,—"

"He knows that he who gave the best,
Will give him all beside;
Assured each seeming good he asks,
Is evil if denied."

Now, my child, think of what I have said, and be quite sure that 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' Do your work from a higher motive than that which has yet actuated you, and then you will not be tempted to murmur if you should not succeed in this one particular way. Good night, Willie."

And kissing his mother, Willie went up-stairs to his little room with a lighter heart than he had known for many days.

CHAPTER II.

A SHORT time after this, Mrs. Seymour, hearing from poor motherless Edmund how wretched he was in the family where his uncle had placed him to board (he came every night now, and Mrs. Seymour superintended the preparation of the boy's lessons for the next day), wrote to his uncle, and offered to receive him on the same terms into her home. Mr. Saunders had consented, and much brighter and happier Edmund looked since this change, and great pains did Willie take to help him in his tasks.

At length the examination day arrived. Bateman at first was most successful, quite throwing in the shade poor Seymour, whose extreme shyness of itself placed him at a great disadvantage; while Henry's self-confidence made things easy for him. But Mr. Hatton was not a superficial man, and as the examination went on, and powers of thought, and the knowledge acquired by thought, were drawn upon by him, Bateman began to flag, and then it was that the substantial advantage of Seymour's perseverance and application came into play; he couldn't learn by rote, he must *understand* and master his subject in all its bearings before he could learn at all; he could not dash haphazard at success, but he could go thoroughly into all the detail. It was not a mere sketchy outline of the building, producing a fair general effect. No. All the stones were fitted each in its destined place, so that the more minute the inspection, the more would the correctness of the design become apparent.

And then came the moment when the prizes were to be awarded. Mr. Hatton rose and said:

"Here are two prizes to be given to the *best scholar*. If by the best were meant the most showy, the first of these I must give to Henry Bateman; but, on examination, we have proved that of the subjects on which he has spoken so fluently he understands but the *outline*. We must prefer the deeper knowledge, acquired and expressed with difficulty, but where every degree of expression is the result of a thorough understanding of that which forms its substance. Seymour, the first prize is yours; to you, Bateman, I give the second prize."

"And now remains my prize. You wondered that I have not told you more concerning it; and yet when I said I intended it for that boy to whom,

after the examination, I could accord my sincere approval, you could scarcely think that a boy, who idles half his time away, and then, for the sake of the prize, works at the outside of things alone, could gain my approbation. To the boy who has earnestly and diligently worked, and endeavoured to master his work, who for the sake of a better feeling than that of winning a prize, has done with all his might the work which was given him to do, I must give my prize. Seymour, I have great pleasure in giving you this proof of my hearty approbation."

Seymour came bashfully forward to receive the handsomely-bound book Mr. Hatton held out. How joyously he hastened home to tell his mother the almost un hoped-for tidings, to hear her pleasure, and receive her cordial approval too.

"Come, Henry," said Mrs. Bateman, when they were alone after dinner, "lay aside that ugly face, and tell me all about it. Mr. Hatton was not unjust, I am sure, was he?"

Henry was not an ill-tempered boy, so he put aside his vexation sufficiently to answer: "No;" and he could hardly help crying, "not unjust or unkind, I suppose; but he said he was glad I did not get the prize."

"Henry, I don't want to be unkind, but I too am glad you did not get it; had you found success without working for it, I fear it would have been fatal to your future. All these things are noted by God—the use or abuse of your time. My dear Henry—"

"Oh, mamma, that is just what Mr. Hatton said; but I thought you would have tried to soften it to me."

"My boy, it is because I love you so, that I speak thus to you. Remember, and, oh, think about it, Henry, how sadly foolish it would be to risk the best prize of all—the golden crown of glory, given by the Saviour's hand to those who enter into his mansions, by spending your life in pleasure and idleness, and vainly hoping by the work of a death-bed to win this greatest prize."

Henry really did improve, and as he became more trustworthy in his life-work, he also became less self-confident.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."—1 Cor. x. 13.

CHILD, amid the battle strife,
In all the conflict of this life,
When the way seems hard and long,
And temptations dark and strong
Are pressing you into the wrong:

Remember that the Saviour still
His gracious promise will fulfil,
And guide you gently with his eye
Through over-much perplexity,
If you will on his love rely.

And you soon shall see the way,
Smooth before you, clear as day,
When the trial, dark as night,
In God's strength is trampled quite,
Through his mercy infinite.

Bind those words around thy heart,
"God is faithful." Child, thou art
Blest, e'en in a darksome fate,
If thou learn to watch and wait
For his love exceeding great.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 377.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—John i. 29.

1. B eniaiah	2 Sam. xxiii. 20.
2. E leazar	2 Sam. xxiii. 10.
3. H iel	1 Kings xvi. 34.
4. O nesimus	Philam. l. 10.
5. L achish	2 Kings xiv. 19.
6. D othan	2 Kings vi. 13, 18.
7. T ibni	1 Kings xvi. 21.
8. H iram	1 Kings ix. 12.
9. E phraim	2 Sam. xviii. 6.
10. L amech	Gen. iv. 23.
11. A bimelech	Judg. ix. 28.
12. M erab	1 Sam. xviii. 17.
13. B emoni	Gen. xxxv. 18.
14. O nesiphorus	2 Tim. i. 16.
15. F elix	Acts xxiv. 25.
16. G eshur	2 Sam. xiii. 33.
17. O ded	2 Chron. xxviii. 9.
18. D oeg	1 Sam. xxii. 18.

"JUDGMENT-BOUND."

ID you ever think, as you stood in the midst of some vast assemblage that a day was coming when all that company would meet together again? Day after day the tides of their lives sweep on, ever changing, those of to-day going a thousand different ways, never on earth to meet again, yet all bound for one common goal at last. Ten thousand winding ways those myriad feet will travel, yet all tend finally to one place—the judgment seat of Christ. One hastens from the crowded thoroughfare to the open fields and sunny landscapes surrounding a pleasant country home. Another presses on, and does not rest until he has gone beyond the "father of waters." The hungry waves of ocean may be waiting to bear down another into their yawning

caverns. The bullet may be moulded that shall seal the death-warrant of another on the battle-field. Can all this widely-severed throng be ever brought together again? So surely as all are living now, so surely will all these diverse paths meet once more together at the judgment seat of Christ.

And all are moving swiftly there. There are no stopping places on this route. The train of time moves swiftly and unceasingly. When we sleep we travel as fast as when we wake. In the morning we can know surely that we are so many hours nearer the judgment than when we laid our heads upon our pillows. All are "judgment-bound."

And this is the great fact of every one's existence. The world is far from considering it so, but it does not change the reality. It matters little whether

the path of one is beset with cares and troubles; even if the journey is painful, it is very short, and the solemn realities at the end of it absorb every lighter consideration. What advantage is it though the way of another winds through "the fairest meads or the sunniest side of the valley," when it is all so soon passed over, and ends at last before the same great white throne? The earthly distinctions we are apt to think so much of, are of trivial moment when compared with this one certain event in all lives.

But not only will all these vast throngs be there, but *we shall be there*. We can no more separate this fact from our history, than we can annihilate our being. A few more changing scenes, and this last scene will be to us the present, just as childhood has passed and youth become the present of our lives, or as youth has passed, and mature life become the present, just so time will all be past, and the judgment will be the present reality of our experience.

There are none of all the race of Adam but will be there. None so high in rank but they will be called to stand before a greater being. None so insignificant, none so good or so wicked, but they will stand there to be judged. No one can be lost in the multitude. Many will call for the

rocks and mountains to fall on them, to hide them from the face of the Lamb, but their cry will be vain.

We shall all "appear" there. Each must stand out by himself and be judged alone. There will be time enough. No one will have to hasten away to his farm or his merchandise. The angels have no work but to do God's bidding.

We are none of us going to the judgment empty-handed. We are taking our lives there with us. All our good deeds and all our bad ones are going up to the judgment with us. We may cover them over here, but they will be all open there.

Oh! what a blessed thought it is, that in that solemn day we may find a friend in our judge! We may so satisfy all the claims against us, that instead of the fearful sentence "depart," we shall be welcomed with shouts of rejoicing to heavenly mansions. It is in our own choice, while here upon earth, whether we will have this Friend of sinners for our friend. Oh, we could not satisfy one of the least of the law's claims against us. But if we will only accept Jesus for our advocate, if we will only consecrate our lives to his service, we can stand forth in that day fearless and joyous, because the Judge will look upon the face of our Advocate, and see us only through him.

CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.



SING, albeit in a prosaic way, the praises of good nature. The quality in question has its counterfeits. There is a stolid indifference that usurps its name—a dull, impassive habit of soul which no trouble disturbs, no joys excite, no motives stir, and which never becomes irritated, because there is not enough of energy in the entire nature to render it susceptible of annoyance.

But the virtue we commend is activity and strength, not leaden stolidity and weakness. It is a pleasant blossom which grows from a very tough root. The equanimity we admire springs from a sturdy principle, which has might enough to grapple with the irritations of this life and to overcome them. Indeed, there is somewhat divine in it; and it grows in earthly soil only as the germ is divinely implanted. It springs from faith in God, the consciousness of the divine favour, the joy of a divine hope, a sure reliance upon the ultimate justice of the divine rule. It triumphs because it trusts. The new-fledged sparrow, trying its feeble, untaught wings, gets caught in every bush, and is thrown to the ground by every twig which it encounters. The eagle soars so far above the earth that the tall pines upon the mountain are not in its way; and even the clouds and storms are left beneath. So this virtue, with steady courage and strong wing, launches into the upper air and dwells above the obstacles which obstruct a lower flight.

This cheerful habit of soul has untold value. The man who remains courageous and hopeful amid the winds and waves of the restless seas, who is calm and unruffled in the midst of care and anxiety, whose face wears a genial smile which spreads sun-

shine all around him, whose heart is full of love and good will to all, is calculated to be happy and impart happiness. This virtue hath the "promise of the life that now is." This is the wisdom that is "marrow to the bones." The man that has grace to possess his soul in patience amid the petty provocations which beset his path at every step, is likely to enjoy better health, and to live longer, than if he were to succumb to every little attack. Happiness conduces to health in man and beast. A horse, kindly treated, will wax fat on a smaller quantity of oats than if kept in a constant worry by an ill-natured, jerking, swearing driver. The honest Dutchman, relating his religious experience, said that when he was converted the very cattle on his farm found it out by the increased kindness with which they were treated. And no doubt he had a part of his reward at once in temporal things.

But among parents, calmness, patience, cheerful good nature, are of vital importance. Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it. If it displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy. Solomon's rod is a great institution, but there are cases not a few where a smile or a pleasant word will serve a better purpose, and be more agreeable to both parties.

OUR TIMES.

"My times are in thy hand."—Ps. xxi. 15.



ALL the events of life, and the timing and ordering of them, are in the hand of God. He is the great Disposer of events. As he orders the time, and place, and circumstances of our birth, and determines whether our life shall be longer or shorter, so he orders and directs all the events between the cradle and the grave. Not even a sparrow falls to the ground or crosses our path without his notice; the hairs of our head are all numbered; nothing can befall us or ours but by his direction or permission; every event is but a part of his vast and benevolent and wise providence, and transpires just when and where and how he pleases. The circumstances in which we are placed are ordered by the Lord; the sorrows and tears occasioned by times of war and bloodshed, like all the dispensations of Providence under which we weep or rejoice, are the dispensations of the God of wisdom and of love. Do we mourn over present losses and afflictions? let us remember it is the Lord, and he doeth all things well. Do we, in view of the past and present, dread the future? Why should we? Why not hope in God? Why not trust in him? for he it is that reigns above; and he reigns alone, and

reigns in wisdom and goodness. He orders all human affairs, all the events of time, all the events of our lives; and orders them just when and how he pleases, for his glory, for our good, and the good of his universal kingdom. Our times are in his hand; and in his hand the time and the destiny of our country. Let us trust in him, and pray for his help and guidance.

Our murmuring and repining will not lessen the evils we endure, but rather increase them. And consider how much better we are dealt with than we deserve. The events of our lives have been ordered in mercy, tenderness, and compassion. Had we ordered them ourselves they could not have been better for us, nor better for the world, nor should we have been any better pleased with them. And think how much better we are dealt with than others, and how much worse it might be with us than it really is. Taking this broad and extensive view, we shall find much reason to rejoice that all the events of life, the timing and ordering of them, are in the hand of God. This will not only make us contented with our lot, but thankful to God for his manifold goodness to us; and we shall thus be led by his grace to devote ourselves to him, and so to live, and act, and labour, and pray, and give, to build up his kingdom in the world, as to manifest our gratitude in our lives, while we sing with cheerful voice, "My times are in thy hand."

AUTUMN

I.

A REGAL daughter of the South,
Crowned princess of the twelfth year—
Crowned with thy coronet of fruit and ear,
And breathing mellowness from out thy mouth,
And banishing both dearth and drouth,
Make thy throne here.

II.

Shed forth thy gold, O sun, on seas of corn:
Refrain, O storm-wind, for a while
From fierce blast-breathing through thy thunder-horn,
And let sweet Zephyr thee beguile,
And lead thee through unfaded bowers,
And charm thee with Æolian airs,
And fill thy silent horn with flowers;
While bright Augusta swift prepares
Her yellowing, mellowing harvest-fields
For full and plentiful yields.

III.

Come forth, O reapers, with your crescents bright,
And lop the brown and amber-crested waves;
Flash all your scythes, O mowers, in the light;
Sweep on, as swept in war old British braves.

IV.

And come, ye gleaners, joy bedight,
Gather the ears that strew your way;
Glean the full ears that bless your sight,
And let your careful hearts be gay:
For soon—too soon—must come the time
When full-blissed autumn shall depart,
And winter bring, with frigid clime
And outward shivering, ache, and smart,
Still heavier cares to vex the anxious heart.
Yea, now lift up your faces, and your mirth
Shall glorify the harvests of the earth.

BONAVIA.

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER LI

THE ARREST.



WITHIN four days from the date of the conversation recorded in our last, Jim Perkins was on board a steamer bound for New York.

About this time Chilton was thrown into a ferment by the report that the spirits at Chilton Hall had begun to walk again. The servants said that, night after night, terrible noises, trappings, and groanings were heard in the closed chambers. Ghosts were seen wandering round the house in the dusk, and vanishing among the trees. At first the old story was renewed, that it was the colonel, with his head in his hands, and the lady for whom he suffered. And then some person one evening saw, coming across the park, and going towards the old coal-pit, the figure of Lady Jordiffe, Sir Henry Jordiffe's wife. By and by, however, there were several people who met in the coach-road, and in different places near the Hall, an appearance that they were sure was the spirit of Will Jones, who had been lost for so many years. One or two oldish people, who had known Will, said that Will had appeared to them, but when they had turned to look for him he was gone.

There was a terrible commotion in the village through all these absurd reports. The villagers were afraid to go near the Hall, and the servants to stir out after nightfall. Every one was sure that something dreadful was going to happen in connection with the Hall, for the old people said, "The spirits begun to meake a rumpus always when anything was gwaing to happen to the family."

Sir Henry heard nothing of all this. It is astonishing how a great man may live in the midst of a multitude of his dependents and inferiors, and know as little of what is going on among them as if he were in a different world.

Mrs. Annesley and Gertrude had gone to reside on their own property in Kent, for they could not bear the associations of Chilton after Edgar's disgrace; and Chilton Hall was now managed by a housekeeper, Mrs. Cox, the widow of a London lawyer, who had run through a large fortune by living in the most extravagant manner, and died leaving his family without a farthing. And so Mrs. Cox was compelled to use her own experiences as housewife, gained in the time of their wealth, as the means of obtaining a livelihood at present.

Thus there was no feminine conducting medium for gossip between Sir Henry and the village world around him, and so of the thinkings and doings of that world he remained a stranger.

After some months the long-expected dissolution came. The Ministry was changed, and there was to be another election. The country was in a state of intense agitation, but especially the borough of B— was up in arms. Never had political animosity run so high.

For a week before the nomination, there got abroad a whisper that something or other had been found out about Sir Henry Jordiffe, which would interfere with his election; but what it was no one clearly knew. Some said that he had murdered his wife; others that he had poisoned his own father, and put out of the way a servant who he was afraid would disclose his crime. In fact, the mind of a certain portion of the community was in a perfectly morbid state with regard to the baronet—harbouring all kinds of wild and dark imaginations. So when, two days before the nomina-

tion, Sir Henry's coach was seen driving into town, fierce and threatening were the looks that were turned towards him, and deep and many were the expressions of ill will that were breathed against the "old villain."

There was an uneasy feeling in the town like that in animal frames before a thunderstorm. People felt as if something, they knew not what, were about to happen. About twelve o'clock the storm burst. The news ran as by an electric flash through the town, that Sir Henry had been taken into custody, and was now before the magistrates at the Town Hall, on a charge of murder! In a few minutes it seemed as if all the population of B— had poured itself out, and was going to the broad market place in front of the building. Already the Hall was so filled that there was scarcely room for the officers to go in or out. Soon the whole wide street outside was one sea of surging, wondering faces, all turned in eager expectation towards the great door, through which Sir Henry was expected to come out; and still through the narrow passages and side streets the curious multitude continued to flow. Fiercely they struggled with one another. "Down with him; tear 'm to pieces," said some; "Shame, shame! 'tis an election dodge of the Radicals," said others. And so they defied one another with groans and hisses, waiting with terrible anxiety for the result of the examination.

The magistrates had at first refused to issue a warrant for the apprehension of Sir Henry, so preposterous did the charge of murder seem against one whose character stood so high in the country. But Vagg was accompanied in his application by Attorney Higson, who was called "the people's advocate" in those parts. Higson had made himself highly popular with the working classes by putting himself forward on their side in every contest of the poor man with the rich. He took, he said, the side of the weak against the strong. And he had so organised a strike of the colliers, and so effectually pleaded their cause, that after three months' cessation from work they gained their ends. He defended the unfortunate peasantry who had a taste for poaching, and who were made victims of what he called the atrocious game laws. In fact, whenever a poor man was brought before the magistrates in the neighbourhood of B—, his friends ran for "Torney Higson, who came at their call, to browbeat the magistrates and bully the witnesses, and talk about there being one law for the rich and another for the poor, &c.

Attorney Higson, then, took very high ground on the present occasion. He asserted that if, in the case of a poor man, only a tithe of the evidence had been adduced which had been shown to be ready in the case of this rich member of the aristocracy, he would have been apprehended and committed at once. But the magistrates now showed how true it was that they were animated by a spirit of partiality, and administered the law according to the social standing of the prisoner. But, however, he said, he wanted nothing better than this conduct. He should now be able to show the people what need there was of "reform in all our institutions," and how they were tyrannised over, insulted, and trodden down by an insolent oligarchy.

And Higson so worked upon the fears of the county magistrates, who saw a possible riot and Lynch law in the distance, that they at last granted the warrant, but two or three of them at once rose from the bench, saying they should go and stand by Sir Henry as friends at his arrest, and return with him to the Town Hall. They went in the coach of Mr. Richardson, one of the magis-

trates, and found Sir Henry at his committee rooms in Well Street.

Sir Henry was in his private apartment. The party waited till he was alone, and then entered.

"Sir Henry," said Mr. Richardson, "I, and my brother magistrate Leigh, have come as your friends to stand by you. There has been some terrible mistake, which, no doubt, will be cleared up. An application has been made to us this morning for a warrant to apprehend you on a charge of murder, and we have thought it wisest to grant the warrant and come with the officers ourselves."

An officer here stepped forward and performed the arrest in the king's name.

Sir Henry stared for a moment as if in utter astonishment, and then his face paled, his lips became deadly white, and his hands trembled as they rested on the table before him. He gasped out—

"Murder! what did you say, Mr. Richardson—murder—I—murder?"

"Yes; I believe it is a cruel and shameful election trick, but the evidence brought forward is such as we dare not slight—such as you yourself, sitting as a magistrate, would not slight. But I have no doubt you will be able to clear all up."

Sir Henry was still deeply agitated. It seemed as if he could not conquer his emotion.

"Murder!" he said; "for murder! and whom do they say I have murdered?"

"Your servant, William Jones, many, many years ago. But had you not better come with us to the Hall, and hear all the charge?"

Sir Henry leaned his head upon his hand, and reflected for a moment, then said—

"Let me have my attorney, Mr. Preston, with me, to help me at the examination."

"We will drive by Mr. Preston's office and take him up with us, as we pass," said Mr. Richardson.

Mr. Preston was fortunately in, and accompanied them to the Town Hall. Higson and Vagg had taken care that all the witnesses should be present.

Sir Henry was requested to take his seat on the bench, but he refused to do so, and seated himself on a chair in front of the magistrates.

CHAPTER LII.

THE CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

THE first witness examined was old Richard Jones, the father of Will. He deposed to the fact that his son had been servant to Sir Henry Jordiffe the night in question, the 28th of May, 18—, and that he had never since heard of him, and had always believed that some foul play had been done to him.

"You say that you believed some foul play had been done; had you any suspicion of any one as committing foul play?"

"Well, I always had it zumbow on my mind that Sir Henry Jordiffe knew zummot about my son. I don't know that I downright thought he'd murdered him; but I thought he'd got rid of him, and knew about it."

"What made you think that?"

"Why, d'ye zee, gentlemen, Will had told me that he and the squire had quarrelled about Will's sweetheart, and that Will had threatened to tell the squire's lady, as was to be about et, and that the squire said he'd shoot him if he did."

"Had you any other reasons for suspicions?"

"Why, yes, gentlemen; I heard that spots o' blood was found near the front door in the mornen after Will was missing, and that made me think there must have been foul play, though they did say as how them spots were drops o' blood from a hare the gamekeeper had carr'd along the front the day afore."

The next witness called was John Fisher, who deposed that "he had been stable boy at the Hall at the time of the disappearance of William Jones. He had a few days before that disappearance heard Sir Henry and William quarrelling about Will's sweetheart. Will threatened the squire to tell Miss Careton on't, and the squire threatened he'd shoot him dead if he slandered him to Miss Careton, or anybody else."

After considerable cross-examination of this witness, without in the least shaking his evidence, Richard Emery, our old one-eyed friend of the "Black Dog," was called forward.

He had been gamekeeper to Sir Henry Jordiffe at the time of William Jones's disappearance. He remembered that night very well. He had been looking out for poachers that had been meddling with the game in the park. He had also been out for another thing. Farmer Hedges had complained to him that some dog had been, night after night, into his fields, behind the park, worrying his sheep, and had killed two or three; so he had been on the look-out for the dog, and had happened to see him coming away from the sheep, and shot at him. The dog fell, and on going up to him he saw, to his surprise, that it was "Trusty," the great mastiff belonging to the Hall. He was mortally wounded, and soon died. He (witness) was frightened at what he had done, and dragged the body of the dog into one of the copses, when, before morning, he got a spade and buried it.

Sir Henry was seen to start, and he seemed terribly agitated as this witness was giving his evidence. He whispered to his attorney, and the latter asked the witness if he could swear it was the mastiff belonging to the Hall which he had shot.

He answered that he could; for when he returned he brought a lantern with him and examined the dead dog by its light.

Sir Henry seemed as if he could bear no more. He rose to his full height, and turning round upon the witness with a look of indignation and contempt that seemed consuming, burst out—

"It is a lie! You did not shoot 'Trusty' in the fields, and you did not bury him. Fellow, fellow, what has induced you to come forward with such atrocious lies? I see what a vile conspiracy this is."

Mr. Preston persuaded Sir Henry to be quiet, and the examination went on.

The witness deposed that as he was coming through the park, he saw, looking between the trees, two forms, which looked like those of the squire and Will Jones. He heard sounds as of quarrelling, and then all at once he heard some one cry out, "O God! I'm murdered." He lost sight of them behind the trees, and when he came up to the house, both men were gone. Next morning, spots of blood were found on the gravel before the door. Somebody said these were from a hare, which he (the gamekeeper) had carried along the day before, and he had not contradicted it.

The witness was cross-examined, but kept to the same story. When asked why he had kept all this evidence secret so long, he said—

"Because I knew 'twas no good to bring et forward unless I was backed by the other witness, Martha Simpson, and she weren't agreeable."

At the suggestion of Sir Henry, however, questions were asked which threw some clouds on the character of this witness. It was shown that he was discharged from Sir Henry's service for drunkenness; had been since twice committed as a poacher, and had been landlord of the "Black Dog," an inn which had a doubtful reputation. It was clear that his evidence by itself would not be worth much to the prosecution with a jury, but it might be very valuable as harmonising with the evidence of other witnesses.

Martha Simpson was now examined. She deposed to the facts already set before the reader, by Jim Perkins, as to hearing the noise in front of the house; seeing Sir Henry take up what appeared to be a dead body, bring it up-stairs, and carry it into the closed chamber; then as to Sir Henry's visits to the chamber.

It was observed that Sir Henry rose from his seat in intense agitation, and looked almost terrified and bewildered as the witness was giving her evidence as to his habits of walking and muttering at night, in connection with the secrets of the fatal chamber.

Martha Simpson was asked why, with these terrible secrets in her mind, she had kept quiet so many years, and why, having so kept quiet, she now came forward.

She confessed she had kept quiet out of respect to Sir Henry, and old attachment to the family. Her father, she said, had been butler to Sir Henry's father, and her grandmother had been in the service of Sir Henry's grandmother. Again, she said, she had always cherished the idea that Sir Henry might have struck Will in self-defence, and with no intention to kill him, and she hoped that Sir Henry would be able to prove that still.

Then why had she come forward now? Why, of late years, as she felt herself growing older and nearer her end, she had felt more and more uneasy with this secret on her mind, and she was sure she should never be able to die comfortably without revealing it.

It came out, however, as Higson and Vagg had well foreseen, that the expenses of this witness from America had been paid by Jim Perkins, and that a certain sum was to be paid to her nephew on condition of her coming forward.

This last act was much in favour of the prisoner, revealing the truth that the prosecution was got up at this particular juncture for political ends; but, at the same time, it was impossible for the magistrates to withstand the force of evidence against Sir Henry.

At the conclusion of the examination he was asked, of course, with the usual caution, if he had anything to say. Sir Henry, after consulting with his attorney, declined to make any observations, except that the whole case was an atrocious conspiracy, got up by his enemies to ruin him, and which he should be able, on his trial, to expose and defeat; but in the meantime he should say nothing that could give these enemies a clue to his defence.

After some consultation with each other, however, the magistrates deemed it best to remand the prisoner for the present, and issue a search-warrant, that the chamber of which Martha Simpson had spoken might be examined, to confirm or otherwise her testimony.

Sir Henry was, therefore, remanded, and two officers were dispatched with a search-warrant to explore the secrets of the closed chambers. Sir Henry at once handed the magistrates the key of these rooms, that the officers might be under no necessity of breaking the lock. It was a small and peculiar key, easily held in the pocket, where Sir Henry seemed always to have carried it.

Vagg contrived to join himself to the officers, being well known to them, and they went off in a drag to Chilton.

In an hour or two they arrived at the Hall, showed the warrant, and demanded admittance to the house in the king's name.

The housekeeper had experience enough to know that it was useless to resist, in presence of such a document. She, of course, insisted on accompanying the men, and they went up-stairs.

The key opened the lock of the larger and outer room, and they entered. The lighted candle, which they had brought with them, only seemed to make the darkness

in the corners of the room more visible. The rough, unplastered walls gave the place more the air of an old dungeon than of an apartment in a gentleman's house; and the antique furniture heaped up, and only dimly revealed, alarmed the officers by its spectral appearance. The first thing they did was to open the window shutters. This was no easy matter, as the bars were almost glued to their rests by rust. When the light was admitted at last through the dusty glass, the character of the chamber was revealed. It had evidently never been finished, and had served the purpose of a lumber room, though no servant now in the house remembered to have seen it opened, and also at some distant time had been employed, as we have seen before, by some one as a kind of laboratory. There were the bottles, now covered by dust, the furnace, numbers of instruments, and tables for manipulation. There, too, was the mysterious chest, Vagg had rushed to it, and lifted the cover, even while they were opening the shutters, and cried out—

"Here, I declare! it is just as Martha said. Here's a skillinton, true enough."

Mrs. Cox screamed, and showed symptoms of fainting away, but feeling sure that no one would attend to her, and that she should miss sharing any other discoveries, she thought better of it.

"Now, ma'am," said one of the officers, "I should be sorry to be imperlite to a lady, but if you can't bear whatever may come to light without throwing yourself into 'steries, why you had better retire, and let us do our work."

Mrs. Cox drew herself up with great dignity, and requested him to proceed with their investigations, and not to trouble himself about her.

The officers and Vagg examined the "skillinton." There it was, sure enough, lying with each limb and vertebra in its place, though they easily moved when touched. The joints of the hands and feet appeared to have been united by some kind of glue or cement, which in some places had given way, and the small bones were lying loose in the bottom of the chest.

The head officer, Mr. Bullock, took up first one member and then another, and examined it with a wise look, and then replacing them, proceeded to make a minute in his book of what had been discovered.

But now Vagg suggested that they should look about to see if anything else was to be found—any instrument with which the murder might have been committed, or any relics of the dead man's clothes.

They set to work accordingly, removing the old furniture both here, and in the inner chamber. They found chairs, some with three, some with two legs; tables of ancient form, several old clocks, old, defaced paintings, carpets eaten by moths, baskets of old-fashioned glass and china, but nothing like weapons or clothes. They then went round and sounded the walls, and though Mr. Bullock protested they had a hollow sound, no secret door or cupboard was discovered. And now Vagg suggested, what of course had been in his mind all the time, that they should examine the floor.

The floor was examined, Vagg leading the attention at first to some distance from the point which he suspected, and at last, examining plank by plank, they came exactly as Mr. Vagg had intended, because his eye had spied it at first, to a plank that appeared to have been cut in the middle, and to have been taken up. In a minute or two, by the application of a chisel, which, strange to say, Vagg had in his pocket, the plank came up, and there beneath it was a heap of old clothes, partially covered by dust.

They drew them out.

(To be continued.)

"CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE!"



"CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE!"

Such was the heading of a large poster which arrested our eye some time ago, while passing along the main thoroughfare in one of our principal towns. It was the pre-announced text of a sceptical lecture, intended to put Christianity into the scales, and make out its partial success to be good reason for its abandonment. It reminded us of a child parading his toy balances, in order to weigh in them the sun or the planet Jupiter.

And yet we blame not the sceptic for subjecting Christianity to its own test—"A tree is known by its fruit." Great as Christianity is, and small though we are, God invites our judgment. "Produce your reasons," says he; "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." He speaks thus because he has made us rational, and because his ways and laws defy impeachment. What fault we find with the sceptic is not for judging, but for misjudging—for presuming to take a great case by a corner, and determine it one-sidedly, instead of viewing it comprehensively, and deciding it as one whole.

The doubt, however, that is thus started deserves and demands careful treatment, for it is one which presses on many ingenious spirits. It may be thus expressed:—"If Christianity be indeed from God, and be a scheme of recovery for a lapsed world, why are its effects so limited? Why are its very adherents left to exclaim, 'Who hath believed our report?' The single empire of China contains at this hour more heathen than all the professors of Christianity throughout the wide world; and the followers of the false prophet still occupy the finest, fairest, and most patriarchal regions of the globe."

Such is the objection which scepticism is so zealous in turning to account. We propose to look it frankly in the face, and to deny it, and defy it, both in its premises and in its conclusions.

1. We deny its premises. That Christianity is a failure is grossly, nay, impudently untrue. Christianity has saved souls in numbers without number. It has dispossessed myriads of hearts of the seven-fold, legion-fold devil of selfishness, and swept, and garnished, and consecrated that heart into a temple in which He "who inhabiteth eternity" deigns and delights to dwell. It has converted many a fierce slaughter-breathing Saul into a sublime, seraphic Paul. It has deodorised, in many a once "open sepulchre," the vile voluminous breath of vice, malice, and blasphemy, and sweetened that mouth into "a well of life," and sanctified it into an altar of purest incense.

Its great central truths—"All have sinned;" "Christ died for all;" "there is no difference," for all are sinners, all are brothers, and "the same Lord over all is rich unto all"—are the most humbling and yet the most elevating, the most levelling and yet the most developing, the most enfranchising, fraternising, civilising truths in the whole world. "Liberty, fraternity, equality" was

a wild, fanatical cry at the close of the last century; but that cry is wild indeed that does not express some neglected truth. That revolutionary formula does contain a golden thread of truth, and it has Christianity to thank for it; it is, "if true, true only here." Christianity is the Magna Charta of universal liberty, the great Bill of Rights for the rising peoples, the one blazing sun in the political firmament, in the light of which men will erect themselves in the nobility of individual manhood, in the grandeur of mighty nationalities, and call themselves freemen and brothers all the world over. As recent events sublimely illustrate, Christianity is a death-warrant to slavery, tyranny, oppression, and wrong. So it has proved; so it shall; and so it must. Only let the truth go forth to the ends of the earth: The prince is a sinner, undone and doomed as truly as the peasant; the peasant is an immortal soul under the sunshine of God's love, under the canopy of the Saviour's sacrifice, as truly as the prince; only let this truth be everywhere really believed, and down fall alike the sceptre of the despot, the scorpion whip of the slave-driver, and the huckstering shifts of the petty schemer. Yes! the Gospel's "joyful sound" is the one only melody that can charm the world into peace, and love, and bliss. And ere long it will. Under its "holy song," extended and prolonged,

"Time will run back and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould."

Look at plain, broad facts. Which is the mightiest of the continents, that is peopling or dominating all the rest? It is Europe, the smallest of them, but also the one that is Christian; and imperfect as that Christianity is, in its subjective type, who sees not that it is the secret of European supremacy? On the single empire of our own Britain the sun never sets. We and sister powers are exploring, mapping out, and elevating Africa. We especially are touching into life the great, dead organisms of the East. And what is the lever that thus elevates, the spark that thus quickens? It is Christianity; it is the living and life-giving Gospel of the Cross. Behold the waning Crescent. Four hundred years ago the Mahometan power thundered at the gates of Constantinople, and took it, and with it the Eastern Roman Empire, and swept on in a tide of conquest that menaced all Europe. Now the Frenchman's words have become a proverb: "Turkey is dying for want of Turks." The Christian element is surging around her, and swamping her on every side; and missionaries of the Cross range at will throughout her fields and high places. The one only power, in short, really dominant among the natives is Christianity—a kingdom which, though not of this world, is subduing the world; which, though it cometh not with observation, underlies, underthrobs, and revolutionises all. America in her late agony heaved and tossed, and has thrown off slavery under this very power. And yet there are pens that can write, there are lips that can cry, "Christianity a

failure!" Are your eyes those of a gnat, that can see no more than the little inch that stretches before them and around them? Go, sit at the feet of your own sceptical Gibbon, and learn of him how that infant power came to plant the banner of the Cross over the ruins of the Capitol, and to stretch its sway over a world unknown to the ancients. Christianity a failure? The allegation, were it not profane, would be simply jocular; for every one knows how Christianity has urged on the car of universal progress, and conjured up by her magic wand an angel band of humanities and charities peculiarly her own, and is the foster-mother of all modern civilisation and power.

2. Let us next expose the conclusion. That is, admitting so much of the premises as declares that Christianity has not yet succeeded in fully accomplishing her destined objects, the conclusion that, therefore, she is a failure, is nothing less than monstrous.

For one thing, it would prove a great deal too much, namely—that because a thing is not yet completely successful, it must be spurious, and ought to be thrown away. The argument is this—"Christianity has gone forth to evangelise and regenerate the world; the world is not yet entirely, or even nearly, evangelised and regenerated; therefore Christianity is a failure, and as such, ought to be renounced in favour of something else." On the same principle, an Alfred, a Tell, a Wallace, a Hampden—in short, thousands of martyrs and reformers, political, as well as religious, were all failures and falsities. Constitutionalism on the Continent, at this hour, being as yet a comparative failure, is therefore a falsity; and the refugees of liberty in our midst may read their crime in their fate. Nay, the very infidelity that urges this objection, would itself stand condemned in the light of it, slain by its own weapon; for infidelity, too, is thus far a failure—and a most ignominious failure it is. Infidelity is also a falsity—a thing rotten to the core; but it is for other and better reasons than that it has been a failure hitherto, that we pronounce it false.

Again, it is important to note that what seems an obstruction and objection to Christianity is often a providential furtherance and a signal evidence of its divinity. Probably no event seems, at first sight, more stumbling than that bewailed by the primitive heralds of the Cross, whom the prophet describes as exclaiming—"Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"—the event, namely, of the general rejection of the Gospel by the Jews. And yet, whether we view it in the light of the predictions that went before, or of its providential issues immediately after, in promoting the extension of the Gospel among the Gentiles, no event will be found more strikingly illustrative of the truth and divinity of the Holy Scriptures. Many years ago, a sceptic in the North of England, with whom we had some conversation, urged very confidently that very fact as conclusive against Christianity, saying, not without some plausibility, "If Jesus was the true Messiah, why was he rejected by his own nation? and if his very countrymen saw reasons to reject him, why should any other people be expected to receive him?" We answer, "Behold in this very fact the strongest proof of the Divine origin of Christianity; for, if the Gentiles saw meet to

embrace it, and to welcome the sword, the stake, or the lions, rather than abandon it, and all that after the Jews themselves had rejected it, and that with such scorn and defiance as to affix its author to a cross, we may safely and reasonably infer that it must have been under the force of evidences, miraculous and internal, which they felt themselves utterly unable to resist."

But this is only part of the explanation of God's manifold wisdom in connection with this remarkable fact. It was clearly predicted in the Old Testament. Its profound philosophy is distinctly explained in the New Testament, particularly in the 9th, 10th, and 11th chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. Our Lord himself prepared his disciples for that and other perplexing experiences, especially in his series of prophetic parables in the 13th chapter of Matthew. Into the depths of the overruling wisdom of God thus partially disclosed, it is not our present business to enter. We have alluded to it thus far only to illustrate how facts that seem to make against Christianity, are, in reality, among its grandest proofs. Just and suggestive are those remarks of a late divine: "It may well appear strange and lamentable that, when the Messiah came to his own territories, his own people did not receive him, and that his wonderful and gracious miracles made so little impression on them; but the more unlikely an event is in itself, the more surprising is it that it should have been predicted; and the exact fulfilment of such strange predictions, just in proportion to their strangeness, tends to remove every suspicion of imposture from a considerate mind. What a striking thought, that, in their very rejection of Jesus Christ as the Messiah, his unbelieving countrymen were unconsciously furnishing evidence of the strongest kind that he was indeed the person they denied him to be!"

Further, the objection we are considering overlooks entirely the free agency of man, and the harmony therewith of all God's saving means. That we are free agents would remain true were the Bible proved false to-morrow. This is a fact which the Bible finds, and assumes, and does not need to reveal; being already declared by universal consciousness, universal conscience, universal language, universal law. Now, God's saving plan shapes itself to our free agency, and never violates it; and by so much proves its adaptability and truth. But for this very reason it admits of resistance, and through this of boundless complications and long delays, to the disgrace of man, but no way implicating God, and carrying forward the grand solution to the last great day. Even now the glories of God's overruling wisdom and unwearied forbearance may be read by him that runs; but the day of final account will bring them out as in the light of seven suns.

Finally, the objection ignores the fact that God works by small causes and long processes to stupendous and enduring results. "The Deity does nothing by leaps," said the great Leibnitz, with a sagacity as prophetic as it was profound; for the revelations of modern science, especially geology, are but an extended commentary upon this aphorism. And, as in nature, so in providence; and most of all in that mighty plan of mercy to which all providence is subordinate, we ought to read God's ways in the light of God's works: "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as

one day." "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

The seed is now being sown. Nothing true and good is ever lost. Buried it may be, seemingly dead; but only to live ere long, and "fill the face of the world with fruit." Many a precious life seems a failure, burning as the slow fires of a living and lifelong sacrifice, or prematurely quenched in the blood of martyrdom. But the cause lives, and often sucks nutriment from the blood of its confessors—as Mary Freeman, in her last letter, before being dragged into Cawnpore, so

touchingly wrote, "I sometimes think our death would do more good than we should do all our lives; if so, His will be done: most joyfully will I die for Him who laid down his life for me!" Noble, large-hearted words, which India has since been verifying every day. Let our great concern be, not what answers best in the immediate present—leave this to the paltry worshippers of mere success—but what now and through all time is true and right. This is the better because nobler part; and it is that which will stand us in best stead at the end.

SHEM, HAM, AND JAPHETH.

BY JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E.



IN Gen. ix. 25-27 we have painted, by a pencil whose colours are always pure and true, a miniature of the existing and future world—"Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. Blessed be the Lord God of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant. God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant." Who and where are the nations of which these are respectively the fathers? It is all but universally conceded by divines, ethnologists, and historians, that the sons of Shem inhabit Syria, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, and India. The descendants of Ham, or Canaan, occupy Africa, Egypt, Nubia, and Ethiopia. Japheth holds possession of the north of Europe, France, Britain, Spain, and Italy.

The prophecy respecting Canaan is his enslavement by Japheth and Shem. Facts in history, past and present, prove the literal and exact fulfilment of the prediction. Africa is the birth-place and nursery of slaves. From it the exhausted stocks of the Confederate States have been ceaselessly replenished. The swarthy children of Ham continue everywhere slaves to this day. All the exertions of philanthropists, from Wilberforce and Clarkson to the present hour, have greatly mitigated, but not entirely abolished slavery. The prophecy of its existence, however, does not in any degree justify our infliction of it. God takes charge of the fulfilment of his prophecies; men are to take care to obey his precepts. No prediction, therefore, of what will be affects, or ought to affect, our obedience to commands to "do justly, and love mercy."

Slavery, it is now generally felt, is twice cursed—cursed to him who is its victim, and to him also who inflicts it. For our guidance in this and every great moral question, we are to look to precepts, not to prophecies. In all likelihood, God's great purpose in the internecine war of America was the extinction of this evil, and, at the same time, perhaps, a judicial retribution on those who have sanctioned or sustained it. An American statesman observed, during the late war:—"I cannot see how any Southern man desiring that slavery should be continued, can

be willing to permit this war to be a long one; nor can I see how any Northern man, hoping and praying for the destruction of slavery, can desire that the war should be a short one." Either way, slavery is doomed. Were the South and North, at a future day, permanently to separate, slavery must fall. The boundary line between the two, drawn by the sword, with no mountain chain, sea, or broad river to make it effectual, would bring slavery and freedom face to face. Every slave crossing the boundary line would be free, and the rendition of runaway slaves would not be suffered to exist. In America at present the meteor motto of the day is, "Liberty to the captives." Ham has worn his yoke for nearly six thousand years: perhaps it is now about to be broken. Having exhausted the curse, he may be preparing, by a terrible baptism, to receive the everlasting blessing.

Shem's sons are the Jews, the Persians, the Indians, and the western nations of India, commonly called Shemitic nations. Abraham, and, above all, Abraham's seed, were descendants of Shem.

But the special fact in this prophecy is Shem's relation to Japheth. First, we are told, "God shall enlarge Japheth." Let us see this fulfilled in that section of the Japhetic family to which we nationally belong. The Saxon is the conquering race. Our ships wet their keels in every ocean, spread their sails to every wind, and drop their anchors on every strand; our conquering drum-beat encircles the globe; the boom of our guns is the signal of freedom to the oppressed; our language, literature, and science have penetrated every province; and our children are the most powerful colonies of the globe. It is also said—"Japheth shall dwell in the tents of Shem." This is historically true. Europe, represented by its most powerful family, literally "dwells in the tents of Shem." Wherever the Ganges and the Indus, and the rivers of the Punjab flow towards the sea—wherever the Himalayas and mountains of India raise their towering heads, Japheth dwells lord and ruler. The very efforts of Shem to dispossess Japheth, in 1857, have served to strengthen his supremacy, and more clearly to translate the ancient prophecy into modern fact. Our responsibility as a Christian nation is weighty indeed. Our power is the measure of our duty: we shall not

have fulfilled it till every tent of Shem becomes a sanctuary, and every family a portion of the Church of God.

Moses was inspired. How could he have so graphically delineated existing national features, distribution, and relations, unless inspired by One to whom the end was as visible as the beginning?

God is in history. In the facts of history, as in

the texts of the Bible, God speaks. He daily translates prophecy into history. Livingstone and Speke and Grant are pioneers of Christ. They are voices sounding from the banks of the Zambesi and from the sources of the Nile—"Make ready a highway for our God."

History, with its thousand tongues, proclaims what inspiration has already spoken—"Thy word is truth."

NIGHT.

ROLL onward, O sun, to thy rest in the west;
Move forward, thou moon, from yon cloud's silver crest;
Blink downward, ye stars, from your heaven's blue breast.

The last wisp of gold-cloud has frosted to white;
The first ray of moonlight has stolen into sight,
And silvered dark waters with spell-wand of light.

Adown from the hill-top that looms in far grey,
A sinuous water-thread gleams on its way,
Until in a valley it widens its play.

It falls from its parapet rocky and steep,
And flashes on boulders with bound and with sweep,
Till creeping and deepening, 'tis lulled into sleep.

Night's sweet *prima donna* her solo is singing;
The eagle of night for his prey is forth-winging;
The breath of the north is its freshness down-bringing.

And Nature hath PEACE writ again in her face:
Rerieved from the broil of our turbulent race,
She weareth her bright and original grace.

H. G. B. H.

LEAVES FROM MY INDIAN NOTE-BOOK.

BY CAPTAIN MEADOWS TAYLOR, AUTHOR OF "TARA," "CONFESSIONS OF A THUG," ETC.

NO. V.

NOW we must get on to our camp, for though the air is cool the sun is sharp enough, and we are hungry too, after the morning's ride. So we emerge from the second gate, which is not so good a one as the first, for the bastions at the sides are of clay only, scooped into holes by pigeons, sparrows, squirrels, starlings, and swallows, a busy and populous community. The sides of the bastions are well furrowed by the rain, but they are still strong; and the white clay is so tenacious that they have lasted for years, and will most probably gradually moulder away in these peaceful times.

Outside the village we find the "Mahars'" quarter, the low caste race, "Mle'chas," who cannot be allowed to reside within the precincts of the community. These Mahars, though outcasts, are the gatekeepers, watchmen, guides, and the like, whom we have previously noticed; and are eminently useful in their vocation. The head of them holds hereditary office, and the men of the other families, of whom there may be forty or fifty, act as labourers and work for hire. Many of them enlist as "Sepoys" in the regular native army, and make excellent, steady soldiers. The Mahars' quarter forms a small village in itself, and the majority of houses have clay terraced roofs, and are evidently comfortable. Some of the Mahars have land in farm, and in other instances families take lands in

partnership and divide the proceeds according to the seed, cattle, or labour contributed.

Hanging to the skirts, as it were, of the Mahars' quarter, we find a number of thatched cabins, not untidy, but decidedly mean in appearance. These are the shoemakers, who are also tanners; and we see a good many raw skins sewn up and filled with tanning material—the barks of several trees mixed with lime and water—hanging up from cross poles. Skins are not put into pits as in England, but hung up, as we have said, and thus tanned, and the leather is soft and good. Several men are at work on benches outside these cabins; the awl, the round knife, and mode of work being very much like that of our own craftsmen. The soles of shoes are, however, sewn on to the upper leathers by strips of raw hide wetted, a very effectual and lasting process. The men are making red shoes for men, and some of the women are embroidering them in gay patterns with silk or cotton thread, according to price. Women do not wear shoes, except they be singers or dancers, all else wear sandals. Plough and cart gear of hide; ropes for drawing water, leather buckets for wells, halters, headstalls, and head and heel ropes for horses, are also being laid out for the afternoon market. These shoemakers, or "Mangs," are clever workmen in their way; but too often drunken, and for the most part dacoits and thieves, according to ancestral custom and tradition, when they have opportunity; and require a good deal of local supervision. Our friend the Patell answers for his

Mangs, that at present they are very steady, have plenty of work, and give no trouble. Some of them have taken service in the local police, where they are inimitable detectives and trackers of stolen cattle or property; and they contribute with their neighbours, the Mahars, to recruit the regular army. Not a few have returned on leave from their regiments lately, and in addition to careful boards of savings, have displayed their medals, and told stories of Persian or Afghan wars to wondering hearers; while there are several pensioners, shorn of arms or legs in the wars, who are made independent for life.

Passing these permanent locations of stationary inhabitants, we come to a piece of common, on which are several encampments of wandering people, also *Mle'chas*; and no doubt, with the others, remnants of that aboriginal population which existed in India before the Aryan invasion, and still preserve distinctive characteristics, which have probably never changed. First, we stop to examine some curious straw huts, as they appear, laid out with regularity in three sides of a square. The walls are made of a peculiar matting of the stems of a tall coarse grass, neatly sewn together in lengths. These are placed endways and upright, with a stout stake here and there for support. The roof is made of a mat of the same description, rather broader than the space inclosed, so that the sides project over the walls, like eaves. These dwellings are of all sizes, dependent upon the wants of the family, each having two rooms, or even more, made by partitions inside; the floor, if a prolonged residence is contemplated, being beaten down with clay, and a trench dug all round to carry off the water. The cabins are perfectly water-tight, and, though less than the height of a man, appear clean and comfortable within. We see a bed in each, and the universal patchwork quilt is hanging out, over the roof, to air. They belong to the Wuddiars, or stone-cutters and dressers, men who quarry stone, and dress it with hammers and chisels if required, into squares or blocks of any size. Some of them build walls also, and all the querns are made and repaired by them. It is a profitable trade, and many of the Wuddiwar families are very rich, both in money, jewels, and cattle; but they never change their habits of life, nor build houses for themselves. Generally speaking, they are a tall, powerful class of men, with great development of muscle, dark complexioned, even to blackness, and perfectly distinct in character to the Aryan Hindoos. Men of this tribe have prepared the stone for all, or most, of the great railway and other bridges of Western India; and we have heard English railway overseers often express their astonishment at the practical cleverness of this people, and the workmanlike manner in which they fulfilled their contracts, taken from rude drawings on the ground, or rough wooden models. These men dig wells and face them with stone, while another branch of their tribe, somewhat inferior in rank perhaps, make earthwork dams and railways, put up field-boundary mounds, and the like. The Wuddiars are proverbially honest, but they belong to no particular village communities, and prefer their nomadic life. They possess small rude cars with wooden axles and wheels, which, drawn by buffaloes, are used for conveying stone; and donkeys are not uncommon among them. If the camp is to be broken up, the

huts are thrown down in a few minutes, the mats rolled up and placed upon the cars, with the family bed and children on top of all; and processions of these people, with their cows, asses, calves, and some pigs and goats, may often be met on the country roads, migrating from place to place, after their ancient fashion.

A little further on is another small camp, which shows by no means such regular construction as the Wuddiars'. It is composed for the most part of small tents of black, coarse blanket material, or rough felt, and partly of patched cloths, stretched over frames of bamboo poles. Among these houses are two or three mansions, like the Wuddiars' huts, probably those of the chiefs. The inhabitants have turned out in a body. Some are men with drums, who begin to beat them loudly; and some of the women by them tuck up their sarées between their legs as tightly as they can, exhibiting handsome legs and thighs, and, before they can be prevented, are throwing somersaults, making cart wheels, and bawling out to be allowed to come to camp and perform. "Here's the celebrated Gangee, my lord," cries a burly drummer, "who picks up straws with her eyes, and turns somersaults on a pole fifteen cubits high; and every one that sees her fills her lap with gold." "He's cheating himself as he cheats everybody else!" screams an old beldame, with a gold zone, and her neck hung round with gold necklaces. "He's my son, my lord; and he'll carry a donkey across the tight-rope, and dance the fish-dance over naked swords. Go forward, you lazy lout!" she screams to her son, pushing him forward, "and throw——" something professional, no doubt, but unintelligible. So letting fall his drum, the man gives a short run, and throws a succession of somersaults, alighting first on one leg and hand, and then on the other, very cleverly; upon which a general scream from the party for largess follows, and the old woman strokes down her stalwart son fondly as he returns to her, with our promise that we will see them when we have time. "They will perform in the bazaar this evening," says the Patell. "They have come for their annual allowance of grain, and are bound to exhibit; and my lord can give them a trifle over and above to make them happy."

These are real gipsies, nomads like the Wudders, and, like their brethren all over the world, with the same habits and professions. Some are taught feats of skill; some are reciters of plays and pieces learned by rote, or repeated by tradition from generation to generation; some, who cannot perform, are tinkers, basket-makers, or blacksmiths; and we see the forge at work under a tattered tent, and two men working hard at it. All the men are professional thieves and robbers, and commit daring dacoitees when they have an opportunity, but in places distant from their own circles of villages, so they need to be closely watched. They will take no service, either in the police or in the army, and never abandon their roving life. The women do not tell fortunes, but sell charms and medicines especially for children, and philtres for love-sick women for their lovers, or straying husbands; and there are some of the men who profess to be astrologers, but cannot compete with the Josie of the village, who, as a part of his duty, casts the nativities of all the children born. The

women beg for rags, or buy them, out of which they manufacture very serviceable patch-work quilts, and thin quilted mattresses; and though these gipsies live in the poorest habitations we have yet seen, yet they are known to be rich, both in jewels and clothes. Several of the performing girls, and all the men, are handsome, with fine figures; and they are comparatively fair, a rich ruddy copper or light bronze colour, with real gipsy eyes, bold and flashing with deeply fringed eyelashes.

I ought to have mentioned a curious circumstance connected with the Wuddiars. They are the best actors of plays and dramas in the country, and frequently make large sums by their performances. Not one of them that I ever heard of or knew could write or read, and they must have won-

derful memories. Some of their plays last from one to three whole nights; they are full of long set speeches, and are divided into acts, between which there are farces, generally of a broad nature, wherein jokes and sarcasms freely abound, and create great merriment. The plays are generally in the vernacular, but there are quotations from Sanscrit poets often introduced, and of which not a word is understood by the players. These plays are taught from the traditions handed down; and after work is done, some elder assembles the learners and teaches them by rote. The aggregate is really wonderful, and the amount of patient application by which it is attained, both by women and men, almost impossible of conception. The recitals by the gipsies cannot compare with those of the Wuddiars, either for length or difficulty.

LABOUR.



WHAT is labour? Why, just work. True enough it is work; every hardworking man knows practically what labour is; but it takes some hard thinking to give it a proper definition. That labour is just work, is far too general a definition, for it speaks only of power applied without specifying its object. But we do not intend seeking out elaborate definitions. That "labour is power applied to purposes of usefulness," though not philosophically correct, inasmuch as power may be applied to effect what is the reverse of the general term *usefulness*, will be sufficient for our present purpose. Taking this as its definition, labour in all its branches is honourable, and is one of the Divine institutions with regard to man, and part of the design in God's moral system of government.

The higher we rise in the scale of civilisation, the more our labour increases; the more comforts we want, the greater the amount of labour required to procure them.

The savage may find the means of subsistence without much labour, by gathering the wild fruits of the forest, or picking up shellfish on the sea-shore—a life but little raised above the lower animals. But man is not stationary like these, who come up to a certain level, beyond which they cannot rise; his nature is progressive; he finds that these natural supplies are somewhat precarious, that he is not so well off as he might be, and then by the expenditure of additional labour, he makes to himself a bow and arrows, or a spear, and becomes a hunter, adding to his former fare the flesh of the beasts of the forests.

He has now made one step in the path of civilisation, and thinks that he may better his condition still; and so he makes another, by cultivating fruits or vegetables, which adds still more to his comfort. And so on, from one degree to another, each degree entailing an additional amount of labour.

The necessities that constitute the staff of life are not to be had, in the present state of society, without labour, for the earth spontaneously would not produce enough for our sustenance, not to speak of our comforts or luxuries. Labour, then, is the

price that is paid for them; it is that which gives to our commodities an exchangeable value: all articles of commerce are valued according to the amount of labour expended in procuring or producing them. Unthinking people, however, take a different view of the case, and say that it is an article having a certain value that makes people labour to obtain it. But no article whatever has any commercial value till labour has been expended upon it. The air which we breathe has no commercial value, nor the light of the sun, for both of these can be obtained by all without labour; and it is only when water has been brought to us from a distance that we have to pay for it, and then the price charged is in proportion to the labour, and consequently the value expended in bringing it.

All labour has not the same value. The skilful mechanic, who has spent much of his time, as well as money, in learning his trade, charges a higher rate for his work than the agricultural labourer who has learned his without cost. The man of science or letters, also, who has laid out much time and money in acquiring knowledge, who has to employ expensive apparatus in his work, or wear out his brain—the most expensive apparatus of all—in weary hours of hard study, charges a still higher rate for his.

As the value of the different articles of commerce is regulated by the amount of labour expended upon them, so the value of the different kinds of labour is regulated by the supply and demand. Labour is sold and bought, just like other commodities: the shopkeeper sells his goods, and the workman sells his labour; the mechanic sells his labour to his employer, and his employer sells the product of that labour. When, therefore, a greater number than is wanted sell a certain kind of labour, its value is lessened; for people will sell their labour at less than the usual price rather than remain unemployed; just as the shopkeeper will sell his goods at a nominal profit rather than let them lie on hand as dead stock. Again, when the supply is not equal to the demand, one employer gives higher wages than another, to induce those who have their labour to sell, to put it his way. Its value, however, does not fluctuate as much as might be expected; for when the price of any particular kind falls,

some of the labourers leave it for other trades, so that the balance is again restored.

Here, then, we have an inevitable law regulating the labour market; a wise and beautiful law, harmonising the various classes of society, preventing the capitalist from injuring the labourer, as well as the labourer from injuring the capitalist: for although a greedy employer may take advantage of an overstocked season by screwing down wages to the pitch of starvation, he cannot continue the practice long, for he has no longer control over the law which soon restores matters to an average. And also, when workmen endeavour, by strikes or otherwise, to sell their labour at more than it is worth, the increased wage creates a corresponding supply, and its value falls again to the average.

Labour, then, is the standard of value for all articles of commerce; and the great question of trade is, how to produce these by the least possible expenditure of it, so that they may be sold at the least possible price. The result is the division of labour—that is, one individual giving his whole attention to one particular branch of trade, and another to another branch, &c.

The advantages reaped by society from the division of labour are many and great. For although in a rude, primitive condition man may be able to perform all the labour necessary for his subsistence and comfort, or what he considers his comfort, yet in a civilised state this is quite impossible, even with the multiplicity and excellence of the machinery and implements he possesses. No man would be able to learn all the trades necessary to enable him to produce what he requires for his own or his family's comfort. And even should he be able, he could not do the work so well, or with so little expenditure of labour, as if it had been divided among a number of people, to each a different trade; for by having only one thing to learn, it is learned more perfectly and in a shorter time; and by constantly working at one thing, greater dexterity is acquired, so that both time and labour are saved. And it is not only by dividing labour into different trades that it is economised, but also by subdividing these into different branches. This enables the manufacturer to employ labour of different values, according to the kind of work to be performed. Take, for instance, pin-making. This manufacture is divided into many different parts, and according to the nicety of the work to be done is the quality of labour required. The man who finishes the most difficult parts of the article receives about six shillings a day, and the wages of the other parties employed vary from that down to sixpence.

It is evident that without this division of labour pins could not be sold so cheaply as they are; because if one man had to perform all the different operations, he must be able to do the most difficult as well as the easiest, and having expended the necessary time in learning the difficult parts, consequently he must receive the highest wages, while half, or more than half his time is taken up with what is now quite as well performed by boys, and paid for at the rate of sixpence to a shilling a day; so that pins would require to be sold at about eight times their present price before the manufacturer could pay for his labour.

As division of labour is so necessary to the welfare of society, we have another evidence of the Creator's design in giving different tastes to differ-

ent individuals, so that no one is compelled to work at what he has no inclination for, as there is always a sufficient number with a bias for each trade. Of course there are cases where circumstances prevent people from following their bent; but generally speaking, no person is compelled to labour at what he dislikes, with the exception, perhaps, of those who seem to have an aversion to labour at anything. The man who may have an inclination for the trade of the joiner, could not think of going to sea; while the sailor would pine and fret if compelled to toil on land. The tailor who stitches at his cloth would, probably, be disgusted with the work of a surgeon; and the surgeon would, doubtless, be very discontented if forced to sit cross-legged on the tailor's board.

It is, doubtless, better to be ignorant of much, and to have some one craft or profession to perfection, than to have some knowledge of many, and yet be master of nothing. But let the labouring man first become thoroughly master of his own business, and then get as great a knowledge of other things as he possibly can. Let the working man educate himself to the best of his ability, so that he may not work at his trade like a mere machine, knowing nothing but how to perform his work—an intellectual status so low that some of the inferior animals come very near it. Yes, let the working man have self-reliance, and not despising assistance if he can get it, educate himself, for self-help is the best of all help. It is a brother workman that tells him so, and tells him also that he has power, if wisely and diligently used, to elevate himself to a height of intellectual and moral, and, by God's blessing and aid, spiritual excellence, which we hardly even dream of, which the secret seekings of our nature, if rightly interpreted, long and pant for, and which, we believe, is not very far distant from our now poor, sin-struck, and debased race.

By combining intellect with mechanical labour, we can fulfil the design of the Creator in a far nobler sense than by unthinking animal exertion; and, if "fervent in spirit," as well as "diligent in business," we can glorify God with a more exalted conception of his attributes than we could otherwise have.

The different trades and professions are united together and dependent upon one another for their well-being, just as the members of the body. The hand cannot say to the ear, "I have no need of thee;" nor the eye to the hand, "I have no need of thee;" neither can one trade say to another, "I have no need of thee;" nor one profession to another, "I have no need of thee;" for the one cannot do without the other; and if one branch of trade suffers, all the others suffer with it more or less, and when one prospers it gives a stimulus to the rest. Thus the bond of interest is added to the other ties that link the community in peace and concord.

When this is the case, then, it does not become those who fill those stations accounted more honourable, to despise or look down upon their brethren who are not so honourably, but quite as usefully, employed. Neither does it become those placed beyond the necessity of labouring to look with disdain on their brothers and sisters who have to toil for their daily bread, as if they by superior merit were placed in such comfortable circum-

stances. Neither should the labouring classes envy or grudge the riches of those who are placed beyond the necessity of toil. Let them think of the years of industrious and persevering toil before the position was won; for riches seldom come otherwise.

Let us all, then, in our different spheres, perform our duty to the best of our ability as to God, and not to men, and our reward will not be wanting.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly; angels can do no more."

MAGDALA AND THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.—II.

BY W. F. AINSWORTH, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., ETC.



MAGDALA stands on its own little plain, called Ard el Mejdal; but the spot in reality constitutes the south-east corner of the plain of Gennesareth, now called el Ghuweir, the "little Ghor, or plain." A clear stream rushes past the hamlet into the lake. It issues into the plain from between two lofty ledges of rock about a quarter of a mile west of the hamlet, and after flowing through a tangled thicket of thorn and willow, it finds its way into the lake immediately north of the village. The valley whence this rivulet flows is one of considerable interest. At the head of it is the Kurun Hattin, or "horned" platform of the so-called "Mount of Beatitudes"—the traditional scene of the "Sermon on the Mount." The tradition may not have a claim to an early date, it may have originated with the Crusaders, to whom the association is said to have been suggested by its remarkable situation. But we have no positive proof that this was the case, and it may have existed anteriorly to the legends of the Crusaders, although first placed on record by them. What else but the existing tradition could they have had to guide them in selecting the spot? That it was peculiar in form, appearance, or situation, were accidents in the contrasted configuration of the soil, but that it was the spot selected by the Lord at which to address the multitudes, is a circumstance that could only have been handed down by the traditions of the natives. "That situation," Dean Stanley remarks, "so strikingly coincides with the intimations of the Gospel narrative, as almost to force the inference that in this instance the eye of those who selected the spot was, for once, rightly guided." (Wherefore not by the local traditions?) It is the only height seen in this direction from the shores of the Lake of Gennesareth. The plain on which it stands is easily accessible from the lake, and from that plain to the summit is but a few minutes' walk. The platform at the top is evidently suitable for the collection of a multitude, and corresponds precisely to the "level place" (ὁριον πεδινόν, Luke vi. 17), mis-translated "plain," to which He would "come down," as from one of its higher horns, to address the people. Its situation is central, both to the peasants of the Galilean hills and to the fishermen of the Galilean lake, between which it stands, and would therefore be a natural resort both to "Jesus and to his disciples," when they retired for solitude from the shores of the sea, and also to the crowds who assembled "from Galilee, from Decapolis, from Jerusalem, from Judæa, and from beyond Jordan." None of the other mountains in

the neighbourhood could answer equally well to this description, inasmuch as they are merged into the uniform barrier of hills round the lake; whereas this stands separate—"the mountain" which alone could lay claim to a distinct name, with the exception of the one height of Tabor, which is too distant to answer the requirements.

It is by no means desirable to attach undue importance to what may possibly be a mere local tradition handed down by the historians of the Crusades; but it is not a little amusing in these days of scepticism, which rejects all tradition except when supported by other evidence, to find a learned divine exhausting his eloquence in proving the claims of that which he admits only as an inference of the eye "of those who selected the spot," and which was, for once, rightly guided. So strong is the argument in favour of this supposed inference, that if the Crusaders had no previous tradition to guide them, ultra-credulity might almost imagine them to have been inspired!

The "Horned Mountain" was well known to the Rabbis as the Kurn Chittin, or "the summit of Chittin," so called from Kefar Chittai, now Hattin. In "Yerushalmi Megillah," i., it is said, "Huziddim is the same with Kefar Chittai." This Huziddim is the same as Ziddim, one of the fenced cities of the Naphthali (Josh. xix. 35); and it is said in "Yerushalmi Megillah," i., that Zer, the next-mentioned town, was near to Hattin (Kefar Chittai); so we have thus proximately the five fenced cities, Ziddim, Zer, Hammath, Rakkath, and Chinnereth.

The same remarkable hills, though they appear low to the south, yet are they high with regard to the plain of Hattin, so sadly renowned for the great and decisive defeat of the Crusaders.

In Pococke's time the foundations of a small church, twenty-two feet square, existed about the middle of the eastern mount, where is a level surface covered with fine herbage, and "which probably is the place," says the doctor, "where they supposed our Saviour was when he spake to his disciples." To the west of this there was a cistern under ground, which might have served for the use of those who had the care of the church.

Brocardus identified the Horned Mountain with the spot where our Lord fed the five thousand. This about A.D. 1283. Many other mediæval writers, as Breidenbach, Anselm, Saligniac, Cotovicus, Adrichomius, and others, adopted the same tradition, probably from not being versed in the details of the locality. What they had in view were no doubt the basaltic rocks above described, and situated on the acclivity of the mountain, and which are likewise known to the Arabs as the Hajâr

en Nusära, or "stones of the Christians," and by the Latins as the Mensa Christi, or Mensa Domini.* Dr. Robinson, however, looks upon all the traditions connected with the "Horned Mountain" as of Latin origin; and he says of this particular tradition that it is found only in the Latin Church; "the Greeks know nothing of it, as we learned by repeated inquiry at Nazareth, and elsewhere." It does not, however, follow from this that there may not have been earlier or old Greek traditions in connection with this place; and the worthy doctor adds, with singular inconsistency, in the same page (iii. 240), that the whole matter was probably "one of the scions of foreign growth, grafted by the Crusaders upon the already luxuriant stock of earlier Greek tradition." "It is hardly necessary to remark," he adds, in a note, "that the tradition attached to this spot can only be legendary (in the sense of fabulous), since the feeding of the five thousand took place on the east side of the lake; and probably, also, that of the four thousand."

Almost all Biblical commentators agree in considering the miraculous feeding of the five thousand to have occurred on the eastern shores of the Sea of Galilee. When we compare Matt. xiv., with Mark vi., we find that Jesus, hearing of the perse-

cution of John, departed by ship into a desert place, and it was after the miracle was enacted that he constrained his disciples to get into the ship, and go to the other side unto (or, over against, in the marginal reading) Bethsaida (Mark vi. 45). And it was upon this occasion that our Saviour, seeing his disciples in trouble, walked to them upon the sea, and caused the wind to cease Luke (ix.) describes the event as occurring near Bethsaida, and John (vi.) says Jesus went over the Sea of Galilee to a place whence the disciples crossed afterwards towards Capernaum.

It would seem as if the tradition of the miraculous feeding of the five thousand had become attached, by some inexplicable accident, in subsequent times, to the old and traditional site of the Sermon on the Mount—a site which lay on the way from Nazareth and Cana to Magdala and Capernaum.

The plain of Gennesareth, a traveller remarks, enjoying an almost tropical climate, even now presents a striking contrast to the bare hills, thinly dotted here and there with scanty grass, which embrace it. In ancient times this near contrast of life and death, population and solitude, must have been brought to its highest pitch. It was these "desert places," thus close at hand, on the table-lands, or in the ravines of the eastern and western ranges, which seem to be classed under the common name of "the mountain," that gave the opportunities of retirement for rest or prayer.

* Sawalf describes a very beautiful church of St. Peter as existing in his time (A.D. 1162), at the foot of the mountain, where was the Mensa Domini, or Lord's table. It was, however, deserted.

"YE SHALL REAP IF YE FAINT NOT."



YOUNG pastor was once called to a church, which outwardly was in a most prosperous condition, but where spiritual interests were in a sad state of declension. Worldliness and many soul-destroying amusements were fast destroying all spiritual-mindedness among those who professed Christ's name. It was fifty years ago, but the young man felt that a great reform might be effected by beginning with the young. So a class was formed for their instruction in religious things, much after the manner of our Sabbath-schools. The people were so violently opposed to such "a Methodistical extravagance," that they would not permit this class to enter the church any sooner than they would a travelling circus. The young man who taught the class was a day-school teacher, but he was not even allowed to hold his Sunday-school in his every-day schoolroom. He was a young man after the pastor's own heart, for he would not suffer himself to be disheartened by opposition. He went with his six boys to an old stable, and taught them there. Slowly and steadily the work grew, until, changing from one humble quarter to another, it finally settled in a comfortable, respectable room, where its numbers largely increased. Some five or six other schools in time started from it, in all of which the pastor took the warmest interest.

There was another innovation which this earnest young minister brought in, which caused a still

more violent disturbance. He established a weekly prayer-meeting. Satan was now thoroughly aroused, as he saw the great peril in which his strongholds were placed. The members of the church set their faces resolutely against such "fanaticism," and nearly all decided that it must not be tolerated. But the young pastor girded himself with his Gospel armour, and determined, with God's help, that he would go forward. Another devoted minister joined with him in the project, and in order to avoid the great disturbance that would result from holding the meeting in either church, they appointed it in a schoolroom they engaged for the purpose. From the two churches there could be found but one man and six women who were willing to call upon the Lord for his Holy Spirit to descend upon them. Again and again did these nine people meet in the little room for prayer, and they did not give it up when, after the fifth, and the sixth, and the tenth time, there were no more added to their numbers. No, nor did they give it up after the fortieth and the fiftieth time. For eighteen months the little company earnestly prayed that God would revive his work among them, though on every hand they met with ridicule and opposition. The minister was waited upon by his session, and told that this extravagance must cease; that a stop must be put to these meetings at once. But Francis Herron was one who would not have drawn back had he lived in an age when "martyrs' crowns were to be had."

With a dignity and decision which settled the question at once, he replied—

"Gentlemen, these meetings *will not stop!* You are at liberty to do as you please; but I also have the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of my conscience—none daring to molest or make me afraid."

From that day the opposition began to abate, the prayer-meeting increased in numbers and interest, and many who had been its bitter opposers were

led to see and repent of their great sinfulness in opposing the work of God. The prayers of those eighteen months of darkness were answered by a blessed outpouring of God's Spirit upon the well-nigh lifeless church. Surely "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

THE SOLDIER'S RING.



He wore a ring upon his little finger, a woman's ring, too small for any but the smallest left-hand finger. It is a woman's ring almost always that is worn there, a gift of love, or memory, or hope, sometimes of death. Such rings are poems to those who can read them, and when worn on hands that have grown old, and roughened, and calloused in labour and struggle, they are poems full of tears.

The ring was tight on the soldier's finger, and therefore noticed the more. He was gazing at it, reading its inscription.

"See Lothrop looking at his lady's ring!" shouted a rude comrade.

Lothrop heeded not, still looking at the ring.

"Never forget! never forget!" he read. Oh, if he had only read that yesterday! It was on his finger just the same. Why did he not read it before it was too late, before he joined in the carousal? Why had it not a voice then as well as now? "Never forget!" Oh, if he *could* now forget, but he cannot. How dreadful to remember always, and always with bitterness, because we have once forgotten!

He left his tent, went out alone, and found a place to weep. His tears fell on the little ring he wore; he wiped them off and read the inscription again, and his tears fell on it again.

It was his mother's ring, a sacred thing which all his life he had seen her wear, sometimes in quiet, solemn hours gazing at it long and fixedly, as if it were a charm. It was his young father's first gift to her, and told her of early love and hope, and early death and heaven. Dear to the maid, dear to the wife, dearer to the widow had it been!—a link that held her to the past where she had lived with him who gave it, and drew her to the future where she might live with him again. Lothrop knew it was the dearest earthly thing his mother had except her Bible; and when she took it from her thin, shrunken finger, and placed it on his, and kissed it there, and dropped a hot tear on it, thus hallowing it afresh, he felt as if he was baptised anew, and unworthy of the baptism. "Never forget," said his mother, and another hot tear fell upon his hand; "never forget God, nor God's Word, nor prayer. Never forget home, nor your mother! Keep my precious ring, and may it keep you! Wear it back to me on an unstained hand, or let it be buried with you!"

And now Lothrop's hand, the sacred ring upon it, was stained. He had forgotten God, and his Word, and prayer, had joined himself to the

foolish, and been led away by them. It will break his mother's heart to know it. But she shall never know it. Yes, the ring will tell her. He must tell her when he shall give it back to her.

A constant reproach is the mother's ring to the young soldier. It permits him no pleasure nor peace. It is the voice of his conscience, and upbraids and threatens him. He cannot wear it, and puts it out of sight; but the mark is left, and his eye is on it as on the ring, and even more, and it is more a reproach to him. He must wear the ring, and must remember. So it is; we *must* remember, though memory be torture; we cannot forget at will. And oh! if the memory of sin be so bitter, so hard to bear, what may be its punishment? how may that be borne?

Lothrop long carried his remorse, weakening, sinking him, and his comrades called it homesickness. He was faithful in his duties, but the performance of present duty will not compensate for past sin. Sin is a debt for which we have nought to pay, and never can have. It must be forgiven us, or we must perish.


There came a battle, and Lothrop fell. All night he lay wounded on the field, amid the dead and dying, dying himself. What hours for memory were those! He lifted his hand; the moonlight gleamed upon his mother's ring, and he seemed to read again, "Never forget!" But now came thoughts of mercy as well as of sin, memories of promise as well as of threatening, words of comfort as well as of condemnation. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." "A faithful saying, I accept it," he whispered. "Cleanse me from sin in thy blood, oh, my Saviour!" he prayed again and again. "Cleansest thou from all sin—all sin. Blessed Saviour!"

Daylight broke, and they came to find the wounded and bury the dead. "Ah, poor Lothrop!" they cried, "the ring upon his lips." They lifted the hand that wore it, but it was lifeless. "Save the ring he thought so much of," they said, "and send it back to the giver." They drew it from the cold, stiffened finger, and read the inscription. "Well, he did not forget, that's certain." They looked for a name within it—only initials there. And they sent it to his mother, and told her how they found him dead; and how the ring was on his lips, and what a wounded comrade lying near, had heard him pray before he died.

Once more the bereaved woman slid the little treasure over her thin finger and kissed it, and dropped her tears upon it, remembering the past in a new sorrow, and looking to the future with a new yearning.



"I hear their laugh and the carol ;
I'll throw up the window, lass."—p. 473.

A circular stamp from the British Museum, featuring the words "BRITISH" at the top and "MUSEUM" at the bottom, with the accession number "140665" in the center.

HARVEST TIME.

THE FARMER TO HIS WIFE.

HOWN in the long nine-acre
They are binding the yellow corn,
Just as they bound it, Alice,
On our very bridal morn—
Well nigh fifty years ago, Alice
(Seventy since I was born).

“But the old reapers are sadly thinned,
While the young ones grow apace;
And I miss Isaac, and Sam, and Jamie
From the old familiar place;
And wherever I turn me, Alice,
I see a stranger face.

“But this is no time to whimper
And whine o’er the fretful past;
For I hear the sweep o’ the sickles,
And methinks I could reap as fast
As any gay lad among them.
You laugh at my playful cast.

“Yet, Alice, the harvest gladdens
(Thank God! ’tis a bounteous one),
And the sight is as welcome to me
As the spring’s returning sun.
I’m hearty, and you’re as happy, wife,
As when the year began.

“I can trudge with my staff to the field-gate,
And Jemmy can bring ye down
To see the last load come in, lass,
All gay with its flower-crown;
For I know you love to mingle
With the little gleaners brown.

“Thou wert once a gleaner, Alice,
And I drove the smartest team;
Now we’ve breasted the waves together,
And the past is a pleasant dream;
But the suns of another August
O’er our fresh-laid turf may gleam.

“I would we might fall together
When our little thread is spun,
Like twin-leaves fall in the autumn
When sickles glint i’ the sun.
But I am old, and weak, and foolish,
His holy will be done!

“Nay, Alice, not weeping surely,
To hear your old man talk so?
We are reaped by a silent reaper,
And he cannot be called a foe.
But they are coming! now, they are coming!
The sound of the wheels I know.

“I hear their laugh and the carol;
I’ll throw up the window, lass,
For our lads, and the village children,
Will look for you as they pass,
And bring you their yearly tribute
Of tremulous ‘quaker-grass.’

“Ah, wife! we are doubly blessed,
And our lot has e’er been kind;
For the grain, when cut in the meadow,
Naught scattereth to the wind:
But we shall fall (if He wills it),
Leaving our seed behind.”

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

LOST IN A BOG.

PART I.

HOW often do the pleasures of boyhood become marred by acts of indiscretion and disobedience! In thinking of my youthful days, I often recall to mind the misery and pain I have suffered through partaking of forbidden temporary pleasures. One act I was guilty of, which made such a deep impression upon me, and led to days and weeks of unhappiness, that I would fain relate the story, hoping that it might influence those who are growing into manhood in adhering to good resolutions, taking the advice of kind parents and guardians,

and in never allowing the pleasure of the moment to withdraw them from a sense of duty to those placed in authority over them.

My father was the rector of Flatmarsh, in Montgomeryshire—as worthy a country clergyman as ever lived. At an early age he sent me to a foundation school in the neighbourhood. Here I established a friendship with a schoolfellow named George Wilmott. His father was the perpetual curate of Saltmire, a village distant only six miles from Flatmarsh.

The incumbency was not very valuable, and the Rev. Arthur Wilmott had to economise the household expenses very considerably to enable him to send his son George to school. The only horse he kept was one of all work, that would draw a load of coals; with the occasional loan of

another horse, belonging to a parishioner, he ploughed and cultivated the glebe land; and upon state occasions "Dobbin" took his master and mistress in an old-fashioned chaise to visit their friends. On the other hand, my father had private property, besides his church preferment; and as I grew up he indulged me with a pony for my own and separate use. Thus in the vacation I would invite George to spend the greater part of his time with me. I would take the pony over to Saltmire, and we would ride and tie on our way home. There was real enjoyment in this, because it was with both our parents' full and free permission.

The hounds frequently met in the neighbourhood of the rectory, and sometimes, when George was not there, I would take an occasional spurt with them, unknown to my father. When this came to his ears, he took me into his little study, saying—

"My dear boy, I do not say that there is any absolute harm in following hounds, many very worthy men acknowledge this as one of the manliest of sports; but I have a conviction that it leads young persons into idleness, and draws their minds away from those duties which it is incumbent upon them to perform. More than this, it leads to expensive habits; and the property you are likely to possess, after I have provided for your two sisters, will not permit you to keep a hunting-stud, even when I am dead and gone. Any reasonable pleasure, Harry, I am only too happy to afford you; but promise me, my boy, that you will never follow the hounds again as long as I live."

"I will, my dear papa," was my response. "I am sorry to have annoyed you, but I never will again."

"That's right, dear boy. And now I think of giving you a treat. I am going to make you the host of the establishment on New Year's Day. You may invite whom you please, and as many as you like. Let the invitation be for dinner, and you shall take the head of the table, and I'll see that it is well loaded; after which, you can have what amusements you please. I shall put all our rooms under your control."

This was only a few days before Christmas, so you will see that I had not much time to invite my guests. Of course I was overjoyed at the idea, and very grateful to my parent for thus thinking of me. I determined in my own mind that I would never again do anything to vex him.

George and I were every day laying our heads together as to who should be of the party. We had sent out invitations to about thirty of our juvenile friends, and Christmas trees out of number were being prepared in a spare room, not to be brought to light until this memorable evening.

Two days before New Year's Eve, however, I happened to be recording to George my exploits with the hounds.

"Oh!" he said, "how I should like to see them draw a cover, just for once! We may never have a chance again, and the pack meet within a mile of us to-morrow."

"No," I replied; "I promised papa faithfully that I would never ride after hounds again."

"What is his objection, Harry?"

"Oh, he thinks it leads to extravagance, and perhaps he believes people in the neighbourhood would talk about it."

"What nonsense!" said George; "I have never seen a fox break cover, and to-morrow the hounds meet at the Withies. It is always a safe find, and you know your pa said that he wanted the carriage horses to have more exercise. Suppose you take one of them, and let me ride your pony. We would just go to the meet, and as soon as the fox breaks, and the hounds are well started, we will return; that would not be following the hounds, Harry. Oh, say you will!"

"I don't like to deceive my papa," I said. But George pressed me so hard, he would not allow me to rest till I said "Yes."

At first it was agreed that we should keep such a distance from the cover that none of the "field" could see us; then we fixed upon a spot in our mind's eye where we could see all that was going on without being noticed.

When I went to bed that night I had serious compunctions of conscience; I felt it was an act of disobedience I was about to perform, but did not seem to know how to get out of it. My poor mother was an invalid, and was seldom enabled to leave her own room in the winter season; and when, on that fatal evening, I went to say "Good night," I did not dare to look her in the face. Once I thought I would tell her our plans for the next day, and ask her advice; just at this moment, George, as if fathoming my thoughts, gave me such an imploring look, that I could say nothing. I took leave of my good mother for the night, but my heart was very heavy.

The next morning George was up long before me, and was at my bed-side, looking wild with anticipated pleasure. I rose, and we went to the stables, and soon arranged with the groom, and then returned to our breakfast. Our steeds were brought out, and we started. There was a heavy moisture in the atmosphere, and everything looked chilly, damp, and dull. The hounds were to meet at half-past ten, but we were on the spot long before that time, and amused ourselves in jumping miniature fences and taking gallops round the wood. Presently one red-coat, then two, then a dozen arrived, and at length we caught sight of the hounds, the noble owner himself acting as huntsman, whilst his first and second whips brought up the rear, seeing that no hound escaped from the pack. An occasional sound from the horn enlivened the scene, "Yoick! yoick! yoick forward!" was the cry. All was now animation. The field became large. About a hundred red-coated gentlemen and some half-dozen ladies took their position in the direction they expected the fox to break. The noble huntsman and his whips encouraged the hounds into the brake, and crack! crack! went the bushes—"Forward! forward!" was the cry of the huntsman. At last a sound from one dog, like a gentle whimper, then repeated "twice and thrice;" the voice was well known, and the huntsman cried out, "All right, old Hero never makes a mistake." Then the music got louder and louder, and every hound took up the strain, till the whole wood seemed to echo the sounds; then a "View hallo!" and "Look out! look out!" was the cry; "he's making northwards!" and in that direction all eyes were turned.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WILLIE POTTER.



OME, take your cap, and be off. You've kept Mr. Martin and me waiting long enough. Now, go home and show your mother what a pretty figure you've made of yourself, and if she is not very angry with you, why, it's more than you deserve." These words were uttered in rather a severe tone, by a grave-looking schoolmaster, who was generally present to keep order in the Sunday-school, though he only taught in the week. They were addressed to a little boy who certainly looked as if he deserved a good scolding, and who, after performing a series of troublesome tricks which had disturbed the whole class, had at length concluded by kicking over the superintendent's table, and upsetting an inkstand all over himself.

For this misconduct, Willie Potter had been detained to receive a little lecture after the other boys had gone, and glad enough he was how to avail himself of the permission to leave. Indeed, in his attempt to make a bolt out of the door, he had nearly upset whole piles of lesson books and forms, when the master caught hold of him again.

"No, sir, not quite so quick though; where's your bow to the gentleman? Have you forgotten your manners altogether, eh?"

Thus admonished, Willie made his bow in due form, and then safely effected his escape, while young Mr. Martin, who had, with all due gravity and sternness, stood to receive the little culprit's salute, took his own hat, and prepared to follow him, saying, as he did so,

"I like the boy, after all, Mr. Watkins, tiresome as he is at times, and often enough to try the patience of any Job."

"Ah, sir," returned the master, with a grave shake of the head, "if the young rogue had any heart, he would at least be a little steady just now, and his father not dead three weeks till Tuesday. He wouldn't be making his mother such work, just when she's in such trouble, poor soul. It's rather soon to forget, I think, and I wonder you're so fond of him, I must confess."

"It is my bad taste, very possibly," returned the young man: "they always said that I was peculiar in such matters. But you see, Mr. Watkins, it's not so very long ago since I was a boy myself, and I can remember that I didn't always forget so soon as people thought. However, I promise you that I will look sharp after the young scapegrace. I am not going to spoil him, so don't be afraid."

Mr. Martin did like the boy. There was feeling in his dark blue eyes, and though Mr. Watkins set him down as being reckless and hard-hearted to be at his tricks again so soon after the death of his father, Mr. Martin knew there was sorrow in Willie Potter's heart, which did not show itself by tears, but rather by an increase of his unruly and defiant manner.

It was too late for Mr. Martin to overtake Willie that day, but they met unexpectedly the next afternoon, the last time for years to come, for the young man had received a letter that morning, suddenly changing his destiny, and requiring him immediately to go and live in London.

Full of business, with many thoughts and plans in his mind, he was hurrying across the corner of the churchyard, when he suddenly came upon his little scholar.

"Something else to be given up," he sighed to

himself, "but this opportunity must not be lost. I'll get a few minutes' chat with the boy, at least."

Willie, however, had no intention of such a thing; the remembrance of yesterday's misconduct being too fresh in his memory to make the prospect of a walk with his teacher appear by any means desirable just then, though at another time, he would have liked it well enough; so as he could not pretend not to see him, he determined to push on as if in a desperate bustle, and, with a tug at the front lock of his hair, was attempting to pass, when Mr. Martin placed himself in the middle of the path.

"Why, my lad," he said, "you are the very boy I want; whither are you off in such a hurry?"

"Please, sir, mother wants me," Willie said; "I was to make haste home, and not be out after dark, and it's a-getting dusky-like now. I must go, please, sir."

"So you shall, soon, Willie; maybe you and I will not meet again for many a long day."

"Be you going away, then, sir?" said the child, looking bewildered; "I didn't know it."

"Neither did I, Willie, till yesterday; but I am going, for all that."

"I wish I had known, I wouldn't——"

"You wouldn't have behaved so badly yesterday. No, Willie, I know you wouldn't; but never mind, it can't be helped now, and we are not going to talk about that."

More than once, Mr. Martin had told Willie that his good resolutions were as nothing, unless he sought God's help to carry them out, and very much oftener than once had Willie begun a plan of reform; he commenced manfully enough the battle against temptation, but was always worsted in the combat, because he would not fight in the strength of the great King.

"You'll try and be a better boy, won't you, Willie?" Mr. Martin said, "and then we'll forget what is past. Come, sit down," he added, and he pulled the boy's sleeve, and tried to draw him down on his father's grave.

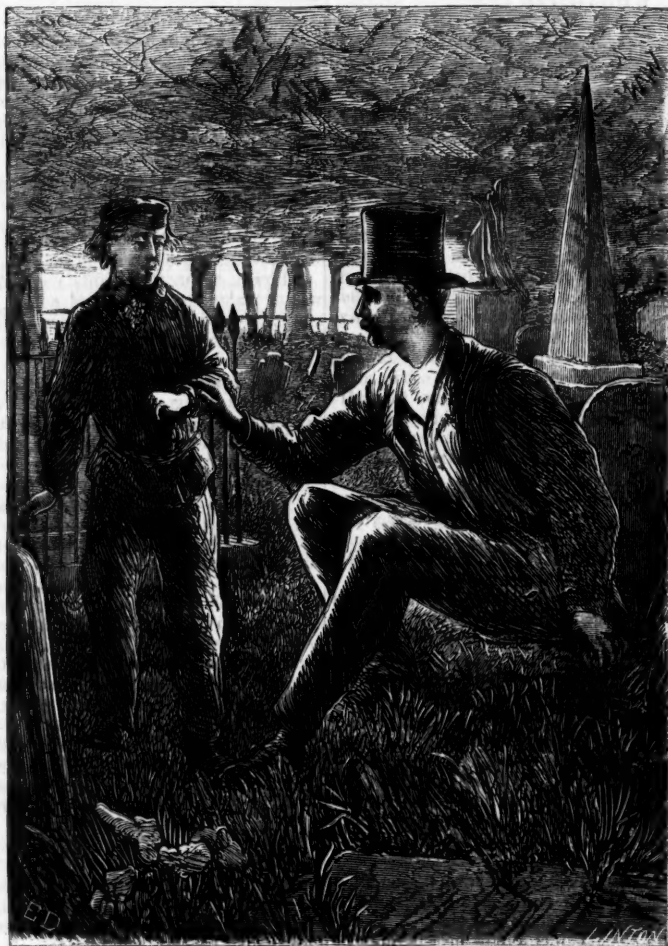
"Oh, not there, sir, not there!" cried the boy; "I can't sit there."

"Well, then, on this one," said the young man, kindly; "but I want to keep near your poor father's resting-place, that when you come here to think of him who lies beneath, you may remember me too."

"Oh, sir," said the boy, crying now very bitterly, "everybody is a-going, and I'll have nobody left to help me on a bit, and I'll soon go to the bad altogether, I knows I will!"

"It seems to me," said Mr. Martin, leaning forward in his earnestness, while the autumn sunset wove a glory round his brow—"it seems to me, Willie, that it is just a little, and yet a very great deal, that keeps you from getting into the right path. You do not seek the strength of God. Remember, my child, 'He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.'"

You should have seen the smile in his eyes as he spoke these words; the child was quite fascinated by it, his tears were stayed, and as he sat with his mouth open, staring at Mr. Martin, he thought to himself—he had, you must remember, learned a good deal of



"'Oh, not there, sir, not there!' cried the boy."—p. 475.

the Bible at the Sunday-school—he thought to himself that, sure enough, it must be the beauty of holiness in his teacher's face; and when he had got into this mood, he couldn't stop his thoughts, and he fancied Mr. Martin was almost an angel, and that the red gold of sunset was his crown. Willie was not very far from the reality, for was not Mr. Martin a ministering angel to him?

"Do you really think, Mr. Martin," the boy inquired, "that God's strength is all I need to be good?"

"I am convinced of it," replied the young man; "you must watch, and pray, and strive your utmost to walk in the narrow way: but hold on to Christ Jesus—you will fall when you let go. However, when, through loosening your hold, you stumble, do not be discouraged, Jesus loves to raise up those who fall, to bind up that which is broken. I could not get on at all," Mr. Martin said, "without the strong right arm of my heavenly Father."

"Ah, sir, but you are so good," exclaimed Willie; "you wouldn't never be a-going wrong like me."

"Hush, child!" exclaimed his teacher; "there is none good—no, not one. It is true I don't break slates, and upset inkbottles, and then cry, and rub my face with my black hands till I am very much like a chimney sweeper, and all the world can see that I have been naughty, but I sometimes do very wrong, Willie, and offend God more grievously than you ever offended your schoolmaster, and then I seek pardon and strength, and he gives me both, and all is right again."

In the stream of that glorious sunset, Mr. Martin knelt, and prayed with his pupil, prayed at the newly-made grave, that God would be with the boy, his shield and strength, and that all through his life he might keep in mind those words, "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

And so they parted, Mr. Martin feeling a strong,

mysterious happiness in his heart concerning Willie Potter.

As the boy walked home, he thought the autumn leaves, as they rustled past him, were whispering, "They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." What change had come over the child? "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth: so is every one who is born of the Spirit."

Willie was softer at home the next morning. When he came to be face to face with Mr. Watkins, his schoolmaster (who knew nothing of what was going on in the boy's heart), and took it for granted that he was only to be found fault with, he felt it a hard struggle to be good; but he put his hands over his face when no one was looking at him, and cried softly, almost in the very words Mr. Martin had told him to use, when he had but time for a momentary prayer, "Strength, gracious Saviour, strength." He grew composed, and behaved so well that day, that Mr. Watkins really looked pleasantly at him, and the thought passed through his schoolmaster's mind that, after all, Mr. Martin might be right—there must be something good in the boy.

By degrees, Willie began to get a better character in the school. He had many a hard struggle, and sometimes the old desponding feeling came over him heavily, but it was not for long; power was given to the faint, and he grew happy and hopeful again.

Very often he would go and sit on his father's grave. It never made him gloomy; it seemed to him, if the weather were ever so dull, that the golden light was still there, the light of that sunset when Mr. Martin had told him of the strength of his God.

A few letters passed between Willie and his teacher, and then the correspondence ceased. Mr. Martin went abroad. And so many years glided by. Willie Potter, like Joseph, prospered in all he did, for the Lord was with him. He married, and became quite a great farmer in his way, and the father of many children. When he was himself a teacher in the Sunday-school, it was a general observation among the boys that his favourite text was, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." And very earnest he was in telling the children to distrust themselves, and to seek the strength which would be made perfect in their weakness. And then several more years passed, and William Potter's eldest son was fifteen, when one day Willie heard that Mr. Martin had returned to his native village to die. A gradual decline was carrying him to his grave.

The meeting between the two friends, so long separated, was painfully affecting. Willie was continually at his old teacher's bed-side, and many happy conversations they had together concerning the strength and the faithfulness of God.

Willie was with him when he died. He had bid farewell to his weeping wife and children, and all thought he would never speak again, when suddenly, with the smile shining in his eyes, just as it did long ago, in the golden sunset, he said, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint;" and with the smile still on his face, and with Willie's hand in his, his spirit went forth to God who gave it.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."—Luke xix. 41, 42.



THINK of thee with saddened heart,
Jerusalem!

Dear to the Lord of love thou wert,
Jerusalem!

Methinks I see the Saviour now,
With mournful look and thoughtful brow,
Upon his journey, standing still,
And looking from the sloping hill
Down on the place he loved so well,
The old Judean citadel,
Holy Jerusalem!

I see the tears all blinding rise,
Jerusalem!

Into those gentle, loving eyes,
Jerusalem!

The joy of earth, the people's pride,
The heavenly city sanctified,
How could the Saviour unmoved see
Thy sin, thy blind fatuity?
In heedless ease thy people slept,
While Jesus, Israel's Keeper, wept,
Foolish Jerusalem!

Oh, children, I would have you love
Jerusalem!

Your love to Jesus you may prove,
Through Jerusalem!

For he loves those who love the place
On which he shed his bounteous grace,
He loves those children who will pray
For Jews upon their darkened way—
We'll think of thee, the wide earth's pride,
Robed in the garments of a bride,
Jerusalem!

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. What son of Ginath was by Omri slain?
2. What king for kindness David insult sent?
3. Who ordered David to his flocks again?
4. The town to which the ruthless Danites went.
5. What prince of Midian on a rock was killed?
6. What king increased the load his people bore?
7. The Edomite by whom God's priests were killed.
8. For whom did Abraham grace from God implore?
9. The place in which the angel Hagar found.
10. The place wherein the Nethinims did dwell.
11. Where lived the man for patience most renowned?
12. What town of Ammon before Joab fell?
13. What Grecian woman first believed on Paul?
14. What king Jehoiachin much kindness showed?
15. What convert what was lacking brought to Paul?
16. The land where Jeroboam long abode.
17. What prophets to hinder God's work tried?
18. From whom was Israel by Othniel freed?
19. The valley where Goliath Saul defied,
And God helped David in his utmost need.

In all thy trouble flee to God,
He gives defence and aid;
Nought can thee harm, thy refuge sure
On him is firmly laid.

"YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON."



ET how many are trying to do it! Multitudes of men are just as intent on performing this divided service as if the lips of eternal truth had never declared the thing impossible. We may see daily illustrations of this in every walk of life.

Let us take our stand in the sanctuary, among the crowd of worshippers that go up there on the Sabbath. We will not inquire whether Mammon has any share in their devotions; whether the service of all this throng while there is single and undivided; or whether all sincerely join in honouring the one living and true God. Ostensibly they do.

But the exercises being over, let us now follow a few of them as they retire where, without presuming to invade the prerogative of Omniscience, we may know them by their fruits.

Here is one who seems to have dropped his cloak at the church door. On reaching home, the first object of his attention is the political newspaper. Its contents are devoured with an interest which the solemn services of the house of God failed to excite. Through the rest of the Sabbath, and throughout the week, we behold him the scheming politician, with gaze as unvarying as the needle to the pole, on the emoluments of office, and the honours which adorn the brow of the successful votary of ambition. Whom, now, say you that this man serves? Remember who has said, "The friendship of the world is enmity with God."

We follow another. He is a physician, and the duties of his profession often interfere with regular

attendance at the sanctuary. But he makes it a matter of conscience to be always at the communion table. No call, however urgent, is suffered to interfere with that; and no participant of the sacred ordinance appears more devout than he. But as we follow him from house to house in his daily round of professional visits, enjoying opportunities which few other disciples can enjoy, of ministering to the maladies of the soul while healing the diseases of the body, in vain do we look for a single trace of true discipleship. Tell us, now, whose servant is he—God's or Mammon's?

Suppose we follow that farmer. In the house of God his attention to the word preached, and his conduct through all the services, has been such only as becomes the devout worshipper. But see him through the week. From early morn till dewy eve he is cumbered with much serving. As if money were the one thing needful, he plies his work without cessation, except while asleep or at meals. A half-hour spent in the morning or in the evening, to read a chapter of the Bible, and invoke the blessing of Heaven on the household, would be taking up time which could be more profitably spent in the labours of the day. But can a heart so entirely lent to Mammon for six days be truly given to God on the seventh?

Oh, ye deluded worldlings! does not your own inward experience testify against you? Do not your own hearts respond to the words of the Great Teacher? "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE CLOTHES.



URE enough, it was a suit of what had been Sir Henry's livery. There were a chocolate-coloured coat, waistcoat, and breeches, with yellow trimmings, and an old, crumpled hat, with the squire's cockade still upon it.

On the sleeve and shoulder of the coat, and on the waistcoat, and in spots upon the breeches, there were marks of what had all the appearance of long dried blood.

The officers examined the hat. It appeared to be cut nearly through in front, as if by a tremendous blow.

"I think, ma'am, and gentlemen," said Mr. Bullock, "we have found something at last. Now the question is, if we can find any one who can identify these here clothes."

"Search the pockets," said Vagg.

"Quite so," said Mr. Bullock; "just the very thing I were about to do. Ah, yes, here in this coat breast pocket's something. 'Tis a letter. Very yoller, yaint et? Let's look at the direction. True enough! 'Mr. William Jones, Chilton, near Rostock.' Now for the inside.

"DEAR WILLIAM,—This comes with my kind love. Hopping you are all well, as it leaves us at present, thank God for it. Dear cozen. I'm sorry to tell you as mother have fell down, and broke her leg; likewise father have got the roomtism. All the rest is well except Polly, what have got the stomick yak very bad. Dear cozen. We are very much surprise you have not wrote, you

promised to write, and not a bit or scrap from you have we seed. We hope to see you soon. Give all our love to your father and mother, and Jean, and Betsy. So no more at present from your loving cozen,
MARY ANNE BURR."

So there can be no doubt that this was poor Will's coat. Let us look at the breeches. Ah, here is a purse, and some money, and a clasp-knife. The handle o' the clasp-knife is marked 'W.' And look here, the lining of the hat is marked with some letters, 'W. J.' Come, the case is getting very strong, I think. And now, if you please, ma'am," continued Mr. Bullock, "I must beg permission to lock this apartment up again, and take the key with me, as likewise the clothes."

The housekeeper, though outraged at the daring object for which the officers had come, and touched in her dignity by their free and easy conduct, could not let them depart without offering them refreshments. They, therefore, adjourned to the servants' hall, from which, after a short time, the three came forth, much redder in the face, wiping their mouths, and brushing the crumbs from their clothes.

A large crowd had collected round the house, the mission of the officers having been noised abroad in the village. Mr. Bullock, with official prudence, was for saying nothing to the crowd about the discoveries made up-stairs; but Vagg lingered behind, and contrived to relate to one group what he felt sure would soon be reported over the village. But, however, before Mr. Bullock finally departed he bethought himself, and,

showing the knife and purse, said, "Can any of you swear to these things?"

Several of the older people pressed forward.

"I can swear," said one, "that was Will Jones's knife. I've seen on wi't many a time."

"And can any one swear to this purse?"

"Let me look at it," said another. "Yes, sure enough, this was Will's purse. I used to do little jobs for him about the house, and I've a-seen him take out that purse, many's the time and often, to gie me a sixpence or a shilling."

"Very well, you gentlemen will be kind enough to give me your names."

"Mine," said the first, "is James Derriok."

"And mine," said the other, "is Richard Jenkins."

"Very well, gentlemen, you will please to hold yourselves in readiness to come and give evidence when you are wanted."

And the officers, with Vagg, took their leave.

CHAPTER LIV.

COMMON RUMOUR.

THE news of the discovery of the skeleton in the chest, and the murdered man's clothes beneath one of the planks of the floor in the closed chamber, ran like wild-fire through the crowd.

"Deary me," said one, "who'd ha' thought it? Such a nice-spoken gentleman too. And he to be a murderer. Well, well, well! I'll never trust nobody no more."

"Ah," said another, "smooth ponds have got ugly creatures at the bottom. I've always thought that something wer wrong, all these sperrits a-whivering about the place. They were tokens, they were. And no wonder the dead couldn't rest in their graves, and such doings as these to be brought to light."

"O Lord, have mercy upon us! Lord, have mercy upon us," another would say. "'Tis a terrible time. I never thought to have lived to see such things. Oh, dear! what'll come out next?"

Vagg contrived also that the discoveries made at Chilton Hall should become generally known in B— before the evening was over. And it seemed impossible, even with Sir Henry's friends, to doubt his guilt.

The next morning the *B— Guardian* had, of course—under the heading, in large letters, "Charge of Murder against the Tory candidate, Sir Henry Jordiffe"—a report of the proceedings before the magistrates yesterday, the issuing of the search-warrant, and the reported result of the search.

There was also an editorial article on this all-important subject. "Our readers," said the editor, "will peruse with mingled feelings of astonishment, sorrow, indignation, and horror, the fearful romance of blood and mystery that yesterday came to light. They will feel astonishment and sorrow that one who has long held a high place in society, and taken a distinguished part in political life, should now be a prisoner under a charge so fearful as that of murder! They will feel astonishment and sorrow that a time-honoured name, belonging to a proud and ancient family, should thus sink amid the lurid flames of guilt and shame. They will feel indignation when they think of this crime as coming out of the old feudal assumption. This proud, haughty baronet, in all the pride of birth and station, looked upon himself as a being of different nature from that of his poor dependents. His will must not be questioned, his passions, be what they might, must not be balked. He had a right, if he pleased, to sport with the affections of a young girl, although in doing so he was driving her lover almost to madness, and then, when remonstrated with by that lover, he, in his aristocratic hauteur, thought his dignity

so outraged, that his anger knew no bounds, and he smote the man he had wronged to death.

"The imagination scarcely dares to follow the scenes that were enacted in that dark secret chamber, in order to hide this terrible crime. It seems clear that the criminal, who appears to have dabbled in chemistry and anatomy, pursued his horrid work in secret, and removed from the skeleton of his victim all the more perishable portions, committing them to depths, where it was impossible to discover them. And here we may notice in passing, how wonderful are the ways of Providence. It seems that only a short time after this crime, a young and beautiful wife of the murderer, driven, it has been said, by some mystery (possibly the suspicion or knowledge of her husband's guilt), threw herself into the very pit into which he had cast the remains of his victim.

"But our readers will wonder at the fatuity which could induce a man, conscious of such a terrible crime, to retain the evidences of his guilt within his own house.

"Two explanations suggest themselves for this conduct of Sir Henry. He may have thought these evidences were quite as secure in the ever-closed and unvisited chambers of his house, as in any other place. He may have felt as if, having them there, he had them, as it were, under his own inspection and control. He may well have feared that, if he had committed them to the earth, discovery might have soon come. He would remember that victims buried in the most out of the way places had been found, for the earth refused to cover them. And then, secondly, the criminal, we must recollect, was a man of superior education and active mind. It was impossible for such a man to commit such a crime as this without suffering the most terrible remorse. It was probably some idea of appeasing this remorse and expiating this fearful crime, that led him to retain near him, in the house, these fearful witnesses of his guilt, and to lacerate his soul by the remembrance of his sinful deed by going nightly to gaze on these grim mementoes. We will say nothing to condemn this miserable man. His fall is already terrible. To-day he was to be nominated to one of the highest offices which a man can fill towards his fellow-citizens. He is now lying in gaol under this awful charge, and we suppose the evidence of his guilt is so clear that none, even of his warmest friends, will venture to propose his name," &c., through a column and a half.

Of course, the name of Sir Henry was not brought forward at the nomination. There would have been few supporters. For, although his own party were indignant with their opponents for circumventing them by bringing forward this charge at this critical period, they couldn't help feeling that the charge was supported by evidence too powerful to be contemned.

As soon as he had been remanded, Sir Henry, in consideration to his cause, had instantly withdrawn from the candidature, and the Conservatives had written to the honourable Mr. Horrox to come forward. On this day of the nomination Mr. Horrox presented himself, and had made a speech upon the hustings, in which he lamented the unhappy occasion which had caused him to stand in the place of his friend, Sir Henry Jordiffe. But he had no doubt whatever that his friend would clear himself from the cloud that temporarily rested on his name.

Mr. Horrox was, however, comparatively but little known, and many who would have strained every nerve to send Sir Henry to Parliament, would not put themselves out of the way for his substitute. The Conservatives had also received a severe shock and discouragement in the terrible disgrace which had befallen their idol, and many of them did not care to put themselves in the way of their opponents by coming to the polling booth. The consequence was that, at the close of the poll, the Radical candidate, Mr. Norbury, was declared elected by a large majority.

CHAPTER LV.

FATHER AND SON.

It was only on the morning of the election, and after the nomination, that Norton got intelligence of the charge that had been brought against Sir Henry.

The report of the examination, and the editorial remarks in the *B— Guardian*, had been copied into the *Bath Examiner*. Norton took up the paper as he sat down to his solitary breakfast. His eye fell on the heading, "Charge of murder against Sir Henry Jordiffe." The paper dropped from his hands. His heart seemed to stop, his blood to curdle.

The avalanche, then, which had so long hung over him, had at last fallen.

As soon as he was able, he struggled his way through the report of the examination and the editor's remarks; and though his indignation was roused to the utmost, and he felt a desire to strangle the unfeeling editor, he could not help seeing that the evidence was conclusive against his own flesh and blood, his unacknowledged father.

He felt that *his* place now was by that wretched father's side. As long as Sir Henry had been prosperous and honoured, Norton had felt an unconquerable repugnance to making himself known to him.

Perhaps the chief element in that repugnance was his fear of having the suspicions regarding his father's guilt converted into greater certainty, and also the fear that if he ventured *moveo quieti*, he might, in some way or other, raise suspicions that might lead to his father's detection.

Now, however, his father being detected, and the shadow of the awful doom of the law upon him, he felt that it was his duty, as a son, to go to him, and, if possible, comfort and support him.

As fast, then, as a fleet horse could carry him, Norton hastened to B—. As he passed out of Bath he seemed to wonder that all the people were going about their usual concerns, placidly talking and laughing with one another, and such woe in *his* soul, the picture of so terrible a tragedy before *his* eyes. As he passed St. James's Church a wedding party was just coming out, and the bells began merrily to ring. What a contrast it seemed to the anguish of his spirit. It was a beautiful morning, and the sun was shining calmly on the rich scenes of nature through which he had to pass. But the sunshine seemed one great pain to him, in its contrast with the darkness within.

When Norton arrived at the gaol at B—, he found Sir Henry occupied with his attorney. He waited till the attorney came out, and then sent in his name. A gaoler came back with a message from Sir Henry that he could not see him.

Norton requested the man to say that he *must* see him, that he had information of the utmost importance to communicate.

After a time the man returned, and ushered him through a long passage, and up-stairs into a room, furnished with some degree of comfort, though still with heavy prison bars and bolts.

Sir Henry, somewhat stiffly rising from his chair, motioned to Norton to be seated; and the gaoler left them.

Norton was not surprised to see the terrible change that had been wrought in Sir Henry. His face bore the lines of intense anxiety and suffering. His eyes were hollow, with dark rings round them, and his bloodless lips seemed compressed with his inner energy, until they were almost white.

Still there was a proud, though sorrowful dignity about the man, as one who was determined not to yield, but to fight on to preserve what self-respect he might, to the very last.

It was clear he was determined to leave the initiative to Norton, for he sat gloomily silent, as if waiting for him to begin.

"Oh, sir!" said Norton, in an agitated voice, "you must not keep me off from you—you must not look at me like that. I have come to be with you—come to help you—if I can be of any service to you."

Sir Henry looked surprised, and then said in a low, sad voice—

"It does honour to your kind heart, Mr. Purnell, that you have come; come, I know, in pity to help a disgraced and miserable man. I am obliged to you—I am indeed—but it cannot be. I could not accept your pity. I could not accept your service. It would be a constant irritation to me. Pardon me for saying this. In situations such as that in which I am, one may be excused for being plain."

"Oh, sir! do not repulse me; do not send me away."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Purnell, you have come here, have you not, believing in my guilt? Yes; I know you have. Every one believes me guilty. I could not endure to have near me one who holds this opinion. It would drive me mad. Therefore, pray let me beg of you to leave me." And he rose as if to show his visitor from the room.

Norton could no longer forbear. He dropped upon the ground, clasped his knees and cried—

"Oh! hear me, my father! I will not, cannot leave you. I am your son—I am, indeed."

Sir Henry started in amazement. "Rise, sir! rise Norton! good gracious! What new mystery is this?"

"Your beloved wife did not perish in the coal-pit. She died at Bath. I am her son—*your* son. But this locket, and ring, and the letter in this box will explain all."

Sir Henry had heard the words of Norton, and now took the box, as in a dream. The moment he touched the locket and ring, and recognised them as having belonged to his long-lost wife, his emotion was too great to be concealed. He sank down on the chair; and, with trembling hands, drew forth the letter.

Yes, there was the undoubted writing of his beloved Emily. Oh! how his eyes filled with tears, as he gazed on the characters traced by that dear "vanished hand!"

He tried in vain to read. He could catch only a word here and there; saw his wife had not died by her own deed; saw that there were her last loving words to him; saw her signature at the end. He could bear no more. He sank on his knees before the table, spread the letter before him, kissed it, and, while his tears fell like rain, dropped his head on his hands, and sobbed like an infant.

Norton felt as if it were an irreverence to gaze upon the sacred emotions of one parent, thus brought nearer, as it were, to the spirit of another. He stole from the room, and waited outside until, after a full hour, Sir Henry having perused the letter, and in some degree regained his tranquillity, opened the door and called him by his name.

As Norton entered the room, Sir Henry grasped him by the shoulder, and looked wistfully into his face.

"Ah, yes," he said, as tears again gathered in his eyes, "there is the image of my poor Emily. This, then, is what drew me towards you, Norton—no, stop"—keeping him as it were at a distance—"no tenderness between us until we know each other. Ah! of what value would it be to me to find a son if he could believe his father a murderer? Norton, I swear to you by the memory of that dear wife, your sainted mother, that I am innocent of this hateful crime. Sit down, and I will now do what I did not think to condescend to do—enter into explanations of the mysterious appearances against me."

(To be continued.)

29

THE USES OF THE WORLD.



THE phrase, "the Church and the world," has become so very familiar that we are apt to understand by the word "world," a class of society, or a condition of things, which is entirely opposed to, and distinct from, another class or condition, which we call "the Church." And the result of this habit of thought is, that Christian men look upon the world as something in every sense sinful; and upon the fact of their being in the world as a misfortune which is to be got over as easily as possible, by their getting quietly through life, without much trouble to themselves or care for their neighbours.

Now, this view of "the world," and our position in it, is somewhat unfortunate, and has its origin in the fact that the word "world" has undergone a change regarding its signification, to which all words of that character are liable, and also to the peculiar use of that word in Holy Scripture. It generally happens that a word of very extensive signification, in the course of time, comes to be applied to only one small department, which was included originally under the term. Thus, to take but one instance, the word "church," in its corporate signification, originally was applied to all the members of the Christian communion; and to have entered the church simply meant to have been formally received into that body. But a certain portion of that body gradually becoming more and more important, it has, at last, come to this, that if we say that a certain person has "entered the church," we mean that he has taken holy orders. In like manner the term "world," originally signifying all the present condition and economy of things and persons, has become so limited in its signification that we now generally understand by it a particularly wicked and sinful portion of the community. In addition to this, we repeatedly find in Holy Scripture that "the love of the world" is most strongly condemned. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." For a cursory consideration of such like passages, we have come to consider "the world" as something to be avoided; forgetful that the love of the world, and not the world itself, is the thing condemned.

Thus far we have cleared the ground for the observations which we have to make upon the uses of our present position in the world. We may be quite sure that God has not placed us in our present position, subject to so much pain, and anxiety, and temptation to do wrong, without some object in view, without some good to be finally obtained by our sojourn here. It is our duty then to discover *why* we have been placed here. Is it our duty to avoid, in every way possible, the peculiarities of our position, hasten as quietly, yet as swiftly, as possible through this life, as a useless condition of being, on to that which is to be the real sphere for the development of our character and exercise of our faculties?

Now, we shall best answer such inquiries by briefly considering three propositions, in doing

which we shall only take for granted that the future state will be, for real Christians, a condition of true enjoyment and happiness, and that all its pleasure and happiness may be summed up in the one expression of Scripture—how deep, how significant!—"being with Jesus."

Our three propositions are—I. That there can be no enjoyment without certain capacities for it. II. That such capacities are, as far as we can judge from our experience of nature and things around us, formed gradually by slow processes; and, III. That the condition of this life is admirably suited for the development in a true Christian of such tempers and conditions of mind and soul, as will fit him for the thorough enjoyment of the future life.

I. Every condition of life requires certain peculiar faculties for the appreciation of particular enjoyments. This is a truth so patent and so simple as scarcely to require any remark. A man who is blind cannot discern any objects which are apparent to ordinary vision. A man who is colour-blind cannot distinguish between the varieties of colour and shade, which afford the greatest delight to the person of perfect sight. One man is ravished with the charm of some melody, which affords no pleasure whatever to the man who has not the faculty which appreciates harmony. Thus, no external condition, of itself, produces pleasure. External circumstances can be productive of pleasure, only so far as they harmonise with the internal capacity for enjoyment. In the words of one of our ablest writers, "Every creature is designed for a particular way of life, to which the nature, capacities, temper, and qualifications of each species are as necessary, as their external circumstances. Both come into the notion of such state or particular way of life, and are constituent parts of it. Change a man's capacities or character to the degree to which it is conceivable they may be changed, and he would altogether be incapable of a human course of life and human happiness." One of the masterpieces of Dean Swift's genius, is where he represents a traveller, who has long spent his time amid beings distinct from the human race, and cultivated the faculties suited to an appreciation of their condition of life, returning to the society of his own fellow-creatures, and finding himself unable to enjoy their mode of life, and scarcely able to tolerate their company. We may, then, take it as absolutely true, that no condition of external circumstances can, of itself, produce pleasure, without some corresponding faculty in the individual, enabling him to appreciate the enjoyment.

II. It is still further apparent that human beings become capable of enjoying certain conditions of existence, not *per saltum*, but by slow and gradual processes of development. Now, we have instances of this on every side. The full-grown man is capable of enjoying many things, which afforded no pleasure whatever to the same being when he was but a child. The educated and refined man takes delight in pursuits, which would have been stupid and uninteresting to him when he was uneducated and uncultivated. In each case it is not that the sources of pleasure or amusement have altered. The

change is internal. The power of appreciation has been acquired or improved, and what before was dull, has now become a pleasure.

Not only so, but it will invariably be found that the difficulty or labour experienced in the cultivation of any faculty is always proportionate to the refinement of the pleasure which the exercise of that faculty, when cultivated, will bestow. Thus, if we divide all pleasures—for the sake of illustration, and not that we suppose this division to be strictly accurate—into physical, mental, and moral, we find that the enjoyment of them is easy of acquirement in the order in which we have mentioned them; and the pleasure derivable from these sources corresponds with this facility. Physical are less exquisite than mental enjoyments; but then they are much more easily appreciated. Before we can enter into the thorough enjoyment of mental or intellectual pursuits, we must spend much time and care in intellectual culture. But when once the faculty of this class of enjoyment has been acquired, the pleasure derivable from these intellectual sources is far more exquisite than anything which the mere physical man can appreciate.

Now, let us bear in mind that we are not discussing whether it is well that it is so; we are only inquiring, Is it so? and we think it cannot be questioned, much less denied. Some may inquire, Why is this so? would it not be much better if men were born into this world with capacities for enjoyment and pleasure of every kind? would it not be far better for all men to be endowed with faculties which would enable them, without any labour or trouble on their part, to enjoy the most refined and delightful pleasures, and not have such enjoyments confined to a comparatively few? would not this earth be much better, and life, as a rule, be much happier, if what are now the pleasures of the few were really the source of the same gratification to all, by reason of the implantation in every man of the power to enjoy the highest intellectual and moral pleasures?

Now, in the first place, to such objections we might easily answer that they are entirely beside the question really under consideration: we merely require for our argument to prove that things are so; we are not, therefore, to show *why* they are so, or one might retort that comprehensive and invincible interrogatory, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" God has so arranged the course of this world, and of life, that what we have stated is the fact; and as God knows the whole case, and we know only a small corner of it, He is sure to be right. But, on the face of the thing, there are plenty of reasons why it is better that the highest kinds of enjoyment should, as regards the capability to appreciate them, be the most difficult to attain. As precious stones are valuable in proportion to their scarcity, so enjoyment, as a rule, depends upon the difficulty which we have had to obtain it. The man who has been born to a large fortune, and from an infant has had the so-called luxuries of life, does not value or care for them half so much as the man who, by patience and industry, has won his way from a condition of poverty to one of competence. Were it otherwise, one of the strongest motives to human industry, and one of the greatest incitements to human progress, would be at an end; and pleasures, which anybody could have without trouble or exertion, would soon entirely lose their

value. As it is, however, every man finds himself in a position, not to enjoy every pleasure which he sees to be the lot of his neighbour, but to fit himself, by the cultivation and acquirement of certain capacities, for the obtaining of pleasure from certain sources, which, though at present open to him, his own incapacity renders it impossible for him to appreciate. Thus we may, I think, take it as a truth established beyond all controversy, that all enjoyment, and particularly that which is most refined, depends, not so much upon the condition of external circumstances, as upon the existence in ourselves of certain capacities and qualities; and, further, that these qualities for enjoyment, which are the conditions of our happiness, are to be acquired and cultivated by our making the proper use of those conditions and circumstances of life in which we find ourselves, by God's providence, placed.

III. Wherever we find certain great general laws operating in the kingdom of nature, we may rest assured that the same laws will be found at work in things spiritual. If our future life is to be one of unspeakable and unalloyed happiness, we may rest assured that, in accordance with what we have said above, there must be a certain condition of mind to appreciate the pleasure of that state of existence; and further, that this quality of being is not a thing with which a man is supernaturally and suddenly endowed, but something to be acquired in a regular school system of training and discipline. A man is born into this world, and he has the opportunity of his earlier years for the cultivation of habits and the formation of a character suitable to his future condition of manhood. So a man is born when, by God's grace and the operation of God's Spirit, he is converted; and he is permitted to remain in this world, with opportunities existing all around him for the formation of a certain moral character and condition which will enable him, not to attain heaven—for we pre-suppose him spiritually born, and therefore the life which he is to live in heaven begun—but to enter into a full and complete enjoyment of those pleasures which are at his Father's right hand. If, then, this world stands in respect to the next world in the same relation that the earlier do to the later years of our ordinary life, to the Christian man it becomes the all-important question, What use am I making of this life? Am I trying to hurry it over as rapidly as possible, so that I may hasten on to that coming state of existence which will be so much more congenial to my tastes and desires? If so, this is a mistaken course of conduct.

We commit a great and practical error when we forget the object with which we have been placed in this world, with all its sin, and all its trial, and all its temptation. All the faculties which a Christian man can acquire or improve in this life, by controlling his natural temper and desires, resisting temptation in all its alluring forms, and ministering to the social and spiritual good of those around him, will be such as will enable him to enter with a keener enjoyment into the pleasures of the world to come. One star doth not differ from another star in glory because it reflects the light of some more luminous and brighter sun, but because of the larger extent of space on which the selfsame sun, which illuminates all the stars, shines. And so, in that land where the Lord God, who is the light thereof, shall reign, the same ray of light and love

shall shine upon each and every jewel in his crown, and each shall blaze with the lustre of its own reflective power. This is the teaching of the whole tenor of Scripture. The man who gains the ten talents obtains a lordship over ten cities. The use he made of this lifetime during his master's absence was to improve what had been committed to him till it became of double value. And so it becomes the duty and privilege of every Christian to cultivate the Christian virtues and faculties with which his new birth has endowed him.

What a blessing to the Church, to the world, to Christians, would it be, if they always bore this great truth in mind. If we are to have pleasures hereafter, we must have cultivated while here those capacities

or qualities of mind which alone render their enjoyment possible. Physical pleasure cannot be had without physical exertion. Mental enjoyment cannot be procured without mental culture. And can it be possibly expected that moral and spiritual pleasure—the highest and keenest of all—can be hereafter experienced by us, without the cultivation previously of our spiritual nature? No. Life is a battle to be fought, and a race to be run. As a man soweth so shall he reap. And he who has used this world as a school to prepare him for the next, shall enter most completely into the enjoyment of that last great day, when the angel reapers shall descend from heaven and gather the wheat into the garner of our Lord.

EVER.



HE days fly by, and the seasons roll,
Summer and autumn, and winter
and spring;

And mercury Time, as he nears the goal,
Flashes along with a swifter wing,

More hastily glides with his pinioned feet:

For long has he left the EVER before,

And he longs for his rest in the EVER to be;

So he moves the world, with its din and roar,

Towards the shore of Eternity's sea,

Where, bounded and boundless in darkness
meet,

And pulse of mortality ceases to beat.

Old empires fall, new governments rise,

Liberty, tyranny; freedom, and slavery;

Now reign the foolish, now govern the wise;

Honesty prospers, and flourishes knavery;

So Fortune turns her lottery-wheel;

And the mirthful laugh, and the sorrowful weep,

And many are blessed, and many are cursed,

And many their souls in madness steep;

And many in waters of woe are immersed,

Nor care to know that the woes they feel

Are dealt by a Hand that loves to heal.

Send down thy Spirit, O Lord of love,

Breathe out thy Spirit, O Prince of peace,

That we all may lift our thoughts above,

That all our rev'ling and sloughing may cease;

Lift thou us up from the dust and mire;

Then can we view Time's rapid flight

Without a qualm to enchill our breast;

For we know that age and death's brief night

Bring us from toil to eternal rest:

Our fortune and fate, whether lower or higher,

Thy glory and Thee be our one desire.

H. G. B. H.

LEAVES FROM MY INDIAN NOTE-BOOK

BY CAPTAIN MEADOWS TAYLOR, AUTHOR OF "TARA," "CONFESSIONS OF A THUG," ETC.

NO. VI.



OW we are near the camp, and the
Patell is dismissed, with many ac-
knowledgments of his intelligent
guidance. How cool and pleasant

our tents look under the trees, and
how pleasant, too, the fragrance of
coffee which fills the air! On one side
is the large cucherry tent, in which all

our native clerks sit, and the head native
officer, or Serishtadar, who overlooks them;
the English office-tent, in which the clerks
in the English department assemble; our own
tents, in which meals are eaten, and to which we
can retire for quiet or sleep. Some tents of native
and English clerks are by the river, side, and our
servants' tents, one of which is the kitchen, behind
our own. Altogether, our camp has twenty or

thirty tents in all, little and big, and looks very
cheerful and cool under the noble grove of mango-
trees; and backed by the Mahometan shrine before
mentioned, and its fine trees, with the river braw-
ling by, is really picturesque. Will you come in
and see how we live?

The inside of our tent is twenty-four feet long by
eighteen broad. It has two poles, like the marquees
used at flower-shows, but has two roofs, one over
the other, at an interval of six feet, and outer walls
also. In fact, it is a tent within a tent, and the walls
lace on to the roofs, and are supported by bamboos
at intervals. Each roof and wall is composed of
four folds of cloth, so that the resistance to the sun
or rain is considerable. The inside is lined with
a cheerful chintz—oak-leaves on a yellow ground—
and is finished by a blue fringe, and blue binding

round the doors. A blue and white carpet in stripes is on the floor; a small portable sofa in one corner; half a dozen arm-chairs and one "easy," which is our own especial solace; two tables, one of which is laid for breakfast, and on the other writing materials, are set out, with a great pile of letters which have come by the post. Now let us take off boots and heavy riding clothes, have a comfortable ablution, and we shall be ready then for whatever is brought us by way of "chôta hâzree," or little breakfast. Ah, dear reader! believe me that the first cup of fragrant tea or coffee, as it may be, at this hour is a delicious luxury, and is thoroughly enjoyable. Upon it follows a pipe, of course, or cigar, and our "keyf" is complete. The tent, under the complete shadow of a huge mango-tree, is cool and fresh; business is not begun, though parties of country folks are arriving, and settling themselves in shady places; and we have our pile of letters and papers to get through before work, which will inevitably last all day.

We are not, however, about to detail what that may be; what is to be done now is only preliminary. Some time or other, perhaps, we may be induced to go through it all, by way of proof of what official district life in non-regulation provinces is, how varied and how interesting; but at present that is out of the question. Now all the English official letters upon the table have to be answered—those of to-day, and some of yesterday. A native clerk enters with a bundle of papers and his inkstand, and having made his salaam, sits down in a corner, spreads out his budget, and goes on with his task for the present, while we are otherwise engaged. A chuprassee, or office attendant, follows him with a bundle, in which are the native letters of the day, which are sorted and laid aside. Altogether, it appears a huge pile, but they will soon disappear; and presently they are read, and notes for replies made by the clerk on ordinary subjects, special ones requiring answers to be dictated, which will be done after breakfast, for which we are quite ready by ten o'clock; and as soon as we have bathed, dressed, and eaten, we are ready for the day's work, which begins in earnest, and continues, without intermission, till the afternoon. Our friend, the Patell, has not forgotten his promise, and as the sun is declining he is again present, with his sons, to accompany us to the bazaar. It is a very full one, he says, as our camp has attracted a great number of people; and every one appears as glad as we are to break up the office work and proceed thither.

There is a lane and path from camp through the Patell's fields and gardens, and by this we save the round of the village and dusty roads. They are beautifully cultivated, and we pass patches of fine carrots, sweet potatoes, turmeric, red pepper, egg-plant, greens and spinaches of many kinds, onions, fields of sugar-cane and ginger, a pretty piece of poppies for opium—looking like a bed of gay tulips—a plantain garden, and a guava orchard, with which lime-trees and a few oranges are mixed. Some vines also, trained upon poles and trees; and a few rose bushes, from the flowers of which the good house-wives in the castle will distil rose-water for family use during the year. This piece of land may be about ten or twelve acres, and there are four good wells in it, which supply water for irrigation. All are at work, with four stout oxen to each well,

and men are directing the streams of water into the beds of cultivation. The Patell has other garden farms, and most of the superior tenants in the village have theirs, which form valuable adjuncts to their dry cultivation. So, after traversing several portions like the Patell's, and enjoying the sweet, cool air, filled with fragrance from hedge-flowers, lime-tree blossoms, and even from the moist ground itself, we emerge over a stile into the "cows' pasture" common, and cross it to the bazaar.

Very picturesque it is, with the temple, the village gateway, and the great banian-tree throwing a broad shadow over all. The throng of people is remarkable even for a market-day, and this is the very busiest time of all. The Patell informs us that he has prepared a proper seat for us, whence we can see all, and we observe a carpet spread upon a platform of earth, with some chairs set upon it; but we decline this for the present, and prefer going among the people and seeing what they are doing. How bright the scene is! and the women's garments tell finely among the white cotton dresses and bright turbans of the men. But there is nothing glaring or gaudy; rich madder reds, browns, and purple blues, with here and there a bit of brighter colour in a well-to-do farmer's gold-embroidered muslin scarf, or newly-dyed scarlet or pink turban. The shops are the booths we saw being erected in the morning upon the earthen platforms, which are raised a little above the street. These booths are of black blanket cloth, or black and grey in stripes, or of strong cotton tent cloth woven in stripes of deep red and brown, or white and red, as it may be. Some of the shopkeepers have set out their wares on the bare ground, and sit behind them, and the market is divided into classes of the various articles exposed for sale. So the main street and its booths, and side streets of open stalls, the carts, and their oxen feeding beside them, the groups of cattle, oxen, sheep, and goats for sale, and the ever-varying and busily employed crowd, combine to form beautiful and interesting pictures.

A busy scene truly. Here are a row of booths of cloth-sellers, who drive a brisk trade in the cotton cloths of the country; mostly women's sarees, of all colours and shades, plain, striped, checked, and of all varieties of price suited to purchasers of the lower and middle classes. So we find cloths eight to ten yards in length, varying from two rupees, or four shillings, up to ten or fifteen rupees, or twenty to thirty shillings; bodice-pieces of gay colours and patterns, silk, or silk and cotton, often very beautiful both as to colour and design; English chintzes, Swiss chintzes, dearer than English, but much preferred on account of the excellence of colour and fabric. Out of these, capital quilted tunics will be made by those who can afford them, and women buy strips cut bias, wherewith to make edgings for their children's dresses, or their own bodices. There is not much woollen cloth; what we find is strong coarse English broad cloth, red, blue, and green, the principal use of which is to make blankets or cloaks that are much prized. One of the head Wuddiars has just invested in enough to make a blanket scarf of bright scarlet cloth, which he folds about his broad chest and shoulders, much as a Northumberland herdsman would do his plaid; and struts about, admiring

himself, and being admired by his people. This portion of the bazaar is perhaps most crowded of all, every stall is engaged with purchasers, or with women bartering yarn for cloths, and the clack of tongues is incessant; so we will turn down a cross avenue, which leads to the cattle market.

A brisk business is doing here too. The Patell says that to-day, and to-morrow, from two to four hundred head of oxen and other beasts will change hands, and barter and sale are going on busily. There are all classes of animals. For a pair of noble dark-red oxen, with short horns and stately carriage, the owner asks 150 rupees (£15), and will get his price; and there is another pair, spotted red and white, which are even as high as 200 rupees (£20). "But no one will give that," says the Patell; they are, however, grand animals, of greater weight and power than the red pair, and the colour lovely. The ground is bright chestnut red, and the white spots are almost as if they had been sprinkled artificially. Such oxen are used for being yoked to the shafts of heavy ploughs, or for heavy carts. There are, however, others to suit the requirements of all sorts of purchasers, both for draught and riding; and a seller is showing off a pretty beast, decked out with bells, which goes at a smart easy amble, and a Jungum priest is bargaining for him. Thirty rupees is asked (£3), and twenty is offered. Cows are from 25 rupees (£2 10s.), for the large bred animals, down to 10 rupees, and even less for the smaller; and here is a pair of white oxen, not large nor in very good condition, perhaps, as low as 20 rupees (or £2) the pair. Cows are bad milkers in India, and are mostly valuable for breeding, and hence their low prices.

Now we come to a cluster of buffaloes, the same as we meet in Italy; stupid, heavy-looking animals, with long horns turned back, mouse-coloured or jet black, with smooth skins and no hair, which are the best. A seller asks 75 rupees for the best looking, and warrants her to give twelve quarts of milk a day or more. They are of all prices and rates of milking, and one fine beast in calf, for 50 rupees, appears well worth the money. Sometimes buffaloes reach sixteen and even twenty quarts of milk a day, and it is on them that the farmer or dairyman depends for his supplies of milk and butter, and not on cows. Farmers, indeed, have rarely large dairies. Another class of persons, cow-herds by caste and profession, keep large "dairy farms," and sell their produce in the shape of "ghee," which is the only form in which butter can be preserved in India. As soon as the butter is churned, and slightly pressed, it is set on the fire to boil in an earthen vessel, and boiled as long as any scum rises, it is then poured into a clean jar, or hide-made "dubber," and assumes a sort of granulated consistence as it cools, not pleasant to eat, but excellent for cooking purposes, and lasts fresh for years; we have often thought this form of curing would answer better even in England than salting.

So let us continue our stroll among busy buyers and sellers, passing the cloth dealers again, where honest farmers, having made a good market of their grain or cotton, are buying new dresses for their wives or children. Yonder is an elderly couple gradually laying in a store of garments for the marriage of the shy girl standing by them, which is to come off at the next favourable conjunction of the planets; nor is the graceful young wife

standing there, with an infant sitting astride on her hip, at all indisposed to receive what her stout, well-to-do looking husband has bought her, in the shape of a new dress, and its accompanying boddice-piece. That there are pleasant words interchanged between them is evident from a sly whisper, and by her covering her face partly with the end of her sarree, as she laughs happily, and, hiding the purchase under her garment, they pass on with the crowd. Here are booths of the brass and copper vessels, which we saw in the village shop, and a great many brass-smiths have brought wares from villages and towns about, and arranged their wares, all in bright pyramids; for the vessels are nicely polished, and set out in somewhat gorgeous array, flashing in the sun. Next follow pedlars' wares—coarse scissors made at Sheffield, pen-knives, needles, iron spoons, ladles, locks, padlocks, and all sorts of miscellaneous articles; then druggists' booths, where powders, mixtures for sick cattle, or sick children, and love philtres, can be had in private—though in this line of business the old gipsy beldame has, no doubt, better custom. Here is a row of women with hanks of cotton yarn before them, of all sorts, from the coarsest to the finest, and some is exquisitely soft and fine, which is being bought up by the master weavers, many of whom are even giving advances for more. Here is the yarn bazaar also, and we see bales of coloured yarns spun and dyed in Manchester—orange and crimson for the most part, which serve to weave into the gay borders of women's cloths. These and the piles of chintzes, long cloths, coarse and fine, and plain and striped muslin, prove that English yarn and piece goods have found their way even to our village, and are widely distributed over the country. What are those piles of black stuffs which are fast diminishing? Very useful articles are they; blankets of goats' and sheep's wool, black, grey, and striped, with silk or cotton borders, without one of which over his head or arm no farmer or labourer in the Deccan goes out of doors—in the fiercest heat a protection from the sun, in damp or cold, a comfortable wrapper: what his plaid is to a Scotch shepherd, or his long frieze coat to an Irish peasant, is the black cumley, or blanket, to similar classes in India. The people who weave them are shepherds by caste—Hindoos now, though with much of their aboriginal superstition still clinging to them, in the worship of snakes, sacred stones, peculiar love of localities in glens, the feet of scours, and caves in rocks, where live what have answered to the fauns and dryads of the ancient faith. Some of their large sheep dogs, not unlike collies, with precisely the same instincts and habits, are sitting by them whining; so many people, and such a bustle of men, do not appear at all to their taste. Behind these groups are several flocks of small black and grey sheep. We can very well remember when one could be bought for eight annas, or a shilling, or a very fine fat wether for a rupee or so. But they are much more expensive now; and a greasy-looking Mahometan butcher is buying up the lot of fifty at treble the old prices, and even more, and will drive them to A—, to be consumed by Her Majesty's artillery and dragoons there quartered. The shepherds have also piles of wool by them, for which a respectable Hindoo merchant is bargaining; and this will go to England or France, and be used in

making carpets, or other articles to which its strong staple may be suited.

Here is a gap in the street, because the lower caste people cannot sit side by side with those "within the pale." They are the shoemakers, with their piles of red-leather shoes, some neatly embroidered in coloured silks, some plain, thick soled and thin, to suit all purchasers. A few have very high heels, and hardly enough room for bare toes in front; but a young Mahometan soldier has just bought a pair dyed green, with gold-embroidered, curled-up toes, and steps on daintily, the high heel resting little in the middle of his foot. He does not think little of himself, by any means; his light pink turban—a very small one of the finest muslin—is tied tight to his head, a light green scarf with gold edges and ends is thrown lightly across his shoulders, the transparent muslin tunic shows off his well-proportioned figure, and a tame bulbul sits jauntily on his finger, which he allows every now and then to flutter away to the end of its

string into the face of some country damsel, as he has trained it to do: a village "swell," no doubt, before whom modest girls and matrons veil their faces, and with whom a bevy of dancing girls, sitting with their musicians behind them, interchange familiar nods and salaams. The new shoes are evidently remarked on, and one of the girls holds up her foot, showing a tattered shoe, asking for a new pair; but he shakes his head and passes on. So do we. Bullock gear, hide ropes, bridles, sandals, cart gear, leathern buckets for wells, heaps of hides and horns, and the same agent who has been buying wool comes up and begins his negotiation for purchase of all there is, to be sent to Bombay, and thence to England or France, as it may happen. Next are coarse baskets of all sorts; mats of date-palm leaves and stems of grass. Sacking-pieces for cotton and wool bales, grain bags, and curtains to keep out wind and cold at night in dwelling-houses.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ECHOES FROM THE THRESHOLD.



NOW impatient we grow to catch a glimpse of the beyond! to hear but one word of the mystic speech that is spoken on the other side; to catch the passing fragrance of the celestial flowers, or the cadences of the holy choir! So much of the present is bound up in that which is to come; so many loved and faded ones are associated with the future; so sacred a spot do they occupy in our heart's affections, that we often linger about the thresholds of tombs, if haply we may steal a glance in at the open door as some spirit is entering.

Most holy and impressive, surely, are *last words*—syllables breathed out upon the very verge of the infinite, when the gurgling of the death-stream is heard, and the faint flutter of wings proclaims the angel-heralds are approaching. Very sacred and solemn are the last farewells that float into our ears, the echoes of which are never to be lost through all the noises and turmoil of after years.

How deeply significant, too, at times, are these faint farewells! How they often let us into the characters of those who breathe them, solve a life-long riddle, and set at rest endless surmisings and vague imaginings! Often, when the shams and semblances of life are dropping off, like the chrysalis shell from the escaping moth—when the man stands visibly before the great reality, trembling in the presence of the dread eternity—he raises the vizard so long drawn down, and, in one word or sentence, reveals the secret of a life! Last words are often blessed litanies that lead the soul up to the Highest. Alas! that they should ever be but the wringing of the dregs of a wasted life into one last utterance, fearful as a doom, chilling and deadly as a blight.

Many a parting admonition has followed, like an

unseen footstep, some soul in its course through the world; has gleamed, as from a celestial taper, a beacon-light; has whispered, by brinks of ruin and precipices of shame, a warning voice. How often have last words been burned into the heart, and have glared in fiery characters when some evil was to be averted, some false step to be shunned!

There is, surely, something inexpressibly solemn in the thought of looking into the pale face of death; the stepping out into Cimmerian night; the passing from artificiality into reality—the sophist and the casuist alike fronting stern doom. What a thesis for the moralist and the sage!

The last hour!—when the man is alone with self; when he enters into himself, and reads the strange inscriptions on those chambers of imagery, the faded years; when he is about to lay aside

"The burden and the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world,"

and comprehend the great vexed questions that have so perplexed him here. What if the recording pen may write upon his tomb,

"Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic?"

That is a beautiful sentiment, uttered by the Hindoo priest, when holding an infant in his arms, "Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around thee smile; contrive to live that you may depart in smiles, while all around you weep."

Ah! that is the great life-problem, to contrive to leave the world with a brow calm amid the hurdling of tempests, and a cheek flushed with the radiance of the after-life.

What a manly assurance was that of George Washington, whose last words are recorded as, "I am about to die, and I am not afraid to die!"

What a noble confidence is expressed in John Wesley's—"The best of all is, God with us;" and Edward Irving's—"In life and in death I am the

Lord's;" and Addison's request—"Come and see how a Christian can die;" and brave old Martin Luther's latest prayer—"Into thy hands I commend my spirit, O Lord God of truth; thou hast redeemed me!"

How mysterious and impressive a death was that of Dr. Beaumont, who expired in the pulpit while pronouncing the lines—

"Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining hosts around
Fall worshipping and spread the ground."

Very calm was that saying of the dying Tasso—"In manus tuas, Domine."

St. Thomas à Becket, as he fell beneath the sword of the assassin, whispered, "I humbly commend my spirit to God who gave it."

Schiller stepped from the turmoil of life to the quiet of the after-time, whispering, "Calmer and calmer;" and Goethe, when the shades were drawing around him, shutting out the golden sun-sheen, murmured, "More light."

Humboldt departed, saying, as he gazed out on the glorious sun, "How bright these rays! they seem to beckon earth to heaven."

The one beautiful word with which brave Jeanne d'Arc closed her stormy life, was the peaceful one, "Jesus."

Melancthon died saying, "*Aliud nihil nisi cælum.*"

How sad and solemn a death was that of the Emperor Charles V., with a taper in one hand, processioning around that sombre catafalque, exclaiming, "*Ya rey, Señor*" (Now, Lord, I go); and, as his fingers relaxed their hold, murmuring, in broken accents, and, with them, expiring, "*Ay, Jesus!*"

"A king should die standing," said Augustus.

"All my possessions for a moment of time!" exclaimed the dying Elizabeth.

"Lord, take my spirit," prayed Edward VI.

How tragical were many of those French Revolution scaffold death-scenes. Those hoarse words spoken beneath that gleaming knife, with what horrible and sickening sound they echo in our ears.

"This, then, is my reward," said Barnave, as he mounted the fatal scaffold.

Clootz died there, discoursing on materialism, and requesting to be executed last, "in order to establish certain principles."

Madame Roland died there too, asking for paper and pen "to write the strange thoughts rising in her," requesting (as a favour to a lady) to die first, to show Lamarche how easy a thing it were, and then, turning her fiery eye to the statue of Liberty, exclaiming, "O Liberty! what things are done in thy name!"

Is there any death-picture more horrible than that of Brissot and The Twenty, shouting, "*Vive la République!*" and singing the hymn of the "Marseillaise," the chorus growing every moment fainter as the heads of the Girondins fell before the devouring guillotine, silently dying away, until but one was left to shriek the grim death-song?

It is pleasant to leave all this horror, although it is to press around the martyr's fire, yet from out that flame and smoke we hear the faltering voice of the venerable Latimer: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; I trust we shall this day light up such a candle in England, as, by God's blessing, shall never be put out."

At the stake at Vilvorde, brave old Tyndale, translator of the English Bible, prayed, "The Lord open the eyes of the King of England."

Noble words, too, were those of the great German reformer, Zwingle, who was killed in battle in 1531, gazing calmly at the blood trickling from his wounds, and exclaiming, "What matters this misfortune? They may, indeed, kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul."

"My dear," said Sir Walter Scott to Lockhart, "I may have but a moment to speak to you; be a good man, be virtuous, be religious—be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here. God bless you all."

Burke's son died quoting the lines of Milton—

"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave."

And reading the 142nd Psalm, St. Francis of Assisi died as he reached the last verse: "Bring my soul out of prison."

"Galilean! Thou hast conquered," closed the life of the Apostate Julian.

The brave Polycarp, at the age of ninety, at the stake refused to be bound; for, he said, "Let me alone as I am; He who has given me strength to endure the fire, will also enable me to stand without moving in the pile."

"I must sleep now," said Byron.

"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave," entreated Burns.

"What, is there no bribing death?" asked Beaufort.

"A dying man can do nothing easy," was the assurance of Franklin.

"Kiss me, Hardy," said Nelson.

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," devoutly prayed the dying Sir Edward Coke.

John Knox, earnestly expecting the last summons, said, as he closed his eyes, "Now it is come."

"Dying, dying," were the last words of Thomas Hood, when, after making his last pun, he turned his head upon the pillow to the wall. He said a little before the latest moment, "There was the smell of the mould, but he remembered it nourished the violets."

"It is beautiful!" finished the beautiful life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"I am going to take a leap in the dark," were the syllables that escaped from the lips of the metaphysician and sceptic, Thomas Hobbes. Poor Hobbes! those sublime heathens, Empedocles and Cleombrotus, had a brighter outlook than thee: the one, to become a god, leaped into fiery Etna; and the other threw himself into the sea, to enjoy the delights of Plato's promised Elysium.

Who can think of poor John Keats' death-bed without a sigh, as he told the sorrowing ones "he felt the flowers already growing o'er him," and asked them to write as his own epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ on water:" or of Charlotte Brontë's, as, clinging to her fond husband, she said, in that nervous language of hers, "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us: we have been so happy."

Great, noble words were those of the expiring judge and poet, Thomas Noon Talfourd, as he said, in charging the jury, "That which is wanted to bind together the bursting bonds of the dif-

ferent classes of this country, is not kindness, but sympathy." What a great, human word that "sympathy," with which to close a noble and a brilliant life!

Very sad is the impression left upon us, as we read, that when Oliver Goldsmith was asked that last question, "Is your mind at ease?" replied, "No, it is not." We leave it to Another, content to love him most dearly, and too reverent to ask vain questions of destiny and doom, not daring to indulge in guesses as we tread by his dust.

Douglas Jerrold said, when his heart was beating out its last few throbs, he felt "as one who was waiting and waited for."

Very solemn and very significant was that death-scene in the monastery of Jarrow, in 735, of the Venerable Bede. He was engaged on a translation of St. John's Gospel into the Saxon tongue. It was nearly completed, but his strength began to ebb. The scribe who was writing from his dictation exclaimed, "Dear master, there is just a sentence not written." This speech recalled the old man's fast failing sense. Gathering up all his strength, he said, "Write quickly;" and then he dictated the last sentence of the last chapter of the Gospel. The scribe wrote it down rapidly, and then said, "The sentence is now written." Bede replied, "It is well. You have said the truth. 'It is finished.' *Consummatum est!*'"

What sermons might be preached from these texts! What sermons they do preach to those who listen for the sound! Life and death. What solemn words! The fever and unrest of the one, the quiet and repose of the other. Life, with its majesty and mystery, the prophetic entrance to immortality. Life, to some so sad and tragical, so so weary, and weird, and wonderful; and death so calm and restful.

To the tired and sorrowful,

"Death
Opens her sweet, white arms, and whispers, 'Peace!
Come, say thy sorrows in this bosom! This
Will never close against thee; and my heart,
Though cold, cannot be colder much than men's.'"

The grave is the true *Kaaba*, the great, black stone by which we reach the temple whose name is Immortality.

There is something very great, yet very glorious, in the thought of the *work* surviving the *man*; the pyramid still lifting its flame-form crest to the heavens; the monolith pointing its silent finger to the calm, blue, star-studded sky, a great excelsior monitor, while their Egyptian architects are but a few grains of dust mingling with the sand.

There is a tinge of sadness in the thought, however, of the powerlessness of the man to perpetuate the uses and appliances of his work; the man rearing the cathedral and the capitol, then lying down to die, and, in after years, priests offering sacrifices there, which the builder would have

scorned; or the orator pouring out his philippics against the creeds and deeds around which the affections of the man, if that dust could be re-animated, would cling.

The deaths of great men—men whose lives have been heroic and brave; great men, who are the lamps in the cathedral naves of the world—how precious they are! How their memories shine down the dusky ages, and flood with beauty the sombre shade! What a power there is in their latest utterances—those strange whisperings we have caught, as they have stood shivering by the banks of the great *Lago Morte*! their last moment, how holy and significant!

One moment! The flowerage and fruitage of the mighty past; on its brow flash the jewels culled from the great mines of the eternity that has gone; all the joys and griefs of the faded years; all the lights and shades of the shrouded centuries, are woven into the woof of this one moment. If every moment is so precious, so freighted with glorious activities and achievements, this *last* moment of a great life how inestimable its value—the moment when the all-uncomprehending soul pushes out upon the unknown and trackless sea! Yet what is life but a continuous pushing out? Each moment is the surf-wave to an unexplored eternity; in each moment lie wrapped innumerable possibilities and tragedies. A great man's latest benediction is surely most sacred and precious.

What an incentive to a noble life, to send down a loving message along the vista of the coming years! Zisca, the Bohemian warrior, as the only legacy he had, left to the army, with the memory of his valour, his skin for a drum. How blessed to send down to the later times some heroic poem, wrought in an enduring life, and graven on the warm, red tablets of a manly heart; to sow the seed, then die—the seed which shall bud and bloom by and by, and fragrant blossoms, wafted over deserts and wastes, shall carry a sweet and beautiful memory, more potent than the trumpet-blast of fame!

Death in life—life in death; all points to this.

At the Egyptian banquets a coffin, with a waxen effigy, was passed round amongst the guests—amid the mirth, a monitor of mortality; and Philip of Macedon wrote at his feasts the warning words: "Remember thou art mortal."

No need have we of these "aids to reflection." Nature's tear-choruses for ever ringing in our ears, and the mysterious provisions that echo in the inner chambers of our hearts, all remind us of the motto, "*Tempus fugit*," and whisper of the rising tidal-wave. To all they say—

"Perform thy work, and straight return to God."

One last word meets us upon the threshold; and like a song in the night, its welcome note sounds gladly in our ears—the *dead* and the *deathless* are *one*!



COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

IN communion with Christ, we need to have five truths impressed deeply upon our hearts. The sense of these things is what distinguishes a Christian from a worldling.

We need to realise Christ's *personality*, and not fancy that he is a vague, misty influence or effluence, destitute of the personal attributes which distinguish us.

We must approach to Christ with a more definite sense of his existence and power, than the heathen feels who bows before his idol. We must realise Christ's individuality.

We need faith in his *presence*. He is not afar off, but near us, and in our hearts. Wherever we are, there Christ is—a personal, present friend.

We need a deep sense of his *love*. We cannot approach him, while we dread his anger. We must remember that he died for us, that he has shed abroad his Spirit in our hearts, that he has invited us to come to him, that he has declared his love and his willingness to pardon and receive us. These declarations we must not doubt.

We need to feel our *dependence upon him*. This then is the first element of that trust which unites

us with Christ. Without him we can do nothing. We are beggars at his feet, who can command nothing, but who need everything.

We need to feel our *obligation to him*. We must realise that Christ has a right to command us, and to dispose of us at pleasure. We are his creatures, he our Creator; we his subjects; he our King. His will, not our own, is to be the rule of our life, and this whether he calls upon us to do or to suffer for his sake.

Together with the deep realisation of these truths, one thing more is necessary to communion with Christ, and that is, *voluntary intercourse*. This intercourse is twofold. Christ is to speak to us, and we are to speak to Christ. He speaks to us in his Word, and we speak to him in prayer. We make known our desires, and he makes known his will. We move God to bless us, and God moves us to obey him. Such intercourse is delightful, elevating, purifying, transforming. It is the life of the soul. It is the only means of securing eternal life. All religion which falls short of this spiritual communion is vain. Without it, we cannot know Christ, and without knowing Christ, we cannot attain to life eternal.

FORSAKEN.

THE stream flowed by with its ripples of gold;
The glad birds carolled above
To the whispering breeze and the rustling
trees,

And the wavelets' song of love.
But the stream might flow, or the ripples shine,
Or the glad birds carol their glee;
I heeded only a hand in mine,
And a deep voice close to me.

The light waned fast in the amber sky,
Where the sun went down to rest;
Still the tide danced on, but its glow was gone,
And shadows lay on its breast.
Oh! the eyes that followed my eyes were bright—
I miss'd not the ripples of gold,
For they filled my heart with their liquid light,
And the tender tale they told.

One star burn'd alone in the calm, clear west
The moon look'd down from above,
When he breath'd his vows 'neath the hawthorn
boughs,
And I gave him my early love.

We lingered awhile, for 'twas hard to part—
Unmindful that day had flown;
And I centred my hope in the gay young
heart
Beating so near my own.

The ripples roll by, and the gay birds sing,
And the dark shadows come there yet;
But darker than all are the shades that fall
On a soul whose sun has set.
My idol is shatter'd, and gone my dream,
And crumbled the castle I made;
Now I wander alone by the crystal stream,
Mourning a trust betrayed.

But I know why that bitter cup was sent,
Why that crushing trial given;
For my steps, which before were earthward
bent,
Are now directed to heaven.
It humbled my spirit and cleansed my heart,
It taught me to earnestly pray.
At last I have chosen that "better part"
Which shall not be taken away.

THE PNEUMATIC PASSENGER RAILWAY.



AS, water, and letters are now passing from one quarter of the town to the other by means of underground pipes. Letters! repeats the reader. Yes, good reader, letters! For two years the district post-office at Eversholt Street, N.W., has received and despatched its letters to the Euston trains for the North by means of the "Pneumatic Despatch;" and the pipes are already down, and the pumping machinery in progress, to bring the North-Western mail-bags immediately to St. Martin's-le-Grand. Nay, more, Messrs. Chaplin and Horne are about to employ the same means of transporting their parcels within the metropolitan limits. Thus the Pneumatic Despatch, for certain purposes, is both officially and commercially established. But still, says the reader, doubtfully, what will serve very well for goods and letters surely cannot be applicable for human beings; they cannot be shot underground along a tube, like peas in a pea-shooter—now exhausted of air, now traversed by a hurricane? The public generally put the question thus, and laugh jocularly. After a time, however, they begin to examine the matter in a better spirit, and finally they become advocates of the very innovation they have before laughed at. It is now pretty generally understood how it is that the letters pass from the North-Western Railway to the post-office in Eversholt Street. A cast-iron tunnel, about two feet nine inches high, arched on the top and flat on the bottom, carrying a pair of rails, is seen to plunge underground from a small room in the immediate vicinity of the railway arrival platform. This tube runs underground as far as the district office, where it emerges—the other end of the snake, as it were, for in its course under the intermediate streets it has to dip up and down, and make sharp curves in opposite directions, to suit the conditions of the sub-way it has to meet in its course.

In this underground cavern a cradle-like carriage runs backwards and forwards; and the motive power by which this carriage and its heavy load of mail-bags is moved, is contained in the apartment near the railway station. The spectator will perceive a great iron case, the segment of a circle, one half above ground, the other half underground, and the whole presenting a diameter of twenty-two feet. This paddle-wheel looking contrivance contains the air wheel, or two discs working in a central hollow axis, the discs narrowing towards the rim, or periphery. This wheel, or disc, has radiating plates of iron, which act as iron spokes, all of the compartments between which are in communication with the central hollow axis, and with the open rim. The wheel, when rapidly revolving, by means of a small steam-engine, sucks in the air from its hollow axle, and throws it out at its periphery, just as water is thrown off a revolving mass by belts; but it is not allowed to dissipate itself in the air, but, by the confining case, or paddle-box apparatus, is forced into a pipe. The gale of wind it ejects from this pipe is something prodigious. We saw it the other day completely swing a cart and horse round that was in

its way, trees bend as if in a tornado, and any person attempting to stand in its path is blown before it like so much chaff. This gale of wind is used to push the travelling carriage along its tunnel; to bring it back again, a suction power, such as we exercise when we transfer a sherry cobbler to the mouth by using our cheeks as an air-pump. In this case the tube is exhausted by the centrifugal action of the wheel drawing all the air out of it by means of an exhaust pipe placed in connection with the hollow axle. Thus a pulling and pushing motion from axle and periphery is established, the motive power for the whole length of tube, backwards and forwards, being at one end of the tunnel, and residing in the same machine. Directly a mail train comes in, the bags of letters are placed in the travelling carriage, the mouth of the tunnel is closed, the wheel rapidly revolves, and the underground mail cart flies before the gale until it reaches the district post-office. The engineer is notified of its arrival by telegraph, the carriage is replaced in the tunnel at the other end, and, at another telegraphic signal, the engineer closes the mouth of the tunnel, and begins to exhaust the tube; a low rumbling noise, gradually getting nearer, is heard, the valve door flies open, and the carriage, with its empty mail bags, emerges, and rushes into a tunnel we perceive in the opposite wall. It goes but a few feet, however, and returns. The tunnel is only a recess which acts as an effectual air buffer, to stop the further progress of the carriage. This carriage, laden with the correspondence of the town, traverses backwards and forwards almost with the rapidity of a weaver's shuttle. There is very little noise and no commotion, and it is under the most perfect control. The rate at which the traffic is carried on is about sixteen miles an hour, at a cost of fourpence each journey for coals; a cost, however, which will be much lessened when more work has to be done, as now steam has to be kept up to waste while the trains are at rest, a period of fifty-five minutes out of every sixty.

So satisfied are the post-office authorities of the working of the system during the two and a-half years in which it has been in operation, that they have long determined upon extending the tunnel from the North-Western station to the General Post-office; indeed, the greater portion of the work has already been done. All the other railway termini will be placed in communication with St. Martin's-le-Grand as soon as possible, and a very great acceleration of the mails will be the consequence, giving us all another half-hour or so to write our letters at night, in itself a boon of immense value to the commercial world. Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, the great railway carriers, have also availed themselves of this new means of transit, and a tunnel has already been laid down to one of their offices in Holborn from the North-Western Railway. But Mr. Rammell is not content with carrying letters and goods. He says, very naturally, what will carry luggage will also carry human beings, and he has always had this end in view. Numberless persons have, indeed, travelled by his letter carriages to Eversholt Street and back, lying at full length, demonstrating the ease with which the transit is made.



"When he breath'd his vows 'neath the hawthorn boughs,
And I gave him my early love."—p. 489.



The construction of a railway upon the same principle, only required the enlargement of the tube to enable it to take an ordinary-sized railway carriage or omnibus, and the thing was done. Mr. Rammell endeavoured to obtain the use of the dry tunnel intended as the culvert for the Main Drainage scheme across Plumstead Marshes, in order to try his experiment publicly, but this he failed to obtain. He has been more fortunate with the directors of the Crystal Palace Company, who have given him the use of an irregular piece of ground at the Penge end of the gardens, where, for some months, the Pneumatic Railway was at work, and upwards of fifteen thousand persons were conveyed backwards and forwards by it. In order to prove that the pneumatic principle can overcome difficulties which the ordinary steam locomotive never attempts, the tunnel, which runs for a distance of nearly a third of a mile, is made with a gradient of one in fifteen, or one-sixth greater than that of Holborn Hill; there are curves in it, again, of a radius that no locomotive would attempt. The curious spectator has only to walk along the ridge of earth which covers the tunnel from the high to the low station to convince himself of the up-hill, serpentine course it takes; he can scarcely imagine that a carriage can ascend or descend such a course with safety. Conditions such as these never occur on a steam locomotive line, and it is to show that the pneumatic system can accomplish what the ordinary means of steam conveyance cannot do, and is applicable to lines which the latter could not work, which constitutes its claim upon public attention. The tunnel is of brick, and the carriage very similar to an omnibus, but opening by doors placed at the back and front. It fits the tunnel as a rifle ball fits a rifle, a rim of bristles projecting all round the end framework, to reduce the windage to a minimum. The two ends of the line are inclined towards the tunnel, which the carriage enters by its own gravitation. No sooner is it in than the two iron folding doors close, and the pressure of air acting behind it forces it on its way. On the return journey up the incline, the tube is exhausted in front of the carriage, the doors at the extreme end of the tunnel being closed, and those behind it opened, to allow of the full atmospheric pressure exerting its force. The motion is smooth and easy, and there is no disturbance of the air. People who do not understand the system laugh at the idea of having to travel, as they imagine, either in a gale of wind, or in a gasping condition for want of air. Neither alternative is offered them. There is positively less motion of the atmosphere by this means of propulsion than by the ordinary locomotive, and for this reason—in the latter mode of travelling the air is motionless, and the train passes through it, when at a high speed, producing a strong current, and when going against the wind encountering a perfect hurricane. Now, in the pneumatic rail, you are always travelling with the current of air, and just at the same pace at which it is flowing. It is unnecessary to say that the whole tunnel is swept clear of the atmosphere it contains every time a carriage passes, just as a pea-shooter would be. There is no sulphurous gas suffocating you, as in the Metropolitan line, and no damp, vault-like atmosphere, as in ordinary tunnels; the rope of air by which you are either pulled or pushed thoroughly purifying the tunnel from end to end.

Mr. Rammell does not propose the pneumatic system for long routes; he does not wish to compete

with the locomotive in running from town to town, as no one would prefer being shot through a tunnel to passing through the open air, but for all subterranean transits the pneumatic system is so peculiarly adapted, that it seems to us that it must supersede the use of steam. Those who have travelled by the Underground line know but too well the headache with which they emerged from it. The carbonic acid gas evolved, and which they have not yet managed to consume, makes the Metropolitan line particularly unhealthy and unpleasant. It is a notorious fact that the porters are continually ill from breathing it, and a terrible accident, which resulted in the death of a young woman, was brought about solely by the absence of one of the porters from this cause. But purity of atmosphere is only one of the advantages of the pneumatic system; its power of overcoming almost any gradient, and of turning in any curve, renders it peculiarly adapted for underground conveyance in cities; and the abolition of the heavy locomotives does away with the terrible vibration, which renders the passage of the latter so destructive to all house property immediately above it, and consequently entails such heavy charges for compensation upon companies working by its means. At a moment when engineers are constructing lines to cross the great mountain chains of the world, the appearance of the pneumatic system seems peculiarly opportune. Its power of running up and down steep inclines will encourage the construction of lines immensely, and for short passages, such as the proposed tunnel under the Mersey at Liverpool, and the utilisation of the Thames Tunnel for carriage traffic, pneumatic traction seems the only possible one. We had almost forgotten to say that the chance of collision—always such a fearful thing to contemplate in tunnels—is rendered impossible where air traction is concerned, as two trains could not work near to each other in the same tube, neither could one train overtake another, nor could delay occur: in short, the possibility of accident is reduced to a minimum—no inconsiderable advantage to passengers' bodies and shareholders' pockets.

Ah, says the reader, still doubtingly; this is all very well upon paper, but the atmospheric system has been tried, and found wanting—witness the Croydon line, the South Devon line, and the Dalkey and Kingstown line, all originally laid down upon the atmospheric principle, but proved to be disastrous failures, and taken up and replaced by the ordinary locomotive. It is true that the atmospheric system, as carried out by Clegg and Saunder's patent, failed; but it was their method of applying it, and not the principle itself. It will be remembered that these lines worked by means of a tube of small diameter, in which a piston worked, which communicated with the carriages running on the rails above by means of a valve, which was continuous with the tube itself, the coupler of the first carriage lifting the valve, which was of leather, fitting tightly into a slit in the tube, just behind the piston, and keeping it closed in front. The inherent vice of this plan was the small area of the piston, which required an enormous pressure to move it; and, secondly, the excessive leakage of the continuous valve, which caused a great loss of power. In the present system, the carriage end forms the piston—one of fifty times the area of Clegg's, and there is no valve to leak. The principle is the same, but the mode of applying it is wholly different, and greatly superior. A very low pressure expended on

the carriage end, or the enlarged piston, and does the work far more effectually, and infinitely more cheaply, than it could be done by the old atmospheric system, the objections to which lose all their force as far as Mr. Rammell's scheme is concerned. Underground lines of conveyance have only just commenced; in another twenty years, in all probability, all the swift traffic within metropolitan limits will be carried on, not only for passengers, but for goods, subterraneously. We shall have two stories of traffic as it were—a cab, house-to-house means of communication through routes running in concentric circles, and others crossing the town's diameter, like the spokes of a wheel, all passing through some central nave or station. It is for this grand system of intercommunication between three millions of people, packed as close as herrings in a barrel, that Mr. Rammell, the patentee and engineer of this new means of locomotion, is putting in his claim, and if the working expenses are as favourable as we hear they are, his system stands a very good chance of supplying the coming demand.

What with the dense cobweb of telegraphic wires

hanging over our heads, and the equally elaborate spider's web of underground connection evidently in store for London, the real living, breathing town above ground will become sandwiched, as it were—our messages flying over our heads, and our bodies, and goods, and written thoughts, taking their gnome-like ways through the bowels of the earth. There will be three Londons, one in the air—the world of fears, thoughts, hopes, despairs, sudden emotions of all kinds, passing on as viewless as the wind, and as noiseless as an exhalation; one upon the ground, moving upon the surface of the earth, earthy, gross, and slow; and yet another under the earth, swift, noiseless, and mysterious. It would really seem as though the earth's surface were not wide enough for us, invading as we do its deep recesses, and climbing up into and possessing ourselves of another element. We only require aerial navigation to be reduced to a practical working fact to add yet a fourth layer of transit upon the piled-up systems we already possess; and who shall say, in these days, how long that will be wanting?

AUGUST.



T length the sickle's in the wheat;
Rich breadths of grain go down:
Delicious fruit about the street
Is tempting all the town.

The stubble, as it spreads and stretches,
The lordling sportsman cheers—
While down the drills poor famished wretches
Glean a scant crop of ears.

Off from his bill-discounting desk
The millionaire doth hurry,
A-hunting for the picturesque
In Bradshaw and in Murray.

Lifting the silent cottage latch,
Out steals the tender maid,
Half guessing that beyond the thatch
There's some one in the shade.

Her daily work at last is done,
Her daily bread is earned;
And now the hour has just begun
For which her heart had yearned.

Along the rattling line the one
Lolls, glancing o'er his *Times*:
Up the dim heights of hope, alone
With Love, the other climbs.

But, oh! how human things do change!
There's nothing stable here:
It's stuff to think reverses strange,
Or freaks of fortune queer.

The millionaire, before September,
Hath ceased to read and roam;
The firm whereof he is a member
Hath telegraphed him home.

There's change on 'Change; their credit shakes—
Its walls are lath and plaster;
Each partner through the City sneaks,
To stave off the disaster.

But what becomes of village lass?
What of her humble lover?
She only prays that Love may pass
With silvered wings above her.

She keeps her tryst beneath the eaves,
He clasps her to his breast;
And from her rosy lips receives
The vow which makes him blest.

Through seeming troublous prospects gleam
The eyes of maid and lover;
Like stars reflected in a stream,
Which flows rough pebbles over.

She's his! and now he tells the truth
That underlies his passion—
"What! think me poor? a boor, forsooth!
Why, I'm a man of station!

I knew thee first as thy poor guest—
I loved thee as I knew thee:
I set myself thy worth to test,
In peasant guise to woo thee."

So much for August—ere its close
The millionaire stops payment;
While in a chariot churchward goes
The lass in wedding raiment.

And so through life—each millionaire
May trip, and die neglected;
The poor, of reputation fair,
Will live and die respected.

D. P. S.

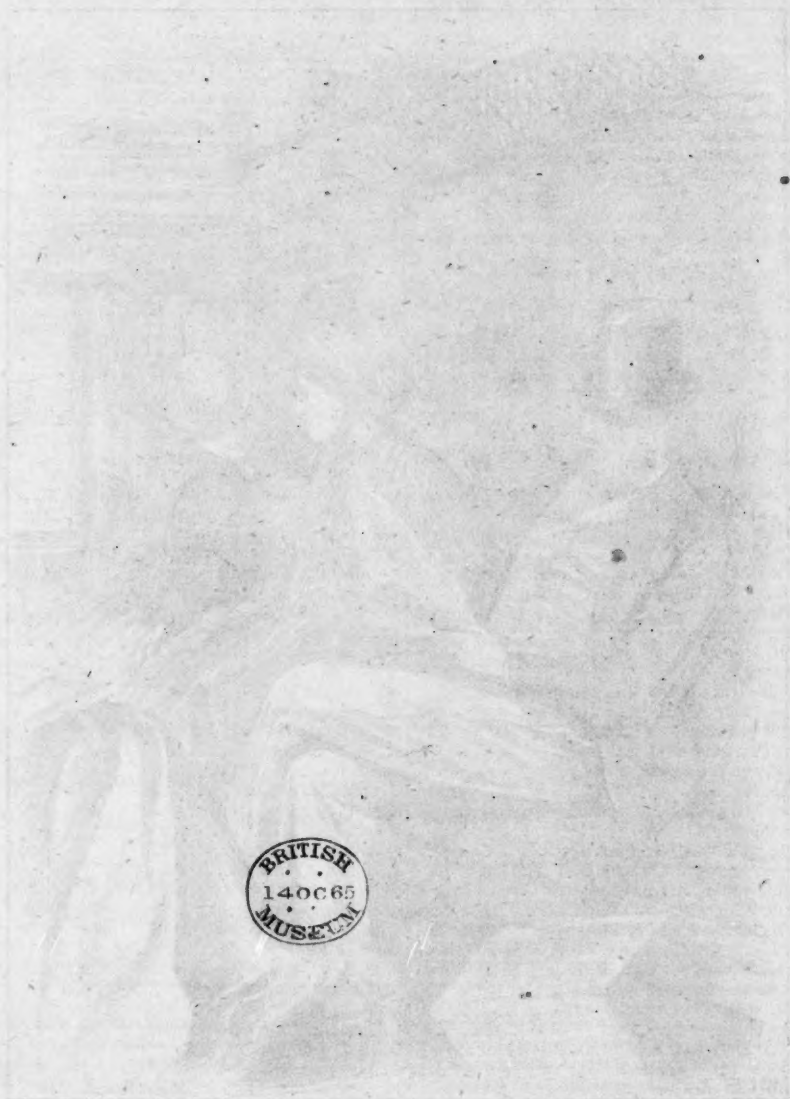


Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.]

[Engraved by R. PATERSON.]

"Along the rattling line the one
Lolls, glancing o'er his *Times*."

See "*AUGUST*," a Poem, p. 491.



ad
ap
tr
fo
Fe
he
fr
dr
al
fin
to
ev
F
M
se
pe
pl
a
no
fo
bu
th
gr
be
th
ta
m
th
te
no
w
la
h
th
m
M
st
fo
h
y
m
p
b
tr

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SELFISHNESS.

FANNY MORTON was one of those free-handed, ready children, who are always willing to share their pleasures and their possessions with others. Indeed, she rather prided herself on not being "mean." If Mary Gray admired some new plaything very much, she was apt to say, "Well, you may have it." This pleasant trait won her many friends. She had quite a name for being generous—and she knew it.

But I have something more to tell you about Fanny before you make up your mind about her.

One day her mother said to her, as she came in from play, "Fanny, here is the hem of your new dress all basted, and I want you to sew it, for I have all the rest to do, and Charlie's new jacket must be finished to night."

"Oh, I don't want to, mother," replied Fanny.

"Well, my child, is that a reason? I should like to rest myself, but I must work all day, and all the evening, too."

"Then why can't Bridget do it?" persisted Fanny; "I don't care for sewing just now."

"Bridget has the house-work to do," said Mrs. Morton.

"Well, I can't sew, I don't know how. You can sew ever so fast," said Fanny, pouting.

But when her mother, with a serious look, repeated, "Take your needle, my child, and be pleasant about it," she slowly obeyed, though with a sullen face, that made her mother's heart ache.

Mrs. Morton was tired out already, and Fanny's not caring to help her, even when the work was for herself, seemed so unloving and selfish, that she burst into tears.

Fanny looked up, but she knew too well what the matter was to ask any questions. She felt guilty and ashamed. But when her mother had begun to sew again, and said, sadly, "Do you ever think that you are selfish, Fanny?" she was quite taken by surprise.

"Selfish! mother. No, indeed! I would not be mean for the world."

Fanny's pride was being terribly taken down by those quiet words. If they had not been half tearful, she would have been angry. It was such a new idea that any one could think her selfish. She, who had never been stingy in her life, or taken the largest half of anything nice! She, who had overheard Miss Russell saying that Fanny Morton was the most generous girl in school!

She sat still, with open mouth, gazing at her mother in blank indignation. "Well," said Mrs. Morton, "I have so much to do, that I can hardly stop to look up. While I was sick the sewing for you all was not touched, and now I have to hurry so, that it makes me almost sick again. But you would rather play all your vacation, than help me an hour or two a day. Play would really be pleasanter to you if you had been working a little, but that you don't know, because you have not tried it. You 'don't care to do it.' You are not

generous to your poor, tired mother, else you would give up your indolent ways."

Fanny answered these closing words, first, with a conscious, and then with a kind of *waking-up* look. "Mother," she began, eagerly, but there her answer stopped. She only took up her sewing, and made her needle fly so fast that no other answer was needed. Mrs. Morton's sad face brightened wonderfully, and has never looked so sad again.

LOST IN A BOG.

PART II.

T length the fox was in the fair open; the hounds were in full cry, but slightly checked, to give Reynard a little law. At last, at full pace they went; the horsemen following after in the highest spirits, encouraging one another as to the good run they were to have. This caused us to forget all our good resolutions. Led on by the enthusiastic spirit of those around us, we followed in their wake. About three miles had been traversed; we had come to a wet marsh. I knew there were swamps around us, I knew there was a dangerous bog near; but I also knew how to avoid the danger. In my enthusiasm for the sport I forgot my poor young friend. The fox now doubled, finding the wind had set in a contrary point, and almost retraced his steps. And now a painful cry reached my ears. The sound was in the direction of the bog, and I felt sure it was that of George. I gave a piercing scream, and looked imploringly upon those around me, and said, "Oh, help him—help him; he is in the bog!"

We all galloped as if by instinct to the spot from whence the wailing cry proceeded, and in the midst of the bog, sinking deep in its bowels, was my pony, his head only being visible above the surface. "George, George!" I cried, and a slight moan reached our ears.

Some half-dozen gentlemen dismounted, leaving their horses to stray where they pleased, and, getting a gate from its hinges, carried it to the spot. The pony was still plunging, but they could not find the boy. What was to be done? One gentleman believed that if we fastened a rope around the neck of the pony, and drew him out, George would come with him. A farmhouse was near, and several persons hastened to obtain ropes. I could do nothing; I ran hither and thither, shouting wildly to others to save him. The ropes were soon there, and a noose was placed over the head of the pony, whilst the girths of the horses were formed into collars, and so attached; then a strong pull was given. The pony was freed, but he came alone. We could not find George.

The farm labourers now made their appearance with spades and shovels; boards were set over the gate, forming a kind of platform. I became nearly mad; I heard the bystanders say that "the poor boy must be dead." I thought if my father were but there, he would think of some



"I don't care for sewing just now."—p. 495.

mode of extricating him—he was so cool and collected in danger. The girths had been taken from my horse, and, of course, the saddle was useless without them; so I mounted bare-backed, and galloped the two miles to the rectory as fast as my steed could carry me. The groom met me at the stable door. I was like a ghost, and my heart too full to speak. I rushed to my father's study—he was there. I flung myself upon my knee, saying—

"Oh, papa; save him—save him!"

"What is the matter, my boy?"

I could say no more; I fainted. How long I remained in that state I know not; but the first thing I heard was my father saying—

"Harry, my dear boy, tell me what it is."

I opened my eyes, and gasped, "George is in the bog!"

A look of calm resignation was on his dear kind face. He seemed to comprehend all in a moment. He gave orders for his horse to be saddled, for the

groom to ride in all haste to the nearest doctors, for the gardeners, the herdsman, and every person that could be found, to hasten to the spot. He merely turned to me and said—

"Is it Nichell?"

"Yes," I said; "oh, save him!"

His lips quivered for a moment, and he then said—

"Stay where you are, my boy, and pray to God that my humble efforts may be successful."

The horse was at the door. My father rode off with all speed, and then a slight hope rushed to my heart, which increased as I fancied him on the spot. The women-servants wanted to soothe me; even my poor mother, forgetting her illness, ran down-stairs, vainly attempting to comfort me. Thus I remained until trampling of feet aroused me. I rushed down-stairs, and saw poor George brought home in a litter.

"Is he dead?" I gasped.

My dear father put his arm upon mine, and replied—

"His heart still palpitates; there is hope."

I would have him brought to my bed. A looking-glass was placed to his lips, and there was a little spot of dulness upon it. Oh! what joy that gave us. Still there was danger—great danger. We thought the doctor so very long; and we blamed the groom that he had not ridden fast enough.

When there was hope of his recovery, the long-pent-up tears came trickling down my face. I sobbed aloud, and as there was fear that if George came to himself and saw this, it might be injurious to him, my father said—

"Go, and look out for the doctor, Harry."

This spurred me up; I thought there was something for me to do, so I rushed down-stairs, and to the lodge gate, as fast as my legs could carry me; but there was nothing to be seen, no trampling of a horse to be heard. Then I ran back to the house to listen for any tidings of the poor patient. After various journeys I was again at the gate, and my ear clearly discerned the gallop of a horse at a distance. I ran up to the hall door, banging everything before me, and shouting at the top of my voice, "He is coming, he is coming!" and then back to the gate I hastened, which I opened long, long before the horseman arrived; but he came at last. I gave him no time to speak, but cried—

"Oh, doctor! be quick; he is so ill!"

The bridle was thrown over the horse's neck, and I dragged the rider up-stairs to my little room. We gave a gentle tap at the door. The doctor alone entered, and I remained outside, my tears so choked my utterance that my pleas for admission were unnoticed, and though listening at the portal, my sobs deprived me of the power of hearing. At length the order was given, "a warm bath;" we had never thought of that before, and the old slipper bath, which had been so long stowed away without employment, was soon sought out. I was an eager carrier of hot water from all the fountains and kettles in the kitchen. The bath was quickly filled, and poor George was placed in it, and now a gentle moan escaped him, so gentle, but so satisfactory to the doctor, that he whispered something to my father, from whose lips I distinctly heard, "Thank God!" Now I took a kind of real, certain hope, and formed the resolution that, with the help of God, I would never again be guilty of disobedience, for all along I felt that this was a just punishment for disobeying my father's commands.

I will not go over the doctor's efforts of resuscitation, nor tell you much about the agonised parents when they arrived at the rectory.

When for the first time I was admitted to see him, I took his hand in mine, poor George raised himself up in bed, and looked wistfully at all of us. His mother pressed her cheek to his, and said, "You know your own mamma?" "Yes," he said, with great effort.

He had spoken: it was but one word, but how our hearts beat for joy! My father now stepped forward, and he said, "You will soon be better, my poor boy." (His father, I should observe, all this time, stood at one corner of the room—he found he would be in the way if he were nearer; but manly tears were chasing each other fast down his handsome face.) "Lie down, George, again; you are too weak at present to sit up. God has restored you to us; and it becomes our duty to return him thanks."

And thus, around my little bed, the whole of us knelt; my father, after saying this, motioning us to do so. And then, at the throne of grace, we poured forth our thanksgiving to that Divine Being to whom alone we were indebted for George's preservation.

I have one or two points to fill up that perhaps the reader may expect of me. I must say—although that would be anticipated—that our New Year's treat never came off; our Christmas trees were neglected, and the house was one of sorrow instead of joy. Some days after the accident I asked my father how George was recovered. He said, when he arrived at the bog, numbers of men were digging away without any one to guide them. They were trying to dive below the spot where the pony was drawn out, but he asked them to desist for a moment, to try and trace whether it was not possible that the boy had jumped from the saddle and struggled on beyond. More gates were obtained, and distinctly visible on the bog were traces of human struggling. Some yards away was a half-decayed tree; and here, resting against it, was a little hand, quite black with the soil it had come in contact with. This was soon seized, and George, apparently dead, was brought out. The reader knows the rest.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"God be merciful to me a sinner."—*Luke xviii. 13.*

TWO men along the pleasant way,
Towards Judah's temple strolled to pray,
Clear in the east was rosy day.

One was a man of world renown,
Who on his fellow-men looked down
With somewhat of sarcastic frown.

And in the folly of his pride,
"I thank thee, God," aloud he cried,
"That I so near to thee abide.

"I thank thee, when compared to me,
That e'en this publican must be
Clothed in inferiority!"

And all the while that grave man stood,
In prayerful and in thoughtful mood,
With others—yet in solitude.

Smiting upon his breast, cried he,
"O God, be merciful to me,
For I have sinned exceedingly!"

And straight his prayers admittance found
Into the heaven's pearl-wrought ground,
With faith and lowly homage crowned.

Oh, children, would you have your prayer,
Soar through the holy, heavenly air,
Take sweet humility so fair;

The grace the Saviour loves to see,
And bending low on contrite knee,
Cry, "God, be merciful to me!"

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE EXPLANATION.

HIS letter," began Sir Henry, "as you will have observed, agrees with some of the evidence of Martha Simpson against me. Alas! the inferences of my beloved wife, which drove her from me, and the other inferences of the witness, Martha, were all mistaken, fatally mistaken.

What they saw and heard was nothing but the distempered fancies of a somnambulist. They were witnesses, simply, of an *acted dream*, and there was no more reality in it than in any other dream. From childhood I have been subject, at times, to that fatal habit of somnambulism, in which I have seemed to enact bodily what others would see only in imagination. But the dreams of my somnambulism, like other dreams, seem ever to take their cue from something that has affected the senses or imagination in waking experience. While still a boy, my imagination was much affected by stories of mysterious murders; and my somnambulist dreams took their colouring thence. When at school, I used to walk, in my night dress, to the edge of a pond, where I asserted in my dreams I had thrown the body of a murdered schoolfellow. By and by, my dreams took another form. I was seen to haunt a spot in the corner of a garden, where I signified I had hidden the gold which I had plundered from some miser's hoard. Later on, I walked nightly to a spot in an old wall where I had 'had a rival immured alive'—I know not how many centuries ago.

"As I grew up to manhood, this disagreeable habit seemed to have left me, and I thought I had completely escaped it, when the disappearance of my servant, William Jones, again seems to have disturbed my imagination, and brought back the old sleep-walking disease. I knew from dust upon my bare feet in the morning, and other indications, that I must have resumed, at times, my old habit; but not till the evidence of Martha Simpson before the magistrates—now still more confirmed by the letter of my poor wife—had I any idea of the fancies which seemed to occupy my mind in those mysterious ramblings. For I never, in the morning, had the slightest recollection of the ideas which had thus controlled me. The sleeping and waking experiences seemed to be two separate and independent existences with no links to connect them. These last somnambulisms seem to have taken their form from the fact of Will's disappearance, joined with the existence of the skeleton in one of the uninhabited chambers of my house.

"As to the skeleton, there is nothing mysterious or suggestive of crime in it. I purchased it, when quite a young man, of a surgeon in Boxley. I then dabbled somewhat in chemistry and anatomy, and I procured the specimen to teach myself the mechanism of the bones. Of course, I never dreamt that it could lead to so fearful a suspicion, or I might long ago have removed it.

"With regard to the clothes of the missing servant, said to have been found beneath a plank in the chamber, I know nothing. Here I see another evidence of a most malignant, and yet, most cunning, conspiracy against me. These clothes must have been placed in that spot by some one who contrived to gain access to the room; and if they are the clothes of the missing man, and he has been murdered, *then the real murderers have placed the clothes there*, and are seeking to put their crime on me.

"Up to the present time I had always believed that Will Jones had left the country; and, to punish the woman, of whom he was so causelessly jealous, had stubbornly refused to give any tidings of himself—for he was of a most violent, jealous, and wilful disposition. But now I begin to suspect that he was really murdered, and that his murderers were Jim Perkins and Richard Emery.

"As to the evidence of the latter, that he came up towards the Hall, and heard voices and groans on the night of the missing of Will, I believe it to be all a tale invented for the purpose. As to the blood upon the gravel, and the body which Martha Simpson saw me carrying up-stairs, the explanation is simply this.

"I had been out very late that evening at the house of my steward, which is, as you know, only two fields away, our business conversations had detained me till nearly twelve o'clock. Mr. Bradshaw, the steward, had accompanied me to the edge of the park, and then returned. When I came up to the front door of the Hall to my surprise I found it open, and supposed the servants had forgotten to fasten it. I was just entering when I heard a groan. I went in the direction of the sound, and there I found our poor valued mastiff, Trusty, lying on the gravel apparently dying. He seemed to recognise me; opened his eyes, feebly licked my hand, gave one gasp, and was gone. I threw my old cloak over him, to protect my clothes if he were bloody, took him up in my arms, carried him into the house, and by the light of the candle, which had been left for me in the lobby, bore him up-stairs. My aim was to try the effects of powerful restoratives which I had in my laboratory. But all efforts were in vain; the dog was dead.

"The next morning I heard that Will was missing; but I never dreamt that any one would suspect me of having a share in his disappearance. It is true Will had been absurdly jealous, because, in the frankness of good humour, I had simply chatted occasionally, for a minute or two, with the pretty daughter of my lodge-keeper, a practice from which I desisted as soon as I found it was the cause of annoyance to her lover. Will had spoken to me, certainly, in a most passionate way, and I had assured him of the groundlessness of his jealousy. It is true that, unconvinced by my assurances, and as if insane with jealousy, he threatened to tell his story of my misdeeds to Miss Careton, to whom I was then engaged. Then, indeed, I was indignant, and in my anger may have threatened him; but my words, whatever they may have been, were simply the words of passion.

"The story which Richard Emery tells of having been out to shoot a dog which had been worrying sheep, and shooting, and afterwards burying, Trusty, is another falsehood, cunningly invented, as I see now in anticipation of my defence, and in order to make my explanation inadmissible. He could not have shot Trusty, for then he was in my old laboratory, the uninhabited chamber, which has been the source of so much mystery.

"In the morning I visited the chamber, and examined the body of poor Trusty. It was clear that he had received a blow on the head. I suspected Will had left the front door open in his passionate haste to leave us, and finding Trusty determined to follow him, had struck him an angry blow.

"It occurred to me to devote Trusty's body to the purposes of science, so I spent the greater part of several days in dissecting him—secretly, for fear of raising the alarm of the servants at my anatomical pursuits—for I frequently dissected there birds, rabbits, cats, &c. In

the evening, it is true, I carried away the softer portions of the body in the way that Martha Simpson describes; and in the same way I finally disposed of the dog's skeleton, finding it unfit for keeping.

"It must have been soon after this event that the somnambulisms began, which have been the source of such misery to me. Some of these, Martha Simpson saw, some were witnessed by my poor wife. Alas! that I could have guessed what was passing in her poor frightened mind; but we—myself and the servants—certainly feared that she was suffering from derangement of brain, so low-spirited, so strange, and different from her old self had she become. It is quite true that we had watched her, and had been afraid of some suicidal attempt. But all is now explained, and my poor darling was driven to death by a frightful delusion.

"Oh, Norton, Norton! I loved that dear mother of yours, it seems to me, as man never loved woman before. I would have given my life to ward grief from her. And the fatal tragedy that robbed me of her, seemed to wrench the best portion of my existence from me.

"And, now, is there any other mystery you would ask me to explain?"

Norton bent his head in shame. "Oh! pardon me," he said, "for my foul suspicions. I see it all now. I see of what a diabolical conspiracy you have been the victim. But oh, sir! why, when I conversed with you at the time I worked for you, why did you so speak and look as to make me think you had the memory of a great crime upon your mind?"

"Why, how did I speak and look?"

"I was saying how difficult, if not impossible, it must be for one who had committed in early life such a crime as murder, ever to rise above it into a noble life; and you first seemed struck by some terrible emotion, and then disputed my position, and asserted that there were other sins great as that of murder."

"Ah, in disputing your first proposition I was only asserting what I believed to be a general psychological truth; but yet, I felt that I *had* morally got over it, and risen above it. Then, in saying there were sins as great as that of murder, I was bitterly thinking of my nephew; it may be yet, more of the terrible time when I lost my wife. Ah! I little dreamt of the interpretation you were giving my words."

"Forgive me, oh! forgive me, my noble father. Oh, God be praised! you are all I craved you to be; yes, I know you are innocent now."

"Thank God for that," said Sir Henry; "then I have indeed found a son." Embracing Norton, he added, "And now tell me how did you come by this document? And how was it that its existence, and your relation to me, were not made known before?"

Norton replied by telling him the history of his birth, the death of his mother, the loss of the document, its re-discovery, and several other facts with which the reader is already familiar.

"It seems," said Sir Henry, when Norton had finished, "as if one were in some strange, mysterious dream. It scarcely seems possible that we are living actors in the midst of this wondrous drama. But, thank God!" continued he, taking Norton by the hands and gazing fondly into his face, "thank God, it is some consolation in the midst of all this trouble to have these tidings of my beloved, my lamented wife, and to know that she did not perish by her own act. It is a consolation, just as a villany seems about to sweep me from the world, to find one who will I believe worthily represent me, and perhaps may vindicate my memory. Norton, my boy, my boy, I'm proud to own you. Hitherto you have fought the battle of life nobly, and I now willingly believe that you have been made fitter for your place and work as my son, by the stern discipline of poverty and homely life, than you might have been by all the education that

wealth could have given you. You must have seen life as it is, in all its naked reality. Pray God that you use your experience to judge and act more wisely than the rest of us. But now to action. Norton, I too surely and sadly feel that scarcely have I found you before I must lose you again. Yes, the meshes of this villany are woven too closely and too cunningly around me to permit of my escape."

"Good gracious!" cried Norton, "do you mean to say that it is possible that one like you can perish, the victim of such wretches as have concocted this plot?"

"Oh, yes; very humiliating, is it not, to be dragged down from one's pedestal and rolled in infamy and then crushed to death by such creatures as these? But so it is—humiliating, and yet possible, to lose one's life by the bite of a mad dog or a venomous reptile. Yes, my lawyer gives me little hope. The circumstantial evidence is so contrived as to be overwhelming, and I have no counter evidence to bring. No, there is but one thing to be done now. It is to own you as my son in the face of the world. Go you at once to Chilton; bring your foster-father and mother here. In the meantime, I will send for Mrs. Purnell's sister from Bath. You shall all meet here to-morrow in the presence of lawyers and magistrates, and the needful formalities shall be executed, and then when I die, there will be one whom I shall not be ashamed, as I once feared I should be (he was thinking of Edgar), to leave in my place."

"Oh, sir! I never thought of this. Oh, I would rather this were not done now—indeed, indeed I would."

"I think I understand your scruples. You are afraid the world may not think you have come to make yourself known to me from the most disinterested motives. I understand you. I do justice to your sincerity. Never mind the world. Go, obey my first command—you see there is nothing else to be done—in justice to me, in justice to your mother, as well as in justice to yourself, and Sir Henry almost pushed Norton from the room.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

NORTON had not been to Chilton for more than three months. Ruth was just sitting down to tea with Betsy when he came in.

"Oh, Norton," said Ruth, after the first warm greeting, "how glad I am to see thee. I was just longing for thee to come to tell us about this terrible job. Oh, Norton, Norton, what does it all mean? Dost think Sir Henry *can* be guilty?"

"No, mother, *I know* he is not guilty any more than I am."

"God be thanked for those words. God be thanked, for I've been almost out o' my senses ever since I heard on't. Oh, it didn't seem possible that such a nice kind-spoken, aye, and kind-doan gentleman as Sir Henry should ever have given way to the temptation of the devil to do such a deed as that."

"No, mother, he is innocent, he is innocent. I tell you, I know it, and I will pledge my life upon it. But where is father—I want him?"

"Here, Betsy, child, run for him. He's only trimming a mow for Farmer Hedges."

Aaron soon came in. "Ah, my boy, thee art a good sight for sore eyes. Thy mother and I were afeard we must have affronted thee, and that thou wasn't comen again."

"You need never have been afraid of that, father," said Norton, in return, "but I have not come to stay long. I must be on my way back to-morrow morning at seven, and I want you and mother to go with me."

"We go with thee?"

"Yes. The secret of my birth is found out, mother. Mrs. Newman was Lady Jordiffe."

"Lady Jordiffe!" they both exclaimed; "wife of Sir Henry?"

"Yes."

This announcement seemed fairly to take away the breath of both Ruth and Aaron. They stared alternately at each other, and then at Norton, with an air of the most helpless bewilderment. Presently Aaron seemed more to realise the situation, and as he spoke, a kind of new and shy respect for Norton was mixed with his old familiarity. He actually, and with a gesture of reverence which would have made Norton ready to cry if it hadn't been so ludicrous as to make him laugh, removed from his head the hat which he had hitherto worn, and cried, "Lord, ha! mercy upon us! To think that! Why, then, thou art, I do mean, Norton, you're—you're Sir Henry Jordiffe's son and heir. Why, I do beg your pardon. You'll—you'll be Sir Norton Jordiffe one of these here days, if thou, I do mean you—Law, my brain is all in a whisp. I don't know what I be a sayen. Only to think that our Norton should come to be a barrow-knight and to live at the great Hall. Well, well, it be all turned upside down."

"Come, come father," said Norton, scarcely able to refrain from laughing at the piteous confusion into which Aaron was thrown, between his new respect and his old habit of familiarity. "You too, mother, once for all, remember this: whatever happens, I am still the same Norton I ever was to you. If I could not hear in your long-familiar words the remembrance of dear old times when I was a boy in this home, I should feel that I had lost those times, and I would not lose them for all that I shall gain; so *thee* and *thou* me, if you please, exactly as you have always done."

"Well, well," said Ruth, "the Lord's ways is wonderful. How *he* brings things round, to be shour. You'll be—"

"Now, mother."

"Well, well, I'll say *thee*, but it don't seem right now. What was I a-saying? Oh, you'll—I do mean *thee* 't be like the son of Jesse, took from his father's sheepfolds to rule the people of Israel. Oh, Norton, Norton, the Lord help thee to rule wisely. I seem to have been a-losing thee ever since thee'st went to Bath, but *now* it seems as if I'd lost thee quite, as if thou werst taken up all above us, far, far out of our reach. Ah, well, the Lord's will be done."

"Mother, mother, don't look at it in this way. Have faith in me."

The evening was passed in chatting about old times and Norton's adventures as a teacher: and Norton retired to the little humble bed which he had occupied when a boy.

In the morning they were all startled by the sudden appearance of Lucy Purnell, who, a few days before, had gone to B— on a visit to some friends of hers—a young couple, who had lately taken "The Pig and Whistle" public-house. Dropping down by the hearth-side, she gasped out, "I'm come back to save Sir Henry Jordiffe."

"Sir Henry Jordiffe!" cried Norton.

"Yes, I've walked all night from B—, eighteen mile or thereabout, since eleven o'clock."

Ruth busied herself to make a cup of tea, and after Lucy had rested a little, and had been refreshed by the tea, she began again—

"Time is short. Norton, you must get a horse and go off to B— as fast as you can ride, and get Jim Perkins and Dick Emery taken up for murder—the murder of Will Jones. They are at the "Pig and Whistle," in Bean Street, and if you make haste, you'll be there before they're up."

"Well, but what evidence is there against them?"

"Their own words. I was staying with my friend Jane at the "Pig and Whistle;" and last evening I saw,

through the window, Jim and Dick coming up the street towards the house. I knew they were witnesses against Sir Henry, and I knew what bad uns they was, and the thought struck into my mind that I might find out some of their tricks by listening to their talk. I went quietly out of the room and slipped down-stairs, and into the back parlour, where I knew Jim Perkins and Dick Emery would be likely to come. I looked about for a place to hide in, and got under the sofy. They would not see me in the dusk, and Jim came and sat on the sofy, and Dick sat at the other side of the table. They got some liquor, and then began to talk in a low voice.

"Jim said, 'Well, Dick, we shall do for the old beggar, Jordiffe, that's pretty clear now. But 'tis wonderful, isn't et, how the old fool has a-helped us himself? Why, if he hadn't a kip that skillinton in the chest, and got this trick of walking in his sleep, we should never have thought of this way of getting a rope round his neck.'

"'Pon my soul,' said Dick, 'sometimes it seems as if the devil has helped us, and that I'm almost afeard.'

"'Pooh, pooh, Dick! thee must have a soft place comming in thy head. Why, you fool, as to religion, why it's just a story invented by the parsons to frighten fools with.'

"Ah, well, I'm not so sure of that, Jim. My mind keeps running on the wonderful way in which things have fitted into one another. And it seems to me, as if something mighty—God or devil—must have had a hand in it. And I tell thee what 'tis, Jim; I don't feel comfortable in my mind, after all, to go against Sir Henry. I don't want more blood on my soul; for somehow, I don't know how 'tis, the last day or two I've dreamed about hell, and I've begun to think that, maybe, *there is one ater all*."

"You fool! do stop thy stupid jaw. Why, thou'rt a regular baby."

"Jim, theest bullied me all my life. I'm tired of it. But for thee, I shouldn't have helped to kill poor Will."

"Why, Dick, we couldn't help it. If he hadn't come just as we were getting into the house, we should have got enough to keep us for many a year. We were forced to give him a tap to meake en hold his tongue."

"Robbery and murder was bad enough," Dick whispered, with a shudder; "but when we buried him at night in the Fairy Slatts, oh, why wasn't thou contented then? Why didst put me up to bamboozle Martha, and get her to let me into the dark chamber, and to get a false key, and put them clothes under the plank—"

"Why? thou know'st why. Because I heate old Jordiffe like peison. And *thou* dost hate him, too, as much as I do. Didn't he turn thee out of thy place, neck and crop, 'ithout a chara'ter? So what dost talk that way for? What's the matter with thee?"

"But Dick went on in his quarrelsome way, as if he didn't take any notice of what Jim said, saying it was stupid to buy old livery clothes of George Burton."

"Burton won't peach, you fool. He won't mind nothing about it."

"Well, then, there's the dog. 'Twas thou that put et into my head to tell the lie about en, and say I'd killed and buried en. It runs in my mind that it won't turn out so clever after all. Somehow or other, I feel sure the lawyers 'll get at the truth. Oh, Jim, thou'rt mighty cute, thou art. Thou'lt cheat thyself 'tis my belief."

"And so Dick went on grumbling, in his half-drunken, frightened, quarrelsome way; Jim seeming to try to pacify him, as if he were afraid to cross him."

"I hardly dared to breathe all the time I had been under the sofy. Many a time I had wanted to cough, but I stifled it, though it almost smothered me; I knew Jim would murder me if he caught me. But when they were gone, I crept out, and with all speed started for Chilton."

(To be continued.)

A WORD UPON SOWING.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



HOPE the worthy printer will be careful to insert the O instead of the E in the above word. The only sewing with which I am acquainted is that of stitching articles for press together; and as for you, dear lady readers, the machines are terribly destructive in the domain of the stitching department. I am not about gratuitously to advertise any one's machines; for, as you know well, the columns of the journals have settled, once and for ever, that every metal stitcher is a winner. If each has not a prize medal—the M.A. of sewing machines—at all events, the multitude possess the A.A. of honorary mention. Let it be understood, therefore, that it is an O and not an E. Think not that the writer desires to press the matter too earnestly. It is said that a youthful aspirant to fame, in one of our provincial newspapers, forwarded his maiden poem, which was promised an early appearance. It were imaginary to say how much or how little he slept on the night of publishing; or how many friends he told the matter to in quiet; nor how damp the broadsheet was when he fetched it from the printer's, and hurried off without waiting for the change. Now, a little mistake occurred—a very little one, indeed—but it was all-sufficient to mar the thrilling beauty of the poem. You know well in writing—and if you were a press-man, and had to read certain people's writings, you would know still better—that a manuscript *r* is not very unlike another letter called *n*. The unlucky author discovered that simple mistake. But, then, alas! for the sentiment. I remember that there was something about dew-drops, and “freshly blown roses;” surely it was not a very wicked fault to put the *n* instead of the *r* in the last word. But, then, “*noses*,” instead of “*roses*!” Pity then, dear reader, the rising fame which was slain, not by an epigram, but by a printer's simple erratum. Of course, it was of no use to print in the next number: “In the poem last week on ‘Spring,’ for *noses*, read *roses*.” I am sure, therefore, you will forgive the earnestness with which I repeat to the overseeing press-man, make it an O.

It may be suggested to me that this is reaping-time, and that the article is rather out of place; that the golden corn has just been gathered in, and the time of the harvest has come and gone. This is very true; but, says Thomas Carlyle, “Every beginning holds in it the end, and all that leads thereto; as the acorn does the oak and its fortunes:” solemn enough, did we think of it. Sowing and reaping are inseparably connected, and it is not only allowable at this season, but it is philosophical and Scriptural, to look back to beginnings, and think of the corn of wheat when it was put into the ground, and must first die before it send forth a new life of green blade and golden ear. I am convinced that the law, “As we sow we reap,” not only applies to matters of sin and salvation, but to the every-day duties and relationships of life.

As we sow we reap in the circle of the humani-

ties. If men keep isolate from others, others will keep isolate from them. If they sow distrust and dislike of their fellows, they will reap distrust and dislike in a more abundant harvest than they ever dreamt of. If you sow pitchforks, you will reap pitchforks; and having cast others on the refuse land of disdain, that is not only probably, but certainly, the delightful spot towards which a retributive society will be pleased to toss yourself. Kindly men do not want for a harvest of consideration. If they sow wise commendation, righteous praise, and tender pity, a rich dew of blessing will rest on their hearts, and a rich harvest of reward greet their eyes. Men who sow suspicion reap suspicion; men who sow sarcasm reap sarcasm: whereas he who cheereth others shall be made happy himself.

But the law is not only that I shall reap what I sow, but according to the measure of my sowing: “He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully”—that is, I shall reap, not only according to the *nature*, but according to the *measure* of my sowing. Some people complain of their treatment by their fellows: they are hurt by neglect, chilled by indifference, wounded by some slight. Most probably, though they do not see it, their treatment explains themselves. They see their own face in that glass. Is it not true that the great fault-finders of society—those who never have attentions enough, visits enough, courtesies enough, and who bemoan their treatment in general—are themselves always pondering the world's relation to them, and not their relation to the world? Meditation would at once show them how sparingly they have helped, sustained, visited, quickened, and strengthened others. Liberally sow kind attentions, generous helpings, and cheery benedictions, and you will reap also liberally: tenfold into your own bosom will come all the love, the praise, the trust, the help, the sympathy. Faster than your sickle can sweep down the harvest will it grow in golden beauty before your eyes. As of good, so of evil. If you are fond of word-archery, and like to shoot little steel arrows at your brother's reputation,—if, as Matthew Henry says, you would rather lose a friend than lose a jest,—if you have no eye to see the excellences, no heart to share the successes, and no voice to welcome the victories of your brother, then you will reap as liberal a harvest of contumely and sorrow yourself. Your own treatment will be abundantly explained in your treatment of your brethren in the world.

The principle we are contending for—I scarcely like the phrase, though: it reminds one of some of the preachers in the last century, who used to play at ninepins with exploded errors, and set up some dummy difficulties to have the pleasure of knocking them all down under three divisions. Shall we not therefore say, “the principle we are treating of?” No; that is rather like the lecturer in the country town-hall, explaining their digestive systems to sixteen alarmed rustics. Well, shall we try the old Scotch sermonical phrase of “opening up?” No;

that has a kind of uncomfortable, operative feel about it, and makes one think of hospitals and dissecting rooms. Shall we try, "the principle we are illustrating?" No; one cannot help being reminded of the Astronomical Lecture at the Dunderhead Literary Society, where what is called an "orery" is the puzzle of the audience. "Which do go round?" says rustic A to rustic B. "I think the earth goes round the sun," says A. "And I think the sun goes round the earth," says B; when rustic C relieves their difficulty and settles their dispute by declaring, "It's sometimes one and sometimes t'other." No, not "illustrated." Well, then, to save further time, "the principle we are stating;" but that is a most uncomfortable reminder of the rule of three, a tear-besmeared slate, and an afternoon headache at school. "The principle we are dealing with," then? No, never; there is, in such a phrase, a most dispiriting sensation of selling a hat to a Jew. Reader, forgive the abruptness of the moral, but we specify these to cure ourselves—probably, you need no such curing—of the whole vocabulary of "treatings," "dealings," "illustrations," and "openings up." The principle, then, that we reap as we sow is true in the circle of the duties. Certainly, a man's success is very much to be measured by his devotion to duty. Making all allowances for what is called misfortune or chance, men generally get the reward that is due. True, indeed, it is that, seen in the distance, many a man seems to us to have won the heights of his position by a few bold strokes; but the nearer you approach, a study of his life-history will show you his endless attention to little things. He has never neglected even the minutiae of duty. As a physician, he has attended to his earlier practice with unvarying courtesy and untiring zeal. As a lawyer, he has been as heedful of the case of the poor client as of the rich. As a clergyman, he has been as assiduous in his parish visitations as in his pulpit services, studying not only the "fathers" of the Church, but also the "mothers" of the parish. As a writer, he is not above writing six times over his elaborate production, and by dint of compression squeezing the sixty pages into sixteen at last. The man who sows time, talent, thought, prudence, wisdom, unsparingly in the field of duty will reap a rich reward. Flights of so-called genius—the spasmodic efforts of an else dilatory life, will only balloon men up into a moment's notice, to drop into a cold rough sea of forgetfulness afterwards. Men who fail have often been very sparing of themselves; they have put other watchmen where their own eyes ought to have been; used others' muscles, instead of the bonnie ones in their own possession, and have slept in careless indulgence, whilst the great machine of duty has been idly worked by other hands, and got terribly out of gear, as all such machines invariably do. The law, too, holds good in the sphere of moral and spiritual life and labour. If men sow to the flesh, they reap its harvest—shame, sorrow, remorse, death. If men sow to the Spirit, they reap as they sow, and very much according to the measure of their sowing. The fact of spiritual influence, of the necessary descent of the Holy Spirit, does not militate against the law at all. God does not bless our idleness but our industry. You remember that it was once said sneeringly to a scholar, "God can do without your learning, brother;" the reply being, "And most surely He

can do without your ignorance." the fact being that the Great Lord of All works by the wisest and the best adapted means. It is the steward who is faithful that is proved worthy. It is he who works in the vineyard that gains the evening reward. Labour, not laziness, is the condition of the Divine benediction. As servants of Christ, men may only do what they are obliged to do; or what is expected of them, or what others do; but we can all remember one of whom it was said, "She hath done"—not according to the law of expediency or expectancy—but "she hath done what she could." That Christian church will be the most successful in the Master's mission where there is the running over of the wine of a most devoted love, where there is the most generous self-abnegation. The church that will secure the richest harvest is assuredly not the one whose ecclesiastical polity is nearest to correctness, but whose Divine energy is likeliest to the Lord's. Let there be but the casting in of the seed of the kingdom by the wayside of ordinary life, on the hill-tops of our Bethanies, by the well of Sychar, as well as in the Temples of our Jerusalem. Many men around us in this day, reader, are sowing liberally. Think of the ministers and missionaries of all Christian churches, and the land they are taking possession of for Christ; think of the noble example of London's earnest bishop, of whom we may be proud indeed, and then you will breathe a prayer on the sowers' heads, and follow them in their work with gifts and blessings.

The unsparing sowers in the fields of duty have been, on the whole, the liberal reapers; the dew has descended and the rain has rested most on the richly-planted ground. Abroad and at home, the Divine law of compensation has been fulfilled. I may be arrested by the voice of a doubter; he questions the principle, because he cannot see the far-reach of the operation of the law. So far as character is concerned, the harvest in the soul comes to us at once; the Christian sower has his reward in a good conscience. So far as the result of his work is concerned, I am willing to admit that delays do seem often to occur. What of that? It is the sower's own harvest still. The converts in India are not less those of Henry Martyn because he so early slept the sleep of death. The South Sea Christians are not less those of Williams because he died on the morning of success. The emancipated slaves of Jamaica are not less those of Knibb because, in the noonday of life, his Master said, "Come up hither." For the harvest to be *ours*, it is not necessary that we be spared till the fields are white. In life or death, time or eternity, the reaping will be the sower's own: "Lord, here am I, and those whom thou hast given me."

This principle is true in the circle of the liberalities. Stingy people come to be treated stingily. When the lady of the house gets an advantage in a bargain with the dealer, she is no real gainer; he knows how to take her the next time—an advanced price must meet her beating-down temptations. As we sow we reap. If I pay the cabman sixpence extra, on the next wet night I have not to hail him twice; and, on the other hand, if the old lady sends her page off in a huff, he takes it out of her by leaving her favourite tabby in the cistern. Somehow or some way there is a law of compensation everywhere. I certainly find it in human life; and

is it not in the Divine philosophy of the Bible? "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him: but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it. He that diligently seeketh good procureth favour: but he that seeketh mischief, it shall come unto him." The law of compensation in the case of liberality is true in every state of society. I have referred to cabmen and servants; I am sure it applies to clerks and employes everywhere. Treat them liberally, and you will gain in work done, and in the cheerful spirit in which it is done: "The liberal soul shall be made fat;" and in this sense I hope you will be a very fat reader indeed.

When you have written a good many papers, you will soon come to know—like my friend's pony, who trotted me over to the Hayes station the other day—when it is time to stop. I do not say that "Black-lop," with his blinkers on, sees the wayside; but perhaps he counts the steps, and knows how many go to

the mile; or perhaps it is instinct. Be it so; and instinct says, "You have got to the terminus." I cannot close without quoting the words of Emerson on the Law of Compensation, applying, as they do, to sowing and reaping:—"If the Government is cruel, the Governor's life is not safe; if you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing; if you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict." Thus even Governments sow as they reap. We may surely see this lesson illustrated by a study of the Continent, whilst we rejoice in the harvest of blessing which years of wise government have provided for this dear native land. As we sow we reap: and if I sow a longer paper, I shall reap the inattention of the reader. You may be no farmer, but for all that I wish you a good harvest time: yes, even here on earth a harvest of love, and trust, and blessing; and hereafter, in the higher life of heaven, the richer harvest of God's "Well done!"

LEAVES FROM MY INDIAN NOTE-BOOK.

BY CAPTAIN MEADOWS TAYLOR, AUTHOR OF "TARA," "CONFESSIONS OF A THUG," ETC.

NO. VII.

I AM afraid we should stay too long if we went into the grain market, where there are piles of excellent red and white wheat, jowarce (*Holcus sorghum*), with grains glistening, as the farmer says, like pearls—and, indeed, it has been wonderfully saved; bajree, or millet, and a host of other grains and pulse, of various qualities, which are also being cleared away. Among the grain dealers are some Brinjarrees, who are large purchasers, and carriers, and will take all they can get for the market at A—; or they may be buying it to take down to the coast, to barter for salt, which they will bring up in return, as their ancestors have done for centuries and centuries. Some of their women are with them, noble and graceful figures they are, wearing a petticoat of coarse green or blue stamped cloth, very full in its gathers, and a quilted boddice which meets the petticoat at the waist, and ties behind, and a printed cotton scarf over the head and shoulders. The petticoat is trimmed with rows of grey-coloured cloths, or chintz, silk and ribbon, so is the boddice and scarf. The arms are covered from wrist to armpit with ivory rings, increasing in size as they go up, and the earrings and hair ornaments clustering round the face, and tied to the long ringlets and elf locks, give a peculiarly wild effect to the handsome faces. A most picturesque costume it is, to which the power of Phillip alone of modern painters could do justice. This grain market would furnish matter for an article in itself, if I were to enumerate the different kinds, their modes of cultivation and uses; their prices and the strange revolutions which occur in them. When money was scarce in India, and population scanty, I can remember grain selling at 160 pounds weight for two shillings, which now sells at quadruple the price. Such is the effect of peace, security, and material wealth, under English rule. What a trade has arisen in oil seeds! France, Russia and England all have

agents here, even at this little out-of-the-way Deccan village; and the heaps of linseed, rape, colza, and other kinds are already bought and paid for.

Vegetables have mostly disappeared; but there are still some cartloads of pumpkins, and gourds, carrots, and onions in ropes, with limes for pickling, and good housewives are now laying in their stock for the year's consumption. Not much fruit is there in the garden bazaar, and the best of it is gone; guavas, pomegranates, and plantains are the best. We are not in a fruit country, except for mangoes, and they are not yet in flower. Sweetmeats, of course! Could there be a bazaar without them? Piles of all sorts, and good mothers stuffing their children with them, as they do in other places we know of, and as precious to the consumers as those are in Regent Street or the Boulevards. And toys? To be sure, sweetmeat and toy stalls go together: and such toys! windmills, and whistles at the end of sticks, peg-tops, marbles, kites, swords and shields, tin trumpets and flageolets, carts, wonderful clay bullocks, horses, and elephants, gaily painted. And dolls? Wonderful dolls are these, cloth, wood, clay; well-dressed, ill-dressed, or not dressed at all; but still dolls, which will be precious to small possessors, and will be married, feasted, and go through mimic lives, to the ineffable solace and delight of those who have adopted them. As I have said before, oh, wonderful and benign mystery of dolls! common to all nations and peoples, after the same yearnings and instincts of humanity. Look at that group; a man, a woman, and two children, a girl of six, and a boy of four. The girl has her choice of the dolls, and she points shyly to one with a wooden face, coarsely painted, with a gilt nose. This is a man doll; and to another made of rag, with long, almond-shaped eyes sown in black silk, a triangular dot for a nose, and a black line for a mouth. This will be his wife; and when she gets them home, she and all her friends will

have a grand betrothment and marriage under the big peepul-tree, and mother will give some sugar to make a feast with. But the boy is sorely puzzled; the wealth of toys is too great. He wants everything; but gets a sword and shield, which are tied on there and then; a horse, which is a stick with a clay horse's head stuck on to it, and a string to hold it by; then a stick (with a whistle at the end of it) to beat the horse with, and the urchin is set up. Don't you suppose that the man and woman who own these children, look on them—the one hugging her treasures to her breast, and the other prancing along astride on the stick, scarcely able to balance the heavy turban on his head, or to put aside the skirts of his muslin tunic—with as much love and complacency as you, sir or madam, my reader, do your own?

"It will be late," says the Patell, "and my lord must see the players." And we are led to a clean-swept platform a little elevated above the ground, on which is a carpet and several chairs for guests, and we take our seats, as do all who can leave their shops or purchases. I am afraid we hinder business, but that can't be helped now.

Before us a space has been partly swept, and a tight-rope is pitched over stout bamboos set up crosswise; at one end of the rope is a tall bamboo, about thirty feet high, secured by rope stays, like a flagstaff. Our friends the athletes are present, drumming horribly upon half a dozen sonorous drums, and the old beldame comes forward and makes a speech, screaming whatever it may be, but no one can hear. At last, we see a man go forward, and put down two little straws into a heap of dust, sloping upwards; and one of the girls, after a few somersaults, turns back till her hands touch the ground, and, as she moves her feet in time to a droning chant, advances backwards till the points of the straws touch her eyeballs; she then closes her eyes on them, and rises, holding them in her eyes, amidst the applause of the spectators. A clever piece of gymnastics, certainly. After her, other girls and boys tumble over each other, make double somersaults in leaps, their arms and legs are tied in knots, and they roll over and over like balls.

"Now, Rama," says the Patell to the head man, "don't be lazy. Where are the swords? Do the fish-dance for my lord and these gentlemen."

"My lord," replies the man to us, "it's dangerous, and if—"

"You'll fill his mouth with gold mohurs," cries the old woman, "won't you? Never mind if he's killed: isn't his life yours?" So she pats the man on the back, who is truly a fine figure—a clean-limbed, powerful fellow, with a chest and arms of great strength and beauty. Now swords are gathered from the spectators, a ring is formed by several ranks sitting down. The gipsy and his mother arrange the swords edges upwards, and supported by the points and hilts, in no particular figure, and leaving space between each sword. There may be twenty or more laid out, and all the edges are sharp as razors. When this is complete, the gipsy touches his mother's head and feet, salutes his brethren, who are drumming furiously, throws some dust to the four quarters, rubs some on his chest and arms, and then goes down on his hands and feet, and makes his first spring into the centre of the swords—a beautiful leap—alighting on his hands and

feet very lightly, and supporting himself on the tips of his fingers and toes. Now he raises himself up, makes another salute, and placing himself as before, springs hither and thither, backwards, forwards, sideways, round and round, just clearing the upturned edges of the weapons at every bound, in a wonderful manner. Sometimes two or three swords are under him at once, and by any false step he would be horribly cut; but eye, hand, and muscle are in true accord, and when with a great bound outwards he clears everything, and makes a graceful salute as he rises, we think we have never seen anything cleverer; and the old mother wipes the sweat from his brows, passes her hands over his face and body, and cracks her knuckles against his temples, and hugs him in a hearty embrace; after which she appeals lustily to us for "rings of gold—a chain of gold for his neck!"

"No, no," says the Patell, "not yet; he has promised the rope."

"The rope! the rope!" cry hundreds of voices, "Jey Rama! bravo, Rama!" and the man sets to work. A donkey from the common is caught, and its four legs tied together; two baskets are rigged up with ropes, one of the gipsy lads is put into one, and a girl and a dog into the other, these are tied to the end of a pole, which will be used to balance himself with. The donkey, just as it is, is hung at his back—his head appearing between its legs and belly—and he goes on steadily to the end of the rope, up which he walks; and when he reaches the level portion, takes his balancing pole and proceeds. He can't dance, for the weight is too great; but he balances himself on one leg, sits down, gets up, pretends to totter and stumble, to the immense delight of the crowd, and so reaches the other side, slides down the incline, and comes on to make his salaam, amidst "thunders of applause." Just as he has done this, one of the girls goes up the high pole, hand over hand, to the very top, takes a brass plate from her girdle, adjusts it on the top, and then proceeds to lie down upon it, her face downwards, and her hands and feet stretched out in the air. But this for a moment only, to try her balance; she then gives herself a twist with her hand, and flies round and round in a frightful manner, but with the utmost confidence; and having released herself, slides down nimbly; and the whole company marches forward with the plate, amidst another furious drumming for largesse. This we give; but for the gipsy there is a turban and scarf of honour, and a garland of flowers; these we put on amidst the acclamations of the people, and his old mother leads him away exulting.

"Please, sir, I'm a very poor old man; won't you see my monkeys perform?"

"Oh, my lord, that your wealth, and honour, and life may increase," says a meek-looking Mahometan, with a long white beard, who has drawn up his little party, and having made his salaam, pulls on his companions. There is a he-goat, with a monkey dressed fantastically, riding on his back, on one side; a female monkey on the other, with a woman's dress on; and a young one, which is perched on the man's shoulder, and is clawing at his beard.

"Make salaam to the lord of the two worlds," cries the man to his pets: and the goat nods his head and stamps with his foot; the male and female

monkeys lift their hands to their heads, and a paw of the little one is lifted to its nose by the man, who sits down, and the play begins.

The old man has a certain dry humour about him, and his dialogue is delightfully absurd. The husband and wife discuss conjugal affairs, sometimes after rather a free fashion, but not too free for the audience; and it would seem by their actions as if they understood what was being said for them: "She has no clothes nor jewels; other wives have them. Does not he give them to — and —?" &c. She is jealous, and sulks. No, she won't be comforted; beats the child and pushes it away. My lord tries to coax her—in vain; to scold her, but gets more than he expected: and the mutual gabble of tongues is capital. He flings a dirty rag to her, with his opinion that it's good enough for her; the lady retaliates by scratching his face. He then beats his wife with a stick, the showman trying to prevent him, and finally kills her, and she lies without motion. He takes the child to her, but it is of no use; then, like Mr. Punch, struts about and brags. The master acts as policeman, and there is a scene. Madam comes to, and it is her time now. Paterfamilias is humble, and will do as she pleases; new clothes, new jewels, and a palanquin to ride in! Finally, he must go to the wars—mounts his charger, the goat, and canters round and round. Then there is the return home, rejoicing, and husband and wife together hold out the plate for largesse, and the curtain, as it were, drops on the little play. Enough! Every one rises, and so do we. And now evening is closing in, and the air grows chill as the dew falls. The smoke is hanging low over the fields, and the cattle are coming in from the grazing grounds to the cows' pasture, and one by one, or as it may be, straggling to their homes in the village. Some of the tents are being struck, and beasts loaded; oxen yoked to carts, and there will be a bright moon, and a merry ride homewards. By and by lanterns will be lighted among the tents, and the police will establish a guard there for the night, and our

village and our encampment will lie in quiet rest till the morning.

Have I made anything about this Indian village intelligible to you, my reader? Can you understand that these people are reasonably intelligent, reasonably civilised, and have arts, employments, cares, and joys much like ourselves, and that they are not barbarians? It was only a few days ago that I was showing some of the beautiful works of Indian art in the Dublin Exhibition to a lady who seemed curious about them, a stranger to me. When I had done, she said, "Oh, dear, sir! and to think on all these beautiful things having been done by Indian barbarians." I believe she said it honestly, and that she believed the artisans who had woven cloths of gold and silver, who had made the gorgeous enamels which Europe cannot equal in colour or quality, and set the gems which sparkle there, were, after all, barbarians, with painted faces, shouting occasional war-whoops, and, when they could, scalping their enemies; and I believe that countless numbers of our fellow-countrymen and women think the same. Yet we have held India more than a hundred years, and though the joys and sorrows of thousands and thousands of our nation have been and are bound up with it, no one seems to care very much to have their preconceived conventional notions disturbed. They are content to know that William, or Charles, is well at an out-station up country, without caring to know what he does, or by whom he is surrounded; that Emma is bringing home the children next cold weather. If either come, they will tell nothing; they are too glad, perhaps, to get away—know very little themselves, or think that what they do know need not be told: who cares? and so they are silent. And yet, if such persons would or could speak out, could tell of the people they have lived among, and make their lives and characters familiar to their own circles, would not much ignorance be dispelled? Such, at least, has been the object of this little series, and will be that of any other of the Leaves from my Indian Note-Book.

THE TWO GRAVES.

I.



HEY stand on the deck of the sea-bound ship;
The sun shines bright from a cloudless sky;

He is young in years, she is fair in face;
She is clinging close to his last embrace;
His hot tears fall till her pale cheek burns;
She whispers softly that, when he returns,
They'll part no more till they die.

II.

His grave is made in the wandering waves—
The bright stars blink from the vaulted sky;

The tangled sea-wrack weaves his shroud,
And high o'er his head floats the fleecy cloud.
No friend was near to sing his dirge,
But the ceaseless waters plash and surge,
And the wild winds his requiem sigh.

III.

Her grave is hid in the haunts of men—
The morn looks down from a troubled sky;
A ghastly marble marks her rest,
A cold white stone above her breast.
It something tells to the looker-on
Of a lovely life untimely gone,
Of a severed cord which none can tie.

THE LAMP AND THE WILLOW.



HE day was gone; it had had its portion—its portion of toil, and unrest, and care, and woe. Night had come, chill, dark night, and had brought stillness with it. Rain slowly travelled on black cloud-wings, and fed the weary earth as it journeyed, and the earth drank in the rain with a sound as of a sleepy babe feeding at its mother's breast.

On the edge of a wood, and overhanging the high-road that ran along the woodside, stood an aged willow, that for many a year had basked in the sun, and swayed in the breeze, and bent to the storm; and, meanwhile, had struck its roots deeper and further under the soil, and above it had grown higher and broader, and of nobler dignity. Winter was nigh; already many fallen leaves strewn the ground, and as the old willow-tree looked on them by the light of a road lamp close by, it shivered and sighed, and a rustling moan passed through its boughs.

"What a life is mine!" it said. "In summer time, when the sun shines, and Nature is gay, and all things are pleasant, and the birds sing, and flowers bloom, I, too, am at my best, and I, too, am of some use in the world. Then I am clad in beauty, my leaf bursts, and spreads, and covers me; men gaze at and admire me, birds cluster in my branches, myriad insects float around me, children play beneath my grateful shade in the hot afternoon; and when the evening star sparkles in the firmament, I have watched more than one fair girl blush and tremble with a new-born joy at being told she is the light of her lover's eyes, the hope of his life, the love of his heart, and his dream of bliss. But winter comes, and I die: my beauty perishes, my boughs hang gaunt and naked, and are the defenceless sport of cruel winds, the helpless victims of sharp frosts. The birds have flown away, the children are sheltered in happy homes by warm hearthstones, and the lovers have forsaken me. In my old age too—woe is me!—were I even that lamp-post I should not be so utterly useless and neglected."

The light in the lamp flickered, and shone, and rose higher, and it found a tongue, and it uttered a bright saying:—

"Who art thou that replest against God? It is he who hath fashioned thee and given thee thy work. To one he appointeth one form of service, to another a differing one, to 'every one severally as he will'; and he desireth that we obey the 'I will' of his providence, and in *whatsoever* way of life and work our duty lie, in that way we be 'content to do his will,' and to do it uncomplainingly—yea, with hearty cheerfulness, and our whole strength."

"But mine, through the long winter, is nothing but a weary, weary waiting for summer!" said the willow-tree.

"They also serve who only stand and wait," replied the lamp.

"But, in my old age, for solitude and suffering to come upon me!" said the willow.

"Sometimes for old age He reserveth his severest trials," answered the lamp.

"But why should this be my portion?" asked the willow.

"God 'giveth not account of any of his matters,' 'his footsteps are not known,'" replied the lamp. "And yet, now and then, here and there, by searching, we may find some traces of them. One night you slept, but I kept watch, and a man, poor, homeless, hungry, stood beneath my light. He looked at the last coin he possessed, and I heard him say, 'After this, starvation, or the workhouse, unless God will be so good as to give me again health and strength;' and then he sighed bitterly. I think he would have wept, but tears came not, it seemed as if he had wept them all before. His eyes fell on one of your broken branches that lay on the path; from it he raised his head, and looked at you; and after gazing awhile, a smile dawned in his haggard face. 'God is good,' he said, 'he *will* help me; he reneweth the beauty of that leafless tree. Even in this life are there resurrections from want and misery to hope and happiness; and *beyond*, there is the resurrection to eternal life.' And the man went on his way, gladdened and hopeful, to meet the morrow."

"I never knew this," said the willow.

"We do not always know when we do best service," answered the lamp. "And what if you *do* suffer in your work—is not suffering good? Is not endurance a noble quality? Is not patience needed that one be what one ought to be? Do you not desire to be perfect? Then 'let patience have her perfect work, that you may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.' In the long, weary loneliness of your winter sufferings, you *gain* good and you *do* good: what more can a servant of the Most High desire than so to glorify his master?"

"You enlighten me," said the willow.

"When friends are nigh, and creation smiles, and you are happy, you may be about your appointed work; but in the solitude, and gloom, and storm of winter, you may be on higher service, though it be only standing, and waiting, and enduring."

"I had feared my winter's work was nothing," said the willow.

"Oh! aged willow, is it nothing that through the rolling years of your life past you have died to mortal eye, and yet have lived? Is it nothing that, poor, storm-tossed thing, shorn of beauty, bereft of active usefulness, and forgotten of men, you have in spring revived, that this 'living dying' has passed away, and fullness of life has stirred within you, and covered you with the tokens of its glorious resurrection presence? Oh, willow! one who can testify as thou hast done to the fearful and unbelieving of the sons and daughters of men, of the unchanging faithfulness of Him with whom they have to do, need never mourn—nay, should rather be thankful and glad of heart."

A tremor of grateful joy thrilled through the willow branches, and the aged tree bowed still lower its drooping head beneath the rain clouds from heaven that overhung it. "I am content to do thy will!" was the almost inaudible speech that its voice uttered.

"Yea, be that thy cry till 'the winter be past, and the rain over and gone,' and the shadows flee away," whispered the lamp, and its flame lowered, and it spoke no more.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE TRUANTS.



T was on a bright and glorious summer morning, that two little girls, far down in the sunny south, left their homes for the general school. They were cousins and neighbours, but they had left very different homes—one from the fresh, warm embrace of a loving mother, who prayed God's blessing on her child as she bade her go

and be attentive to all her teacher told her. The other left with unwashed face, and the smarting pain of a heavy blow from an angry mother, who bade her get out of her way, and keep there,—sullen looks, pouting lips, and tearful eyes; but on little Mary went, as if glad to escape from the constant bickerings of a mismanaged home, and by the time she had reached the lower market-place, her bad humour was gone, the blow forgotten, and the fault not cared for. There she met her cousin Jane, who had gone on to school a nearer way. Scarcely had they bid each other good morning, when they heard far in the distance the "Fresh ahoy! fresh ahoy!" They stood and listened; again it was repeated; and "Fresh ahoy! fresh ahoy!" was echoed by the boys on shore, and re-echoed by those in the town, and then there was a run to the shore.

"There is mackerel caught," said Jane to her cousin; and her eyes glistened with delight.

"So there is. I wish I was on the beach, for I never saw them land mackerel. Let us go and see them. The sun shines so brightly! how they will sparkle! Do, Jane, let us go;" and as she tried to pull her cousin along, she laughed and said, "No one will know, and it will be such fun; come, Miss Prude."

"No, I will not go," said Jane, pulling her dress out of Mary's hand. "God would know, if no one else did; and mother would be very angry, so would our teacher; and, besides—"

"Now, Jane, it will not take us long. Our teacher need not know, and as for my mother, I don't care. I shall not tell her, for she beat me this morning because I upset the tea-pot and broke it, and it was her own fault."

"Mary, you should not talk in that way; if you loved your mother in the right way you would not."

"Well, then, I won't—only come."

"No, I will not go, Mary; and if you are so foolish, I cannot help it. I shall go to school, and so, good-bye;" and away Jane ran.

For a moment Mary stood hesitating, but her worst feelings conquered, and then she turned and ran with all her might down South Street; but by the time she got there, all the fish was landed, and a great part taken away. Oh! how much she wished she had not come, but gone with Jane to school. More she thought, and more she grieved, until she quite trembled with fear, and murmured to herself, "I will go back and tell my teacher. But no, I shall be too late, school will be over; so I will wait awhile, and then go home, and mother will not know but I have been to school

all right: that will be the best way; and I shall never do so again, I am sure."

So she sat down on the pebbly beach of B—, gazing on the bright blue waves as they came dancing out on the shore, then slowly returned to the great deep with that murmuring sound which no tongue shall define.

When she had sat almost as long as she thought necessary in order to carry out the deceit she had been contemplating, and was preparing to take her departure, two boys passed her who had been helping to land and sort the mackerel. They stood and looked at her, for they were neighbours' children.

"Mary," said one of them, "we are going to have a row on the water; will you go with us?"

"No, I cannot; it is nearly dinner-time—at least, it will be by the time I get home."

"Nonsense! You will be home as soon as we shall, and we shall be home by dinner-time; besides, you know, you are playing truant, so you may as well have a little pleasure as not."

A burning blush suffused Mary's cheek, and the words she had stifled so long at last found utterance, "I wish I had not come!"

"But you are come, so enjoy yourself, and don't be silly, it is of no use; besides, you have the time to spend."

"Come, Tom, don't stop talking there, or we shall have no time for a row," called out Harry. So Tom took hold of Mary's hand, and she was led unresistingly to the pier steps, where they all got into a little cobbler; and they soon rowed themselves far out on the glittering sea.

For some time all went on well, the boys rowing and singing, Mary with her hands in the water, trying to catch the jelly-fish as they floated past, and the waves rocking them with a gentle motion. Headless of all but pleasure, they did not see that clouds had gathered all round them, that land was nearly out of sight, and the sea looked dark and frowning, and sullen waves dashed against their little boat. The breeze blew stronger, and the younger boy got tired. The other one would not let him rest, for he said it would take them an hour to return. But it was more than the poor boy could do without rest; he tried and tried again, and the oar dropped out of his hand, and a strong wave carried it far from his reach. What was now to be done? they had no spare oar. In vain they looked round for help; it were useless to cry out, for there were none to hear. In vain they tried to row themselves back with one oar; a fresh breeze was blowing from the land, and every wave grew stronger and heavier, threatening every moment to overwhelm them.

"Oh, how I wish I had not come!" was Mary's bitter lamentation.

The younger boy looked up into the now overcast heavens, then sent a longing look across the heaving waters to his happy home, where, perhaps, his mother sat wondering he came not; then, muttering a few words inaudibly between his close-set teeth, he resigned himself to his fate, and a death-like paleness stole over his features, which told of the struggle within. The other boy was older and



"A heavy, swelling wave came rolling and foaming along."—p. 503.

stronger, and struggled with all his might against the force of waters, working with all the strength of his youth and the energy kindled by excitement and the fear of death. He, too, saw his father's fire-side and his sisters waiting for him; he saw his mother's agonised look when told that her son was drowned, that he had gone on the water unknown to any one. Again he worked with frantic zeal; it was of no avail—the breeze from the land was stronger than his strength. For one moment he held his oar to wipe the large drops of perspiration from his brow, and take one long last look of that dear land. He felt how willingly he would give all he possessed could he but tread its firm and solid surface. He scanned the waters round, and bent a listening ear, seeking for relief, but it came not; then he seized the oar with renewed energy, determined, if possible, to reach the land. He stood in the boat with his back to the shore, the wind sweeping along with a moaning sound, then playfully lifting his dark, heavy, curls to whisper in his ear, as he thought, "Thou wilt never see thy home nor its inmates again." And so it proved. A heavy, swelling wave came rolling and foaming

along, lifting their little boat on its snowy crest, then hurling it down in the hollow between the waves which rose on either side like floating walls. On came another higher and whiter than the first, and ere it reached them burst with a loud noise, whirling their little craft about until it trembled in every part; and following in its wake was a mountain wave riding on with fierce fury, regardless of the children crouching with fear, or their poor little plank of wood which divided for them life and death. On it came with maddening haste; on, on; and the boat, where was it? gone; and these truant children swept from their frail hold like so much sea-weed, and tossed up and down in the surging flood as though it would fain play with its victims until they sank, and but one to rise again to tell the mournful tale. The little boy, who gave up in despair, he rose once more to the surface, and was picked up by a fisherman hastening home through the storm. Poor little Harry showed no signs of life, but the fisherman wrapped him in his own rough but warm coat, and, soon landing, carried him gently in his arms to a house where every means were used for restoring life to the

drowned; and after many hours of weary watching and waiting, Harry slowly opened his eyes and feebly asked if he was in heaven, and if Tom and Mary were with him.

Alas! for Tom and Mary; they might be in heaven. Who shall say they were not? But their place on earth would know them no more, for their bodies lay fathoms deep in the salt sea, with the many-coloured sea-weed for their bed, and the restless, sounding sea for ever singing their mournful requiem. Mary's mother might grieve for her harshness, but it would not bring her back.

Poor little Harry slowly recovered, after long and careful nursing. But his bright and sunny look was gone, his merry voice was hushed, his cheeks were pale as marble, and his eyes were dull and heavy-looking; and he would wander away from his home to the sea-side, and sit on the sands for hours, with his eyes intently fixed on the water, and would frequently call out, "Tom, and Mary, come back;" but they came not. And as the hope died within him, so died his senses too; and the once bright and blooming boy, the pride of his father's heart, became a pale, unhealthy, idiot child, whose face was only at rare intervals lit up with a ray of intelligence, and never with a smile.

Jane wept over her sad bereavement for many a day; for Mary was her friend, her companion, and cousin. They had lived in daily intercourse, sharing each other's pleasures; and Jane, ever being the one to hear and sympathise with all Mary's troubles, felt her loss very keenly. And never after could she hear "Fresh ahoy!" without a shiver running through her, and glad would she have been to have gone far away from sight or sound of sea; but she loved little Harry. Often would she mingle her tears with his, and then pray that it might ever be a lesson to her to obey her mother in all things; nor was it likely to be otherwise, so long as she remained the unwearied watcher and caretaker of poor little Harry.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 477.

"The Lord is our defence."—Ps. lxxxix. 18.

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| 1. T ibni | 1 Kings xvi. 22. |
| 2. H anun | 2 Sam. x. 4. |
| 3. E liab | 1 Sam. xvii. 28. |
| 4. L aish | Judg. xviii. 27. |
| 5. O reb | Judg. vii. 25. |
| 6. R ehoboam | 1 Kings xii. 14. |
| 7. D oeg | 1 Sam. xxii. 18. |
| 8. I shmael | Gen. xvii. 18. |
| 9. S hur | Gen. xvi. 7. |
| 10. O phel | Neh. iii. 26. |
| 11. U s | Job i. 1. |
| 12. R abbah | 1 Chron. xx. 1. |
| 13. D amaris | Acts xvii. 34. |
| 14. E vil-merodach | Jer. lii. 31. |
| 15. F ortunatus | 1 Cor. xvi. 17. |
| 16. E gypt | 1 Kings xi. 40. |
| 17. N eadiah | Neh. vi. 14. |
| 18. C hushan-rishathaim | Judg. iii. 10. |
| 19. E lah | 1 Sam. xxi. 9. |

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"He hath done all things well."—Mark vii. 37.

HI, I know when sadness flings
Her dismal shadow on our way.
In our dread imaginings,
That it is most hard to say,
"All is well, e'en sufferings."

When Christ made the deaf to hear,
When he made the dumb to speak,
Then the people gathered near,
Felt their words were all too weak
To tell their gratitude sincere.

"He hath done all things so well,"
Loudly in their joy they cry,
"By a kind and potent spell,
He hath healed most wondrously,
All on whom diseases fell."

I can tell you, children dear,
That when tears descend like rain,
When your hearts are faint with fear,
At the storm upon life's main,
God the Healer then is near.

If lips, once silent, by his spell
Are tuned to love's soft singing clear;
If tones from heaven's citadel,
God makes the deafened spirit hear,
Oh, hath he not done all things well?

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Go, and do thou likewise."—Luke x. 37.

PERCHANCE, you may not meet a man
In such a helpless, wounded state,
Stricken by thieves, but still you can
All be compassionate.

For on the life-course you will find,
Always around you hearts to bind,
Wounds you may heal by being kind.

Oh, follow ye, with earnest heart,
The sweet example of this man;
Nor from your fellows live apart,
But like the Good Samaritan,
Hold out the hand of kindness,
To those around you in distress,
And God, our God, your lives shall bless.

"CUTTING THE NECK."

NO words sound more sweet to the English peasantry than those of "Harvest Home." When the last load leaves the field, the horses' heads are decorated with the foliage of the green hedge-rows, with an occasional ear of wheat standing out like golden ornaments. Proudly the wagoner gives the word, "Gee whoop!" and away goes his lusty team, drawing after them the last of the cereal produce, followed by all those who have taken a part in harvesting the crops; ever and anon are heard the loud hurrahs of the assembly, who decorate their hats and bonnets with the finest ears of wheat they can obtain. In the journey through bye-lanes, as the cortege passes a cotter's door, the women and children assemble on the threshold, and re-echo the cheers for Harvest Home. The last load is taken to the stackyard, and then follow the rural festivities: a bountiful supper is given, the farmer's health is drunk with enthusiasm, and the following Sunday, in all places of worship, thanks are given to the Lord of the harvest for permitting man to enjoy the beneficences of Nature.

Our artist has depicted a scene now fast going into disuse, but even at the present time practised in parts of Cornwall and Devonshire—"Cutting the Neck." This is a very ancient custom in England, but in these modern days when the reaping machine and the scythe have, in many parts of the country, taken the place of the sickle, it has become only a picture of the past. All the wheat in the field has been cut except a small portion, left standing for a particular object. All are anxiously looking for a ceremony to commence, by means of which the labourers' wives and children will be enabled to glean the stray ears of corn that have been dropped by the reapers. At length a man, who has been elected by his fellows, adorns his hat with wheat and flowers, and, taking his sickle in hand, advances to the small portion of wheat left standing, and says, "I have 'em, I have 'em, I have 'em." The

other reapers, now joined by the gleaners, respond, "What have ye? what have ye? what have ye?" Then the reaper cuts down the last remaining crop, and at each stroke says, "A neck, a neck, a neck." The whole party gather around, and at each repetition shout a wild hurrah. The last straw being cut, the gleaners enter joyfully upon their work, gather the scattered ears, tie them in bundles, and carry them to their homes. We are, however, sorry to see that the new process of harvesting has introduced the rake into the corn-fields, thereby considerably lessening the benefits the agricultural labourers formerly received from the privilege of gleaning.

In reference to this ceremony, we extract from a little work on "England's Yeomen of the Nineteenth Century," the following:—

"Stephen stood like Boaz amongst his men in the fields; or like Joseph amongst the patriarchs, with Philip and Matthew for the Benjamin of his heart. The men who for so many years had reaped the same fields, started on the first harvest morning to put in the sickle, with green boughs and songs, the reaper king at their head. As the sunset closed in, the peasants losing their weariness in the joy of the harvest, gathered to a field near the house, on the brow of the hill, above the green valley; there forming a circle, with the reaper king, holding his sickle, in the centre, and singing together the old songs of harvest.

In the chorus that divided each line, all bowed low to the ground as they lengthened out the deep bass—'Hill lakt,' which rang through the welkin, and proclaimed, far and near, the harvest-men's joy. And when the last wheat-field was cleared, all were called from within to see the reaper king stand aloft on the stack, with the last sheaf in his arms, and the harvest song was sung, and a cheer echoed over valley and hill, as stooping on the pinnacle, he placed the last sheaf in its place. Then refreshment was brought for the men, and Mabel filled the cup for the reaper king, and all were left to their cheer."

"HE BELIEVED IN THE LORD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN SULLIVAN,"



NO children," says Adolphe Monod, "standing at evening on the summit of a hill, watched the setting sun as it seemed slowly to sink below the bright horizon.

"What a way," said the elder, "the sun has moved since we saw it coming from behind that tree."

"And yet you remember," said the younger, "that we learned in this morning's lesson with our father, that the sun never moves at all."

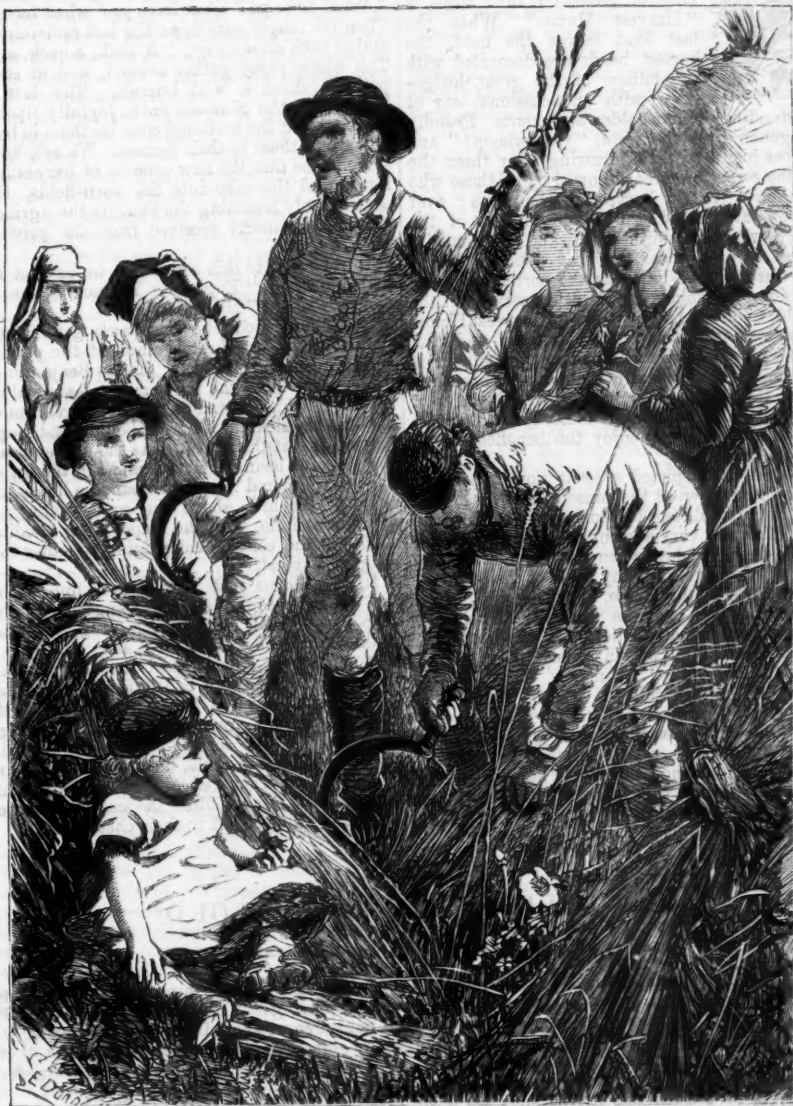
"I know we did," replied the first, "but I cannot believe it, because I see that it is not so. I saw the sun rise *there* this morning, and I see it set *there*

to-night. How can a thing get all that distance without moving? You know very well that if we did not move we should remain always just where we are—upon the hill."

"But our father," said the other, "our father told us it is the earth that moves."

"That is impossible, too," replied the elder, for you see it does not move; I am standing upon it now, and so are you, and it does not stir—how can you pretend to think it moves, while all the time it stands quietly under your feet?"

"I see all that as plain as you do," rejoined the younger, "I feel the ground quite still under my feet; I see the sun rise on this side, and set on that side of the heavens. I don't know how it can



"CUTTING THE NECK."

be—it seems impossible; but our father says it is so, and I am sure that he speaks the truth."

This simple dialogue shows the meaning and the reasonableness of faith, even when opposed to sight. But some may endeavour to turn it against our faith in Scripture, telling us that "the Bible speaks of the sun's rising and the sun's setting, and yet we know that the sun does not really rise or set; so that it is clear that we must believe science even when it contradicts Scripture." Our reply to this objection is, that the Scripture is written in the phraseology which is common among men; and that had it been otherwise written, it would have been unintelligible. The most scientific men, even to the present hour, speak of the sun's "rising" and "setting," because they wish to be understood. If the Bible had said, in Josh. x. 13, not, "The sun stood still in the midst of heaven," but, "The earth ceased to revolve, and made the sun appear to stand still," it would have seemed for twenty centuries to utter a riddle. Or if, in Gen. xix. 23, instead of saying, "The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar," Moses had written that "Palestine had revolved when Lot entered the city, until its tangent plane coincided with a radius vector from the sun," he would have seemed to his readers to be writing gibberish. In using the language common among men, Scripture no more contradicts science, than do the almanacks of the present day, when they use the same form of expression, and speak of "sunrise" and "sunset."

The lesson taught us by the reasonings of these children is of a different kind. It tells us that the testimony of our senses is not always to be believed, when it appears to oppose the testimony of a good and wise and upright Being. In a hundred different cases children are obliged to believe the assertions of their parents, or they would rush into peril. And so when God speaks plainly and decidedly, we must believe and obey, or we shall be guilty of folly as well as of sin.

"But is not science, in our own day, often found in opposition to Scripture, and must we not believe the evidence of our eyes and ears?" Just so, in the above dialogue the elder child said, "I see the sun move, I see and feel that the earth is still; hence, when my father tells me that it is the earth that moves, and the sun that stands still, I cannot and will not believe him." But he did wrong in believing the evidence of his senses, and in disbelieving his father's word. He could see and feel, and his senses did not deceive him; but he argued erroneously from the supposed facts. And so do many worshippers of what they call "science" now.

With an eagerness that is quite amusing, they have been searching, in divers caves, for human bones. They discover a skull in one place, and a jawbone in another, and some other fragments in a third. All these human remains, however, are in the upper part of the crust of the earth—just in those strata whose age is, and always must be, doubtful. Hence their argument, when they endeavour to construct one, halts in two or three of its feet.

Thus they tell us—"Here is a human skull, found in a cave with the bones of two or three extinct animals. We suppose that it was contemporary with those animals. We believe that those animals lived in the Tertiary period, which might end 20,000 or 30,000 years ago. Hence we reckon

that the statements of Moses are proved to be incorrect as to the origin of man being of so recent a date as 6,000 years ago."

Now, this reasoning is weak in several points. It is not certain that all the bones found in a particular cavern must have belonged to the same geological period. There are both traditions and geological proofs of a deluge or deluges, and of tremendous earthquakes. Such convulsions as these may have largely changed the apparent facts, and may thus have perplexed all geological chronology. But even if all the proposed hypotheses be conceded, and it be granted, for argument's sake, that some creatures resembling man did, apparently, exist 20,000 years ago, it does not at all follow that the truth of Gen. i. ii. is brought into doubt. All geologists agree that certain creatures which existed in one geological period are found to re-appear in the following period. Thus we have mammoth elephants and elks, not the same with those which now exist, but yet resembling them. If a whole skeleton, then, resembling the human one, were now discovered in a spot where it must have lain for 30,000 years, the truth of Gen. i. ii. would be in no way impugned. We should only find that the human race, as it now exists, was, like the elephant and other quadrupeds, a reproduction of a creature which had formerly existed. But the important part of the question would remain untouched. The man of our period is a reasonable being, into whose nostrils God "breathed the breath of life," so that he "became a living soul." This fact is proved by the remains of the works of man, which exist in all parts of the earth. But no such remains exist of any man before the time of Adam. No temple, pyramid, statue, or tomb has been found of any date earlier than the last 4,000 or 5,000 years. If, then, the existence of a creature, ape or man, 20,000 years ago be established, such a fact can concern nothing more than the outward frame. It can show no more than that creatures having skulls and jawbones, resembling human skulls and jawbones, then existed. But the man of the Bible, the reasonable being whom we call man, cannot be traced higher than the present period. Adam was the father of the race, as he appears in Genesis; and not even a score of old skulls or jawbones, be they ever so authentic, can at all affect the truth of the simple narrative of Moses.

We have instanced this as a single example, but many others might be added if we had space. It is the fashion now, with a certain class of persons, to run about exclaiming, "There is a conflict between science and Scripture; and you may be sure that science will come off conqueror." But the alarm is a false one. There is no such conflict. Not one syllable of God's Word is so much as called in question by the discoveries of science. We deny not that insidious unbelievers are spreading the alarm, and striving to persuade men to give up the Bible, lest it should be torn from their grasp. But there is no real peril. Whenever this cry is heard, let the believers in God's Word calmly take their stand, and require that, before a single statement of Holy Scripture is surrendered, its untruth shall be sufficiently and logically demonstrated. They will wait a long time before they obtain any such demonstration.

It is now generally admitted, even by this class of sceptics themselves, that the Bible is like no

other book in the world, and that it "contains the word of God." Its declarations, therefore, ought to be held in as much respect and esteem as the teachings of a father by his own son. If doubted or questioned, it should not be so doubted or questioned under less than a heavy necessity. Yet are most of the objections raised to its authority

quite as weak and as nugatory as those of the boy in Adolphe Monod's story: "I will not believe that the sun is stationary; I see it move. I will not believe that the earth is in motion; I feel that it is still." Yet both of these opinions were erroneous—for that the earth did move, while the sun was stationary, will be denied by no educated being.

BRITISH NATIONALITY.



WE hear inhabitants of the British Isles designating themselves as Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Irishmen—or, perchance, expatiating upon the achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race—when they have often not a very clear idea of the real significance of the words they employ. At the present day, English (in its narrowest sense), Scotch, and Irish cannot with truth be used absolutely to denote a distinction of race or nationality; but should be employed merely in a relative signification, regarding individuals, to denote the place of their birth. While there is no such thing as a nationality in Scotland or Ireland distinct from that in England, there is, in each of the former countries, a variety of race which often distinguishes one Scotchman or one Irishman from another, more than from a so-called Englishman. Of a diversity of races in each of the three kingdoms there can be no doubt: that there is any distinction of nationality as between the three we deny. Like France, Italy, and Spain, the United Kingdom received its population from very diverse sources; but, like them, it has now a bond of nationality uniting all its inhabitants, while separating them from the rest of the world. The evidence of this position we propose to adduce by a glance at our history, and at phenomena of the present day, patent to every one who chooses to observe them.

About the first thing we learn from a history of England is, that the British Isles, at the earliest known times, were inhabited by Celts—a race of men originally spread over the whole south-western, if not the central, regions of Europe, and which was gradually encroached upon from the north and east by the Gothic race.* To the information thus given us by history, little is added by antiquarian research. No trace has been discovered of an

earlier peopling of these islands than the Celtic, and the race whom the Romans found here were apparently the aborigines of the country. It should be remarked, however, that the generic term Celts is apt to mislead the ordinary reader; for though the Welshman and the Irishman may properly be thus classified together as distinguished from the German and the Dane, yet the Welsh and Irish tongues, while exhibiting many features in common with each other, which they have not with Teutonic or Scandinavian languages, differ much more between themselves than German and Danish at the present day. The Gaels of Scotland, it is true, spoke, and still speak, a language substantially the same as the native Irish. But this merely proves that before the Roman invasion, North Britain and Ireland were inhabited by the same division of the Celtic race. South Britain (or England and Wales) had a population speaking one language, if not several, unintelligible to their distant kindred of the North and of the Western Island. Therefore, if there had never been any Roman or subsequent invasion of these islands, a fusion of peoples would have been required to constitute a united British nationality.

The invasion of Great Britain by the Romans had little effect upon the ultimate constitution of our nationality, although it undoubtedly had great effect in civilising the Celtic inhabitants. The Roman occupation, like our own of India, was little more than military; and when it ended, it left the ancient Britons and the Gaels of Scotland and Ireland, to all practical intents, unadulterated and uncommingled races. By subsequent events, too, the effects of the occupation on the British people were almost wholly obliterated; although, ages after, our civilisation was to receive a tone, and our language a colour, from the legacy of art and literature which the Romans bequeathed to all the world.

The first event in the history of these islands which had a marked effect on the formation of our nationality, was the so-called Saxon invasion. We say so-called, because, if it is imagined that only a subdivision of the Gothic race, represented by the Saxons of modern Germany, invaded this country, a very erroneous impression is obtained. Although the first batch of adventurers, under Hengist and Horsa, may have been wholly or principally Saxon, yet in subsequent inroads from the West and North of Europe, every fraction of the Gothic race was represented. First, and most numerous, no doubt, were the incursions of the various Teutonic tribes, who then, as now, far outnumbered the Scandinavian; but that the latter had a share in

* We may here observe that ethnographers refer the peopling of Europe to three great waves of immigration from Asia, over the Ural Mountains, separating the two continents. The first of these, in order of time, was the Celtic; the second, the Gothic or Germanic; and the third, the Slavonic. The Celtic race is now represented in an un-mixed condition only by the Bretons of France, the Welsh, and the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants of Scotland and Ireland; but in all the south-western countries of Europe, this race constitutes a large element of mixed populations. The Gothic race is now represented by the Teutonic (German, Dutch, and Flemish) and the Scandinavian (Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian) peoples; while from the Slavonic race have descended the Poles, Russians, various tribes of eastern Austria, and the peoples of the Turkish Principalities. Wherever these waves of population came in contact, there has been more or less fusion of race; but either as separate or mingled peoples they have furnished more than nine-tenths of the population of Europe. The exceptions are found in isolated fragments, as the Greeks, Albanians, Turks, Magyars, Finns, and Basques, races distinct from each other, and distinguishable from the three great waves of immigration to Europe.

the so-called Saxon invasions, seems clear from the fact, that the Angles, who gave a new name to the country, are asserted by historians to have issued from Jutland. Dr. Latham, in his "English Language," exhibits from the local Anglo-Saxon and modern English dialects of the eastern counties, evidence of the influence of almost every Gothic tongue, which shows that before the historical Danish or the Norman invasion, England was inhabited by a composite Gothic nationality, of which the elements had been contributed by tribes of Teutons and Scandinavians which, in their continental homes, had already grouped themselves into distinct nations.

Before this irresistible influx of Gothic tribes, the ancient Britons seem to have disappeared, as if swept from the land. The new language of England and the Lowlands of Scotland, which has obtained the designation of "Anglo-Saxon," and of which we have many specimens still extant, shows scarcely a trace of Celtic (Cymric or Gaelic) admixture; whereas it must have been largely composed of Celtic, if the former inhabitants of the conquered parts of Britain had remained to mingle in any considerable proportion with their invaders. It is probable that the greater part of the ancient British people were massacred; a portion are said to have escaped to Brittany, in France; and not a few took refuge among the scanty and kindred population of Wales. It is true, that, besides Wales, Cornwall, in the extreme south-west, and some of the western and north-western districts of what is now called England, appear to have been left in the possession of the original Celtic population; but the great bulk of these were undoubtedly exterminated from the much larger portion of British territory in which the Germanic invaders established themselves. In Scotland the Gaelic Celts made a better stand against contemporary invasions than their Cymric kindred in England, and preserved to themselves a larger proportion of their land; but, still, the ejection of the Celtic population from the part of the country actually conquered, was almost as complete as in South Britain.

Great Britain had thus a new element of population, superseding a large portion of its Celtic inhabitants, the effect of which, for a considerable period, was merely to introduce new composite Gothic nationalities into South and North Britain respectively, that in the latter having a stronger Scandinavian admixture, as might have been expected from its geographical position, and as may be readily proved from the ancient and the modern Lowland Scotch dialect. Ireland was still a Celtic country; and though occasionally harassed by Teutonic or Scandinavian marauders, continued substantially in the hands of its ancient inhabitants, who were doubtless recruited by kindred Gaelic fugitives from the west of Scotland. For ages after the permanent settlement of the so-called Anglo-Saxons in Great Britain, there was little change in the relative position of the antagonistic races. There was no amalgamation worth mentioning, except among the Germanic invaders themselves—the Welsh and the Gaels of Scotland remaining as foreign peoples to the Saxons in South and North Britain respectively.

The Danish invasion disturbed very little the relation of the races of Britain. It merely infused more Scandinavian blood into a people already

partially Scandinavian in origin, and presented to the Celts a fresh influx of enemies, destroying a portion of their old invaders only to take their place as interlopers upon British soil. The Danes were too much akin to the original spoilers of the Britons, and too savage in their manner, for Cymri or Gaels to entertain any real friendship towards them. Besides, they were pagans like the Saxons, while the Celts of Britain and Ireland had been converted to Christianity from the latter period of the Roman domination.

The Norman invasion is an event of more importance in its influence on the consolidation of British nationality. Before this time, the Saxons had been Christianised, and a common religion, together with lapse of time, had begun to soften the mutual hatred of Celts and Saxons; and common subjection to a conquering people, also Christian, but neutral as regards race, offered a feasible means of welding England and Wales into one nationality. In race the Normans were far from pure, being, indeed, compounded of the same Celtic, Teutonic, and Scandinavian elements as the modern British people; for they had resulted from a commingling of "Northmen" (or Danes and Norwegians) with the population of an eastern district of France, which was already a fusion of Celts and Teutonic Franks. The Norman invasion, one may say, first introduced any considerable Celtic element into the population which had displaced the ancient Britons. Coming, as the Normans did, as fellow-Christians, of a race not ostensibly identified with the pagan spoilers of the Britons, like the Danes, the former were not ill received by the Welsh. They had not robbed the Celtic race of their land; on the contrary, they had avenged on the Anglo-Saxons the spoliation of the ancient Britons. Still the Welsh, who had maintained their independence against the Saxons for six centuries, did not readily yield to the Anglo-Normans. For two hundred years the Norman nobility and their followers from France had been amalgamating with the English people, before the final reduction of Wales to the English rule inaugurated a similar amalgamation between the Norman and the Welsh nobility and gentry, between whom no deep prejudices existed. Eventually this example brought the lower class of Welsh and the Saxons in the border counties to contract unions, which previously would have appeared hateful. Thus, a few centuries after the whole of South Britain had been brought under one rule, a nationality had been formed, consisting of various amalgamated races in England and an outlying race in Wales, which was yet welded to the English people by the fusion which had taken place all along the borders of the Principality. A similar process had been going on in Scotland, independently, of course, for she was as yet a separate kingdom. But common resistance to repeated English invasions served here as the bond to unite antagonistic races into a single nationality.

So far, we have three separate states in the British Islands, with scarcely any bond between them but the person of the sovereign. Scotland and Ireland, as yet, preserve their nationality separate from that of England. They have their own Parliaments, their own laws and political institutions, and their separate administrators of government under the personal authority of the monarch. Yet the nationalities of both Scotland and Ireland had

been formed of such similar materials to that of the English, though not quite in the same proportions, or by the same events, that the formal legislative union, first of Scotland to England, and subsequently of Ireland to Great Britain, by the joint action of the Parliaments of the countries concerned, must be regarded as a very natural result of their political and geographical connection.

But other and more potent influences than the mere action of Parliament have, in modern times, been at work to consolidate a united nationality in the three kingdoms. The mineral wealth and maritime advantages which fitted England for a manufacturing and commercial country, and the freedom and intelligence of a population which enabled them to take advantage of the resources of the land, have, during the past century, and especially the latter half of it, entirely altered the conditions under which the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon races had hitherto existed, and have bound the three kingdoms to each other with bonds that can never be broken. At one time the population of England did not exceed that of Scotland or Ireland in anything like the same ratio as at present, when London actually has more inhabitants than all Scotland, and more than half as many as Ireland. The twenty millions of people who now inhabit England, against about ten millions distributed over Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, have not sprung merely from the superior prolificness of the English race, but in a great measure from the continuous streams of immigrants pouring into the manufacturing and commercial districts of England from the sister kingdoms and the Welsh Principality. This process has been going on for generations with yearly-increasing intensity, until the character of English town populations has been greatly modified. There are certainly now more men of recent and remote Welsh descent in England than in Wales. It has grown into a proverb that there are more Scots in London than in Edinburgh; and with regard to the Irish in Scotland and England, they are at least as numerous as the Scotch and English settlers upon the soil of the Green Isle.

Thus have the representatives of the expelled ancient Britons come back, one by one, quietly and unostentatiously, but in never-ceasing succession, to the country of their ancestors, to share with the "Saxons" the emoluments of commerce and manufacture. The Irish, conquered by England, and forced to yield possession of a great portion of their country to invading Scots and

Englishmen, have reciprocated, by gradually sending forth a vast contingent of emigrants from their increasing population, to become sharers in the well-paid labour of English and Scotch manufacturers. Meanwhile, Scotland, with her

"Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of man,"

now almost merged in the Lowland people, has, from this mingling of Celtic and Saxon elements, with its strong Scandinavian tinge, probably sent into England, within a few generations, a population outnumbering that of Scotland itself.

Thus has been formed, out of every native race of these islands, a thoroughly amalgamated people, occupying the chief towns of England, and of the manufacturing districts of Scotland, numbering more than a third of the whole inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland. In this portion of the British people undoubtedly centres the active political power of the realm; but they are far from being a dominant race, holding others in subjection. Composed in not very unequal proportions of Celtic and Gothic elements contributed from all the races of the United Kingdom, they represent all these, and have sympathies as individuals with all. Almost every other man one meets in a large town has Celtic blood in his veins, and many have it without knowing it; while in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other places, Welsh and Irish colonies exist, speaking and worshipping in their native tongues, but destined, like their predecessors, to be absorbed into the mass of inhabitants in the next generation—to be succeeded by similar colonies, to be in their turn alike absorbed.

We might say much more upon our subject: we might point to the same mingling of the elements of our common nationality in our colonies as we have noticed at home; but we have said enough to show that the various races of Great Britain and Ireland are at the present day blended in one nationality, and that the small outlying fragments of these races can never again have a separate national existence from the large absorbed portions. While these fragments exist as such, they will naturally have a love and pride of race distinct from those of nationality; but, whether they will it or not, they must be regarded as co-sharers of every Briton in the history of at least the last century, and co-heirs in the common future of the British Isles.

"I AM THE TRUE VINE."

THOU, the True Vine, whose branches shoot
With everlasting vigour out;
Help me to twine myself about
Thy stem, that hath eternal root.

Let me so cling and clasp around
That I may be a part of Thee;
To drink the life, so full, so free;
To be with Thee for ever bound.

So shall I clinging, climbing, rise
From dust and darkness here below—
So onward, upward, shall I grow
To light and splendour in the skies.

BONAVIA.

NORTON PURNELL.

CHAPTER LVIII.

RETRIBUTION AND RECOMPENSE.



T WAS with many pauses from exhaustion, and in a much more broken way than was represented in our last, that Lucy made these revelations.

Norton saw it was time for action.

"Father," he said to Aaron, "you go at once to Major Wheeler the magistrate; he is a friend of Sir Henry's, and get him to come and hear Lucy's deposition. Well, then go with some neighbours with pickaxes and spades, and search the Fairy Slatts, to see if you can find poor Will's body. If you find it, notice attentively any remnants of clothes that may be there, especially the buttons. Send Tom to tell George Burton to come up here and meet the magistrate, and give evidence whether he ever sold Jim Perkins any old livery. Then—suppose you have found anything in the Slatts—the magistrate, and George Burton, and mother, and you, and any other witness that may be necessary, must come as soon as possible to B—, to the Town Hall, to give evidence against the villains, whom I will go and secure."

"Take care o' thyself, Norton," said Ruth. "Keep thyself back, and let the officers take them up, or they'll, maybe, knock thy brains out."

"Yes, I'll take care, mother. Good-bye."

Norton went to the neighbouring farm, saddled his horse, and rode off in all haste to B—. He arrived there about eight o'clock in the morning, and at once got two constables to go with him to the "Pig and Whistle." Jim and Dick were just discussing a dish of ham and eggs, which they were washing down with tea seasoned with brandy.

Dick saw the constables and Norton pass the window, and his knife dropped from his hand. His conscience told him what was coming. "Tis all up wi' us, Jim. Summut told me that the Evil Un would turn upon us at last."

Jim jumped up as he saw Dick's blanched face and the look of terror; he turned towards the window.

Both rushed to the door, but there the officers met them. Jim pointed at his assailants a pistol which he had drawn from his pocket. But one of the constables closed with him, and endeavoured to wrest it from him. In the scuffle the pistol went off, and instantly Dick, who was in the grasp of the other officer, leaped up and cried, "Oh, Jim! I'm shot. Thee'st done for me, Jim. I'm a dead man."

Jim stood paralysed with terror at his work, as the blood poured in a stream from Dick's mouth, and he was thus easily secured and handcuffed.

"Lie me down on the floor," groaned Dick; "I've but a few moments more to live. I'll make a clean breast on't: I knew't was coming to this."

Norton ran and got one or two respectable shopkeepers from the next street, and paying not the slightest attention to Jim's threats and curses, Dick confessed that all his evidence at the examination was false, and deposed to the facts which have already been laid before the reader in the report of Lucy Purnell.

While the confession was being made, it was clear that his life was ebbing away. The doctor kept stanching the blood from a wound in his side, but that was all he could do for him. At times he seemed to wander as he was making his confession, and had to be recalled to himself by the repetition of his last words.

When the confession was done, he lay gasping, every now and then taking a long sigh. Presently, he woke up with a start, and cried, "Oh, Jim! I'm dying! Jim

Perkins, there is a hell—there is a hell, I tell thee. 'Tis thou hast sent me there—'tis thou hast sent me there!" And with a scream that rang through the place, he was gone.

Jim was taken to the Town Hall.

Norton first deposed to the report of Lucy Purnell; then all the witnesses to the confession of Dick. By that time Major Wheeler had come from Chilton, bringing George Burton to witness to the sale of the old clothes, which he now well remembered. Aaron and his neighbours in their search, had found the remains of the body in the Fairy Slatts, and the clothes were identified as the clothes of Will.

Sir Henry was brought up again. He now related how he had taken up the dead body of the dog; how he had purchased the skeleton which had been the source of such mystery, and explained the nature of the somnambulism with which he had been affected.

Of course there was not the slightest doubt in any one's mind of his perfect innocence. He was at once set free, with the warmest congratulations from the bench, while Jim Perkins was committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

The magistrates accompanied Sir Henry to his coach. A large crowd had by this time collected in the front of the Hall, and when Sir Henry came out, and the word was passed that he was cleared, he was met by one loud, long cheer. Nor was the crowd satisfied with this—they insisted on unharnessing the horses, and themselves drew Sir Henry through the town.

Norton sat by his father's side in the carriage, and Major Wheeler opposite. Before entering his own, Sir Henry had given orders for another coach to be provided to take home Aaron and Ruth, and the other witnesses to Chilton, with strict charge that they were to go to the Hall, as he should want them.

CHAPTER LIX.

REJOICINGS.

THE news of Aaron having found Will Jones's dead body in the Fairy Slatts, had, of course, spread like wild-fire throughout Chilton, so that as soon as a messenger, red hot with news and haste, dashed on horseback into the village, and told how Sir Henry was free, and coming home in triumph, the whole population turned out to welcome him.

Major Wheeler had taken care to send forward outriders to Chilton, to spread abroad among the gentry and villagers the news of Sir Henry's release. And so, before the carriage with Sir Henry, Norton, and the major came to the village, it was met by apparently the whole population, who had turned out to welcome back the Lord of Chilton. A considerable number of the neighbouring gentry had joined the peasantry, and all pressed forward to the carriage-side with joyful greetings. The village bells were ringing, and at almost every step hats were thrown up, hands clapped, and glad voices shouted, "Sir Henry Jordiffe for ever!"

Thus they arrived at the Hall. Before entering the house, Sir Henry sent messages round to each and all of his various friends, begging them to join him there. The whole crowd were also invited to come in front of the Hall, and partake of refreshments. The reader will see that Sir Henry had, in this general invitation, not only hospitality, but another ulterior object in view.

The drawing-room of the Hall was separated by folding doors from the large dining-room. These doors were now thrown open, and the whole room filled with guests. Sir Henry went from one to another, receiving

their hearty congratulations, and then, in a loud voice, he begged they would all stay for a short time, and listen to a statement which he wished to make to them. Taking Norton by the hand, he led him, to the wonderment of all, to the head of the drawing-room, where he could be best seen and heard; then he said—

"My dear friends, it is difficult to make you comprehend the feelings with which I speak to you to-day. If you can put yourselves in my position, if you can imagine yourselves as I was yesterday, in prison with a fearful charge against me, sunk from my once honourable place, and an all but convicted murderer in the mind of the public, a terrible and shameful fate before me, and then contrast with that my present position, a free man, cleared from the charge, reinstated, or soon to be reinstated, I hope, to my old place in people's minds, and with all your friendly faces round me, and your friendly greetings ringing in my ears, if you can imagine all this, you can in some degree realise my feelings.

"My dear friends, I thank you, thank you deeply, for your sympathy in this joy, and your fashion of showing it, and beg you to join me in thanking that good Providence which alone has brought deliverance. But now I ask you to sympathise with me in another, and I could almost say greater joy. I ask you to sympathise with me in the feelings which I must entertain, to know that my dear, long-mourned wife did not, as we all thought, die by her own deed; she escaped on that fatal night of her disappearance, and died some time after at Bath, after giving birth to a son, whom I now introduce to you, and now publicly own as my lawful heir, the son of my marriage, Norton Jordiffe, formerly called Norton Purnell."

The reader may imagine that there was a sensation in the Hall at this announcement. People all looked in astonishment at one another as if wonder-struck.

Sir Henry went on to say, that no doubt they would want evidence of these assertions before they gave them credence. Then he briefly sketched the narrative of the facts with which the reader is familiar, bringing forward Aaron and Ruth, and exhibiting Lady Jordiffe's letter, ring, and locket, to confirm his words. Sir Henry was deeply affected in different parts of his narrative, for a time too much so to proceed. There was much sympathy with him in his emotion, and when he had done, few were the eyes left dry in that assemblage. He concluded by saying that he accepted his newly-found son as one who had been sent away from him by Providence for a time to school, a better school than he could have devised—the school of adversity. In that school not only had his son given himself a liberal and gentlemanly education, but he had learnt many lessons which would help to make him a good and useful man, adorning the station to which he was called. For himself, he could truly say that he was proud to welcome him to his home, and rejoiced to believe with all his heart that he was worth his sincerest love and their respect.

There remained little or no doubt in the minds of any present, but that Norton was indeed the true and lawful son of Sir Henry, and the company came forward and frankly greeted him, welcoming him to his newly-found home.

Sophia Wilmot was there with her mother and father, and heard all this—heard her lover acknowledged as the heir of Sir Henry Jordiffe and as the future representative of the family, heard the praises bestowed upon him by Sir Henry. In what a tumult of feelings was her mind. One moment there was a thrill of wild delight that all her dreams for Norton were at last realised, and that a rank far higher than that which she had dared to imagine had been given him, and the worth which she had seen in him acknowledged by his noble father. But then came the fear, instantly and indignantly rejected, that Norton might forget her now that a new and loftier

world was open to him. Another fear, however, she could not reject, the one that perhaps Sir Henry himself might now have higher aims for his son than a union with a country parson's daughter.

Poor Sophia! her heart ached with a new sadness; but it was not long to last. Sir Henry was a man of dispatch. Norton had told him of his love, in his narrative in the prison, and now Sir Henry led his old friend Parson Wilmot into the next room, signing for Mrs. Wilmot, Sophia, and Norton to follow.

"My dear old friends," said Sir Henry to Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot, "I am going to show you that I am a discontented mortal; I have no sooner a son than I want to have a daughter also."

Oh, how Sophia blushed and trembled: but her fear was at an end. "Yes," he continued, "I want you to give me your daughter, and I'll give you my son in return. Come, let us cement our long friendship by a closer tie. You know the young people have a regard for one another, and, for my part, among all the young ladies of my acquaintance, there is none whom I should be so ambitious to secure for my son's life-long companion and my own daughter as my dear young friend Sophia."

The parson sat down, and looked very odd. There was a queer twinkle in his eye, as if he were inwardly laughing at himself. Presently he said, smiling:

"My dear Sir Henry, you have put me in a dilemma. If I refuse your wish, I shall be voted the most hard-hearted, unnatural parent in the world. And if I grant it, there's Norton will think me the most pig-headed old Tory aristocrat that ever was, because I refused his love when he was Norton Purnell, a peasant's son, but accept it now he is Norton Jordiffe, a baronet's son. Bless my heart, what am I to do?"

"Throw consistency to the winds, my dear sir."

"And so I will. Bless my heart, and so I will. Norton, my boy, she's yours! Forgive my prejudices; I am too old to unlearn them. I could not give her to you as a poor labourer's son, and if it were to be again, I should do the same. I cannot overcome my feelings. But the difficulty's over now. As a man, I have always respected you. There, shake hands and forget old scores."

I need not say how gladly Norton shook hands with the parson, and then with Mrs. Wilmot, who, with tears in her eyes, said it was what she had long wished for her daughter's sake, and gave him a hearty motherly kiss.

"And now," said Sir Henry, "I must claim the same tribute from my daughter, and then we will leave the young people to themselves, and if, on talking it over, they dissent from our arrangement, why—perhaps they will be kind enough to let us know."

Sir Henry then fondly kissed his future daughter-in-law, and led Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot back to the company.

CHAPTER LX.

CONCLUSION.

A FEW months later than the events just recorded, a lady and gentleman were travelling along the road between Genoa and Spezia. They occupied the interior of one of the large travelling carriages used upon that route, Valet and lady's-maid gossiped, and dozed, and flirted in the rumble behind, and a smart, gentlemanly courier folded his arms, as if perfectly at home in the scene, in front.

At every place that seemed more than usually picturesque, and where an hotel could be found, the carriage rested for the night, and the gentleman and lady would wander arm-in-arm, now about the beautiful cliffs, looking down upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and upon the long lines of indented coast dotted with villages and towns, varied with wood and garden, brown rock and white road, that lay on either side. Now they would

ascend some romantic glen, and mark the cathedral-like gloom, and the light of heaven, coming, as through lattice windows, between the branches of pine and chestnut. They would notice each mossy rock and tuft of ferns, and perpetually turn to listen to the clear stream bowling over mountain boulders beneath them. By and by they would pass the waterfall, and emerge upon the higher land, where they could see the white-robed snow mountains standing like spectres in the distance.

The gentleman was of middle height, well built, of handsome, manly features, with a face of great power and intelligence, mingled with gentleness. The lady was of slight but exquisitely proportioned form, that might have served as a model for one of the wood nymphs or of the graces. Her face, which was very beautiful, was irradiated with an expression which bespoke great refinement blended with something of the poetic temperament. These were our old friends, Norton and Sophia, now Norton and Sophia Jordiffe. Let us listen to them for a moment or two, as they converse, seated on the dry grass upon a cliff, and protected from the burning sun by the shadow of a cluster of pines reaching up from a ledge beneath them.

"Oh, Norton," says Sophia, in a low and almost awestruck voice; "what a glorious and beautiful world this is! I seem at times hardly able to bear it. I want to cry to ease my heart, overlaid with its feelings. It seems to me, dearest, that I could not bear it if you were not near to share it with me. Oh, I get bewildered almost as to my identity. I seem as if I were a part of all this world of beauty, and you, too, are mingled with it, and so I seem part of you."

"Darling," replied Norton; "I feel this too; but I seem to feel all this loveliness immeasurably the more intensely because you are with me. I seem to look at the whole through your sweet mind. Oh, you cannot imagine how dear, how unspeakably dear you are to me."

Then replies Sophia, "You make me tremble, dear, with the greatness of your love. I feel that it is so utterly beyond my worth. Oh, it seems that I ought to be so good that I am scarcely worthy such a love; and I feel as if I did not do enough for God, for you, and for my country, as if, indeed, I did nothing."

"Darling, it is not the time for doing now; but as soon as we return, we will unite to carry into practice the plans I have long cherished for improving our neighbours. We will build better cottages for the poor, where cleanliness and decency will be possible. We will have good schools and good teachers; we will introduce a healthy literature among the people; we will get among them, and try to encourage them in every good aim and disposition. We will not foster pauperism, but try to help the poor to help themselves. Dearest, you will help me, will you not?"

"Oh, love, it will be carrying out the dream of my life."

While Norton and Sophia were thus enjoying their honeymoon, there were several changes going on at Chilton. Aaron and Ruth have left their old cottage, and moved into a comfortable farmhouse, on a farm adjoining that of Ben Parry, and which Norton had stocked for his foster-parents. Betsy, married to young Farmer Hedges, was living in another of Norton's farms. Tom, who has learned the trade of his Uncle Will, has been helped with capital to set up in a large way of business in a neighbouring and larger village; and Jos, who has a taste for farming, has been sent to Scotland as an apprentice to a farmer.

And now Chilton revel has come again. In the old summer-house in the garden there are assembled Farmer and Mrs. Parry. Farmer and Mrs. Hedges the younger, Aaron (now Farmer) Purnell and Mrs. Purnell.

"Well, Farmer Purnell," said Ben, with a hearty shake of the hand; "I be glad too gie ye the right hand

o' fellowship, I be for sartin, farmer. I shall be always glad to see you and your missus over at our house. There'll be always a crust o' bread and cheese and a cup o' yale for ye, and a hearty welcome. I tell ye what 'tis, Farmer Purnell, I tell ye what 'tis, I got a capital notion o' ye as a farmer. I can't help a-thinkin as how he as could rise such a fine sample of a man as Norton Jordiffe, 'll rise fine samples o' pigs, and beest, and sheep, and horses."

"That yaint nothen to goo by;" interposed old Farmer Hedges. "I knowed a man whose children, and he had ten o'm, were all twelve stone a piece, but he couldn't fat a pig, try as he would. His bacon were so lean that 't wanted drippen to fry et."

"You be quiet, farmer! I do know what I be sayen;" replied dogmatic Ben, nothing daunted; "I stick to't. I tell ye that a man as can manage children can manage beest. Cause why? He do mind his p's and q's, and do always put hes right lag foremost; and a man as 'll do that 'll get on in anything, he wool."

"I think I knows what you meean, Farmer Parry;" said Aaron; "you meean that a man mustn't be afear'd of hard work, and to do *any* thing well, and I'm of your mind. And I thank ye kindly for your good will, and still more for speakin so kindly of my buoy, for he is mine, farmer; though Sir Henry's his father. I'm proud of him, and proud that he aint proud, and above owneng us."

"Ah, you might well be proud of him, Aaron; God bless him. My heart always warmed towards him. But I didn't know why. My heart was wiser than my head, you see. I smilled the real gentleman droo all his disguise, just as the pigs do smill the roots in the earth as nobody can't see. But, Farmer Purnell, is anything knawed about the good-for-nothen wretch Annesley?"

"Yes: Norton and his wife met en somewhere, at a place called Vee-hannah. Is there such a place?"

"Ay, ay, Vienna."

"Well, it seems as Edgar Annesley have got meeade a officer in the Austrian army, and is a-getten on in a better fashion. He were very portite to Norton and his lady, and he begged their pardon for old offences, and told 'em he meean't to live and die abroad."

"And whar's Mrs. Annesley and her dater?"

"Mrs. Annesley is liven on her own property in Kent, and Miss Annesley has married a young gentleman up the country somewhar. They *did* tell me his neame, but I've a-forgot it."

"Well, it has been a wonderful business from beginnen to end; amwoast as wonderful as 'Jack and the Bean Stalk,' or 'The Seven Champions.'"

"Ah, 't have been very wonderful," said Ruth. "The Lord's ways are very marvellous. Oh, how he brings things to pass."

"Well, friends and neighbours, all," said the loquacious Ben, rising, "I do think, afore we peart to night, we ought to drink the health and happiness o' Mr. and Mrs. Jordiffe. May God bless 'em and zend 'em home safe and sound; and if any more Jim Perkinsons, or Dick Emeries, or Annesleys do rise agen 'em, may he

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,"

as he have done afore. And may the sound of the cradle be heard by and by rocking in Chilton Hall for many a year; and may lots o' merry little voices there frighten away all the bad spirits in the old chambers, and many little faces to promise by their look to hand on for many a generation all that we do love in the dear young couple."

The company rose at the conclusion, of the speech, and all joined in the shout, "Health and happiness to the bride and bridegroom of Chilton Hall."

THE END.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

MORE than one book upon the women of the Bible has been written, yet we cannot but welcome another* of the kind, as the subject is far from being "used up." There are some very pretty sketches in this little volume: that of Rachel charmed us. We think, by the by, that the black bordering of the passage upon the death of Rachel, though it looks emotional, is going too far into the sensational to look well in a volume of this kind. We hope to see a further contribution to literature from the same pen, for Mr. Shirley is a graceful and pleasant writer. The volume is published, and very appropriately, at the Victoria Press.

We have read through Mrs. Lynch's book† with much pleasure; and those who like a quiet domestic story will here find a volume to their taste. It is in the form of a diary, written by the youngest daughter of a wealthy West Indian planter; to which diary the writer's personal thoughts, feelings, and doings are confided, as well as the history of the outer life of the family. The chief point of the story is that "Doss," as the writer is called, is engaged, by her father's desire, to a young friend of his, Hugh Grenville, to whom she is really attached, but, alternately, from various little circumstances, imagines that he does not love her, and fancies that she has no real affection for him. At their marriage, however, all doubts are cleared from "Doss's" mind by her husband's explanations of his behaviour to her on certain occasions. Aunt Ellie and Lucille are very lovable characters.

Dorothy's diary also contains some interesting descriptions of negro life in Jamaica of the past century. After extracting the following picture of a funeral procession, we will close the book, at the same time according it a good place in our library:—

The simple procession had to pass our house on the way to the burying-ground. The mother of the deceased, and her aunts and sisters, wept very loudly, or, rather, groaned, as they walked by the coffin. I did not observe that they shed any tears. Then, all of a sudden, the bearers turned from their course, and approached our house, one or two among them striking up, as they did so, a lively tune on the "merrywang," a kind of rustic guitar of about four strings.

After all, the instrumental music was only an accompaniment; the words rose high above the clanging sounds, and seemed to be complaining of the injustice of the Almighty in letting sorrow fall upon them; a thing which, I fear, the most civilised of us are ready to do, though we should, perhaps, be ashamed to express our feelings in such plain terms.

To our sentimental young friends we can, without hesitation, commend a newly-published selection from the poets,‡ on the very attractive subject of love. We could, if so disposed, be very unnatural, and sneer or jeer at the production by those whom we might call "spoonies" and "softs" of what we could term "a batch of moonshiny twaddle;" all which it is now considered "the thing" for smart critics to do. But, in defiance of *la mode*, we will do no such thing. Love, in its true and proper aspect, is, after all, no joke; and though we may not literally agree with Coleridge, that—

* "The Golden Gleanings: being Sketches of Female Character from Bible History." By John Shirley. London: Emily Faithfull.

† "Years Ago: a Tale of West Indian Domestic Life of the Eighteenth Century." By Mrs. Henry Lynch, Author of "The Story of My Girlhood," &c. London: Jarrold and Sons.

‡ "Love: a Selection from the Best Poets." By Thomas Shorter, Editor of "A Book of English Poetry," &c. London: Frederick Pitman.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

it exercises a marvellous influence upon most lives, and holds the helm of many a voyager on the troublous sea of life. Men of mighty intellect and influence have bent to the sway of love. Burns, with his Highland Mary, Swift with the beautiful "Stella," have felt the humiliating power of *la grande passion*—humbling sometimes to degradation. Still has love, after all, its bright and pure aspect, when its throbbings and aspirations are regulated and directed by mental moderation and moral rectitude; and one loves to dwell upon the stories of Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway, Sir Philip Sidney and Althea, John Clare and Mary Joyce.

Mr. Shorter is a good editor, and the selection is therefore a judicious and tasteful one. It should become very popular. We cannot like the gaudy binding of the book: a little less gilt and more of strength would be a great improvement.

TO THE READERS OF "THE QUIVER."

WE have now completed one year's issue of the Illustrated Series of THE QUIVER, and we take this opportunity of acknowledging the large and sustained support which we have received during that time, and of asking you to assist us still further in making the past success only an earnest of our future.

Earnest and evangelical in spirit and in doctrine, THE QUIVER will be light and interesting in style. The most eminent artists have been engaged to illustrate, the most distinguished authors and divines to contribute to its pages. We have secured the services of Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR, the popular author of "Troubled Waters," for our next SERIAL TALE, which will be entitled "THE FAMILY HONOUR;" and believing that Providence frequently speaks to the heart indirectly through the ordinary circumstances of every-day life, we shall make SHORT COMPLETE TALES a regular feature in THE QUIVER.

We shall, moreover, endeavour to make THE QUIVER the magazine of all the churches, by introducing, from time to time, portraits of the eminent ministers of all denominations, with sketches of their life and ministry. We shall also seek to make it the peculiar property of many localities by giving views and topographical descriptions of some of the most interesting churches and churchyards throughout the country, where are the burying-places of the great and good.

In order to make THE QUIVER, both in external appearance as well as in intrinsic merit, the most distinctive and valuable religious magazine of the day, we have determined for the future to print it on fine toned paper, and to divest the weekly numbers of the outside advertisement pages.

Such being our aim and intention, let us ask for your active co-operation in extending our influence. Every reader can, in his measure, assist us in this, by speaking of it amongst his friends, or lending for perusal the next number of THE QUIVER, which will be No. 1 of our New Toned Paper Series. The clergy can recommend it to their people, and the Sunday-school teacher to his children, and thus, in a variety of ways which will readily suggest themselves, our readers can assist us in making THE QUIVER familiar as a household word in the home of every family.

THE EDITOR.

L4 0065

STARCH MANUFACTURERS
TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,
USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,
AND AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL, 1862.
Sold by all Grocers, Chandlers, &c. &c.

WOTHERSPOON AND CO., GLASGOW AND LONDON. [7]

THESE TEETH ARE MORE NATURAL, COMFORTABLE, AND DURABLE THAN ANY YET PRODUCED.



30, Berners Street, Oxford Street, and 448, Strand, opposite Charing Cross Railway Station. [8]

WHITE and SOUND TEETH.—JEWSEBURY and BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.

Established by 40 years' experience as the best preservative for the Teeth and Gums.

The Original and only Genuine is 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per Pot. 118, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER; and by Agents throughout the Kingdom and Colonies. [9]

"EXCELSIOR" FAMILY SEWING & EMBROIDERING MACHINE

Is easy to operate, simple to learn, quiet in action, and not liable to derangement. It will tuck, hem, fell, gather, cord, quilt, braid, and embroider, sew from two ordinary reels, and the seam, if cut at every inch, will not rip. Price from £6 6s. The New STAR PATENT IMPROVED DOUBLE-ACTION ARM MACHINE, for Bootmakers and Manufacturers generally. Complete, £10 10s.

WRIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Bars, London. [10]
 Manufactory: Gipping Works, Ipswich.



Used in the Palaces of

THE QUEEN

and the

PRINCE OF WALES

MORE CLEANLY, POLISHES MORE QUICKLY, AND CHEAPER,

Because it is less wasteful, and because a little goes further than any other kind. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Ironmongers, &c.

RECKITT AND SONS, Suffolk Lane, Upper Thames St., E.C., and Hall. [11]

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS,

Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box.

THIS Preparation is one of the benefits which the science of modern chemistry has conferred upon mankind; for during the first twenty years of the present century to speak of a cure for the Gout was considered a romance; but now the efficacy and safety of this medicine is so fully demonstrated by uncollected testimonials from persons in every rank of life, that public opinion proclaims this as one of the most important discoveries of the present age. These Pills require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all medicine vendors. Observe, "THOMAS PROUT, 229, Strand, London," on the Government Stamp. [12]

ROBINSON'S CELEBRATED MEDICATED COTTON WOOL.—No family should be without this valuable preparation. A sure relief and ultimate cure for Coughs, Colds, Rheumatic Pains, The-doloureux, Sciatica, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Chest and Lungs. For the treatment of Burns, Scalds, and Bruises in the Skin, it is most invaluable. Testimonials of the highest character have been received from a large number of the most eminent physicians, who specially recommend it for any of the above cases. In packets, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 2d., and 4s. 6d. To be obtained through any chemist in town or country, or direct from the proprietors, W. G. BENTLEY and Co., 220, High Holborn, London. [13]

FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

J. THOMPSON'S KALYDOR SOAP,

Combining all the qualities of Cosmetics, for Softening the Skin and beautifying the Complexion. In hot or cold climates this soap is invaluable. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet.

J. THOMPSON,

12, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.,

Maker of Mallow, Mella-Rose, Windsor, Honey, Glycerine, and all kinds of Fancy Soaps. Wholesale and for Exportation. [14]

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION

Are immediately relieved by



Another Testimonial from Mr. R. W. Cooper, Surgeon, 22, Glaty Street, Ennisecorby, 26th March, 1863:—"I have used them myself, and ordered them with marked benefit." They give instant relief and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, colds, and all disorders of the breath, throat, and lungs. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box. Sold by all Druggists.

CHILDREN CUTTING THEIR TEETH will be freed from all the painful ailments attending that critical period by the use of

DR. LOCOCK'S POWDERS.

Rules for the Management and Diet of Children from birth are given with every packet, also Directions for use in all the disorders of childhood. Prepared by DA SILVA & Co., 36, Bride Lane, London (Agents for Dr. Locock's Wafers). Sold by all Druggists at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per packet. [15]

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.

HAPPY HEALTH.—However provident, however careful man may be, he is still destined to be assailed by sickness, and it is wisdom to be provided with a remedy against such a calamity. The Ointment and Pills discovered by Professor Holloway are acknowledged by every person who has tried them to possess the highest merits in curing all outward diseases, and other maladies resulting from vice, exposure, mineral poisons, or scrofulous taints. The Ointment heals all descriptions of ulcers, and embues inflammations; the Pills purify and strengthen, and thus, even in moderately good health, occasional doses of them prove highly beneficial, by their tendency to preserve the body from impurities and weakness, whence serious ailments frequently arise. [16]

USQUEBYNE,

Usquebyne cures Indigestion, Debility, Spasms, Nervousness, Asthma, &c. May be obtained through any Chemist, price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; or from the Manufacturer, HUGH POOLIS, 45, Fish Street Hill, London Bridge. [17]

PARIAN, CHINA, GLASS, EARTHENWARE, &c.

JACKSON'S CEMENT

Successes in sea-work, in strength, in cheapness, and retains its virtues in all climates. It has stood the test of time, and in all quarters of the world. Sold by Chemists, &c., and wholesale by the Trade Houses. A Sample Bottle per Post, free for 14 Stamps, from the Proprietor.

STRANGEWAYS, MANCHESTER. [18]

THE PATENT CAZELINE OIL,

SAFE, ECONOMICAL, AND BRILLIANT.

FREE FROM ANY OFFENSIVE SMELL.

Adapted to burn in the Patent Cazeline Lamps, or in any Paraffin or Mineral Oil Lamp.

THE PATENT CAZELINE OIL possesses all the requisites which have so long been desired as a means of powerful artificial light. It is warranted non-explosive, and therefore perfectly safe in use; it is free from any objectionable smell, and produces a most brilliant light. It is admirably adapted for use in the drawing-rooms and parlours of the affluent; while, in point of economy, it is equally suitable for the cottages of the people. By its use a bright and cheerful light can be obtained at a cost not more than that of a common tallow candle.

The homes of the people may receive a new attraction by the introduction of such a light.

Agents are being specially appointed throughout the United Kingdom for its sale. For terms of Agency apply to

CASELL, SMITH, & Co.,

80, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON. [19]

*NOW READY, the First Monthly
Part of Cassell's Illustrated Edition
of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, price
Sixpence.*

THIS SEASON'S FASHIONS IN DRESS.

LADIES and the PUBLIC visiting LONDON, are respectfully invited to inspect our STOCK OF SPRING PURCHASES, consisting of all the LATEST NOVELTIES in Dress of British and Foreign Manufacture.

RICH BLACK GLACES, GRO GRAINS, and DUCAPES of the best manufacture; FANCY SILKS in all the New Styles and Colours.

BONNET GLACES, SATINS, and TERRYs in the Newest Shades.

All the Latest Fashions in JACKETS and MANTLES for Spring wear.

PAISLEY, CASHMERE, and LACE SHAWLS, in all the Latest Designs.

NEW POPELINES, Plain and Checked, 10s. 9d. and 12s. 9d. (much under the usual price).

Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Trimmings, Haberdashery, Parasols, Ties, &c. FAMILY AND COMPLIMENTARY MOURNING.

Drapers, Milliners, and Dressmakers supplied with Cut Lengths at Trade Price. Matching Orders carefully and promptly attended to.

Patterns Post Free. Close on Saturdays at 5 o'clock.
JAMES SPENCE & Co., Wholesale & Retail Silk Mercers, Drapers, &c.,
77 and 78, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C. [21]

PARKINS & GOTTO,
PAPER & ENVELOPE MAKERS,
24 & 25, OXFORD STREET.
THE CHEAPEST HOUSE
IN LONDON.
NO CHARGE
FOR PLAIN STAMPING.
CARRIAGE PAID
TO ANY RAILWAY STATION
ON ORDERS OVER 20 SHILLINGS.
PRICE LISTS FREE BY POST.

VEGETABLE CHARCOAL,

Finely prepared, is one of the best antiseptics known, and affords speedy relief in all cases of Indigestion, Bile, Flatulency, Heartburn, Children suffering from Worms, &c.

BRAGG'S PURE VEGETABLE CHARCOAL,

as prepared for his celebrated Biscuits, sold in 2s. and 4s. Bottles, by J. L. BRAGG, 2, Wigmore Street; Messrs. BAXTER and Co., 160, Oxford Street; and all Chemists in the United Kingdom. See Dr. Hassell's report in the *Lancet*, August 30, 1863. [27]



Sold only in Packets. To prevent disappointment, observe Trade Mark on each Packet.

AGENTS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. [23]

BAKER & BAKER'S TRUE UNCOLOURED TEA combines fine flavour with lasting strength, and is more wholesome than the Tea in ordinary use. Sold by Chemists, Confectioners, &c., throughout the kingdom. [24]

SPANISH FLY is the acting ingredient in ALEX. ROSS'S CANTHARIDES OIL, which speedily produces whiskers and thickens Hair. 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; sent by post for 54, 84, and 144 stamps. ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—Corns cured in one day by using ALEX. ROSS'S CHIROP. This preparation gradually dissolves the corn in a few hours—removing the very root. Price 4s. and 11s.; sent by post for 60 and 144 stamps.—248, High Holborn, London.

HAIR-CURLING FLUID, 248, High Holborn, London. ALEX. ROSS'S CURLING FLUID curls Ladies' or Gentlemen's Hair immediately it is applied. Sold at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; sent free for 54, 84, and 144 stamps. Ross's Toilet Magazine, 2s. 6d., or 20 stamps.

PIMPLE REMOVER.—All diseases of the skin are improved by one dose of ALEX. ROSS'S VEGETABLE SKIN PILL. They remove redness, sallowness, &c. 2s. 9d. and 7s. 6d.; or sent free by post for 40 and 100 stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London. [26]

EASTER LIFTING. A beautiful full-page Drawing, by GEORGE THOMAS, with Descriptive Article, appears in this month's Part of

Cassell's Family Paper.

ed
se
ne
i.
ar.
at
ch
e.
at
c.,
21

22

24
ole-
ers.
[24

X.
tern
84,

in
ara-
ery
igh

rn,
or
and
line.

are
KIN
c. or
ligh
[26

all-
tive